

## THE

## DUBLIN REVIEW.

JUNE, 1856.

ART. I.—*History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.* By Henry Hart Milman, D. D. Vols. IV.—VI. London: Murray, 1855.

THE second division of Dr. Milman's work has followed close upon the first. The volumes just issued carry down the career of what Dr. Milman has chosen to call "Latin Christianity," to its close; and now that the entire work is before us, we may naturally be expected to reconsider the judgment which we ventured to pronounce upon its earlier volumes.

We see no reason, however, to retract or modify the opinion which we expressed on the occasion of our former notice. It is still our deliberate judgment, that with all its learning and all its brilliancy, the *History of Latin Christianity*, even in its completeness, does not rise beyond the level of an Essay, written to support a particular view, and dealing with the events, the characters, and the records of the period which it chronicles, mainly if not exclusively, in their bearing upon that view.

It is true that the tone of the work, considered as a polemical history, is in general very different from that of the ordinary anti-papal writers, and that it can seldom be said to violate the strictest proprieties of scholarship and gentlemanlike feeling. Very few writers in English literature—very few indeed in the whole circle of Protestant literature—admit more unreservedly than Dr. Milman the great social and intellectual qualities of the eminent mediæval churchmen. Very few attest

more willingly the social and intellectual, nay, even in a certain sense the moral and religious, services of the mediæval Church herself. Hardly one whom we could name has avoided so carefully, even where he criticises and condemns, that angry and acrimonious spirit, which, for a long time characterized every work on the mediæval times, and which, to this day, occasionally deforms even those contributions to the history of the Middle Age, in which a juster spirit is at length discoverable. And yet Dr. Milman, even when he is most calm and philosophical, is, nevertheless, always a partizan—cold, and, to all seeming, passionless, it is true, but yet steady and unrelenting—perhaps even more unrelenting because of his very coldness. If the comparison were not invidious, we would say that he appears to have caught up in this respect, the temper, as he has also imitated the method, of the great work to the editing of which so many of his earlier years were devoted. What Christianity itself was to Gibbon, Latin Christianity is to his editor; and, even through those phases of its history from which he cannot withhold his admiration, he maintains the same steady though unimpassioned hostility to all that is peculiar in its doctrines, which we can trace towards the whole Christian creed, in the History of the Decline and Fall, even amid the eulogies which the author pronounces upon the virtues of its professors.

It is not our purpose, however, to dwell upon these subjects. Having already in our former notice entered at some length into an examination of Dr. Milman's general method as a church historian, we must content ourselves at present with a brief account of the concluding portion of the work.

The new volumes open with the Pontificate of Innocent III., in 1198, and close with that of Nicholas V., in 1455. The period, therefore, which they embrace, is one of the most important in the history of the Papacy.

It would be vain, of course, to attempt even a summary view of so vast and so comprehensive a period; but without going into any examination of the facts of Dr. Milman's narrative, it is impossible to avoid being struck by one leading peculiarity in his general treatment of the subject.

If we look merely to the *temporal* relations of the Papacy, the centuries which are treated in these volumes may not



unfitly be described as the period of its "Decline and Fall." Under Innocent III., by the consent of subjects and of rulers, and in virtue of the received international code of Europe, the temporal authority of the See of Rome had reached its greatest height, as well as its most complete and systematic development. There is not a kingdom of Western Christendom, in the political or politico-religious concerns of which this great Pope is not seen to interfere; sometimes by counsel, sometimes by command, sometimes of his own spontaneous movement, sometimes in compliance with the appeal of the subject, sometimes at the solicitation of the sovereign himself;—but in all cases with a consciousness of unquestioned and unquestionable authority, seemingly as assured as that with which he decides a case of conscience, or determines an abstract question of faith. His letters, his decretals, the acts of his legatine commissions, may almost be said to comprise the whole civil history of the various European kingdoms during his Pontificate,—of the Empire, of Italy, of France, of England, of Spain, of Hungary, of Bohemia, of the Northern kingdoms, of the remote Iceland itself,—we might add, of the East also, at least as far as, through the crusades, the East enters into the great historical drama of the time.

Indeed, comparing the state of Europe under Innocent, with its state under the great Popes who preceded him, it would seem as if, in the providential series of events by which the grand social mission of the Papacy was directed in its origin and its progress, the final perfection of its authority had been reserved for that precise crisis in which, above all others, its mediatorial influence was most imperatively called for, in order to moderate the animosities of kingdoms towards one another, and to compose the intestine dissensions by which each was rent to pieces. When Innocent was called to the Pontificate, the Empire was distracted by the fierce contentions of rival claimants; Italy was overrun by ferocious bands of Germans; the republics of Lombardy were torn by the ceaseless strife of Guelph and Ghibelline; France groaned under the yoke of the profligate tyrant, Philip Augustus; England, under that of the equally profligate and tyrannical, but more feeble John; Bohemia and Hungary shared the divisions of the Empire; the Northern kingdoms earnestly solicited the counsel and protection of Rome; the Christian interests

of the East had almost fallen below the hope of resuscitation; but whatever of hope still remained for them was centred in the See of Peter.

And if, on the one hand, it is not a subject of wonder that the political power of Rome, which grew up among the nations from the consciousness of their own individual weakness, and of the necessity of some tribunal external to them all, in which a common right of arbitration should be vested,—if it is no wonder that, at a period such as we describe, this power should have reached its culminating point; neither, on the other hand, can we wonder that, with the gradual growth and development of the internal constitutions of the European kingdoms, which was slowly but steadily taking place through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the political influence of Rome within them should also have gradually declined, and that eventually, on the more complete systematization of their internal as well as international constitutions, the political functions of Rome, which had been but temporary and transient, should have ceased altogether.

It may well be supposed that the history of this change, through its several stages—the complete ascendancy of Innocent III.; the bold and unyielding, but baffled career of Boniface VIII.; the temporising pontificate of Clement V.; the fatal waste of strength during the long Western Schism; the high pretensions and humiliating failures of John XXII.;—becomes, in the hands of a zealous partizan like Dr. Milman, a formidable instrument of that unavowed but steady warfare which he wages against the Papacy.

Able, however, and ingenious as is his treatment of this portion of his subject, it is deformed throughout by one fatal fallacy.

In his eyes the entire Papal system, *spiritual* as well as *secular*, is a thing of human origin. In considering his earlier volumes, we saw that, in contravention of the clearest evidence, he endeavoured to show that the spiritual supremacy, (which he acknowledges to have been exercised by Popes from the fourth century downwards,) was mainly the consequence of the political supremacy which Rome, as the capital of the ancient world, enjoyed in the Roman Empire. The same theory, of course, he applies to the secular influence of the mediæval papacy. Now, what he vainly attempts to prove of the *spiritual* authority of the Papacy in the first period of its history, is undoubtedly true

of the *secular* authority of Rome in the second. The catholic historian freely admits that this secular authority of Rome was a thing of human origin, providentially ordered no doubt, but yet the growth of human influences, and the effect of human causes. So long as those influences persisted, so long, we hold, did its mission continue. But, although there can be no doubt that the divinely bestowed spiritual supremacy of Rome was, even humanly speaking, the foundation of the temporal supremacy with which Christian nations invested her, (inasmuch as it was for the sake of that spiritual supremacy that she was silently recognized by the nations as their common arbiter and protector,) yet this secular commission was, of its own nature, not only temporary and provisional, but also revocable at the will of those by whom it had been entrusted.

The Mediæval Papacy, therefore, presents two phases entirely distinct from each other,—the spiritual headship of the Church, which it derives from Christ through St. Peter, and the temporal headship among Christian nations, which was the growth of the peculiar circumstances of the times, and which its worst enemies admit to have been, under Providence, one of the most powerful instruments of European civilization.

Now Dr. Milman has, throughout his entire history, confounded together these two distinct aspects of the Papacy. Whereas catholics believe that the first is absolutely essential to the Church, and that, however it may vary in details, it is incapable, in its fundamental principles, of growth or of diminution—that it is the same in Rome while the arbitress of the political destinies of christendom, and in Rome when blotted out from the map of nations—the same in Gregory VII, dictating terms to prostrate kings, and in Pius VI. a discrowned and homeless exile;—they admit that the second is no necessary part of Rome's inheritance; that she was once without even its shadow; that it waxed and waned like earthly kingdoms; and that, like them, it disappeared altogether as soon as its earthly mission was accomplished. To a Catholic student of mediæval history, therefore, the progress or the decline of the strictly secular authority of the Papacy, apart from its spiritual privileges, is a purely historical problem, and nothing more—deeply interesting, no doubt, in its bearing upon Christian civilization—more interesting indeed than any other imaginable

inquiry, because the interests which are accidentally connected with it are of the most absorbing character that can occupy the human mind ; but, nevertheless, a catholic can follow all its vicissitudes with the calm tranquillity of a speculative philosopher.

It is often difficult, no doubt, to separate the spiritual from the secular element. But what we complain of in Dr. Milman's uniform treatment of the subject is, that he has not only not taken any pains to observe this distinction even where it is most obvious, but on the contrary, that he has systematically and inextricably confounded the two aspects of the papacy. The constitution of the Church is always represented by him as an unmixed theocracy, or at least as so regarded by the Popes themselves. In his narrative of the contests between the popes and sovereigns of the Middle Ages, the papacy is invariably regarded as a spiritual power, and nothing else. We need hardly add that, in his pages, all the checks which it encounters present themselves to the unreflecting reader as so many rebellions against the indefensible rights of the pontificate ; and that all the reverses which it has to sustain are exhibited as so many steps in the downward course of its spiritual prerogative—so many stages in the progress of the human intellect towards its self-emancipation from the spiritual thralldom of the papacy.

Now, we have more than once pointed out the injustice, as well as the unsoundness of this view. It is true that, if we look simply to the motive of the gift, the whole of the temporal authority enjoyed by the Mediæval Pontiffs had been vested in them, not as sovereigns of Rome, but as Popes and successors of St. Peter. It is true that, in many acts of their directly temporal authority, they themselves appear to proceed by virtue of the keys, and that they often appeal in seemingly secular things, to the same divine commission which is the foundation of their purely spiritual power. But it is equally certain that this authority, though recognized by the nations in them as Popes, was nevertheless bestowed on them by the nations themselves ; that, although the spiritual character of the Pontiff was the motive on account of which it was committed to him, yet the commission itself was a purely human thing ; and that its cessation or its withdrawal no more affected the spiritual character to which by this human gift it was annexed, than the confis-

cation of the property of the Church can be supposed to withdraw or to cancel the spiritual powers of the clergy, which, in the minds of the original granters, were the sole reason and motive of the endowment. We could point to many passages in Dr. Milman's book in which the most erroneous impressions are produced by this confusion of the twofold character of the constitution of the mediæval papacy, and in which, although the facts are narrated without any tangible infidelity, yet, from the colouring which they thus receive, the most unfair conclusions are deduced.

In the main, however, Dr. Milman's estimate of the papal history, and especially of the character of the three Pontiffs of this period who appear most prominent in the conduct with the civil power, differs but little from that of ordinary Protestant historians. We had at least hoped from such a pen as his for some more liberal and comprehensive view of the position, and some more just appreciation of the motives, of the noble-minded Innocent III. But he falls with little deviation into the old traditional track. He reproduces the old immemorial portrait—the same combination of pride and asceticism, which his predecessors delighted to draw; and although he somewhat softens its lineaments, by representing the pride as official rather than personal, yet there are many portions of his sketch which covertly suggest, and others which distinctly impute to this truly great and single-minded Pope, motives of spiritual pride and projects of personal ambition.

Even the account of his election and of his entering upon office is not free from these imputations.

"Celestine on his death-bed had endeavoured to nominate his successor: he had offered to resign the papacy if the Cardinals would elect John of Colonna. But, even if consistent with right and with usage, the words of dying sovereigns rarely take effect. Of twenty-eight Cardinals five only were absent; of the rest the unanimous vote fell on the youngest of their body, on the Cardinal Lothair. No irregularity impaired the authority of his election; there was no murmur of opposition or schism: the general suffrage of the clergy and the people of Rome was confirmed by the unhesitating assent of Christendom. The death of the Emperor, the infancy of his son, the state of affairs in Germany, made all secure on the side of the empire. Lothair was only thirty-seven years old, almost an unprecedented age for a Pope; even a mind like his mind trembled at this sudden elevation. He was as yet but in deacon's orders; he

had to accumulate those of priest, bishop, and so become Pope. It may be difficult in some cases to dismiss all suspicion of hypocrisy, when men who have steadily held the Papacy before them as the object of their ambition, have affected to decline the tiara, and played off a graceful and yielding resistance. But the strength, as well as the deep religious seriousness of Lothair's character, might make him naturally shrink from the assumption of such a dignity, at an age almost without example; and in times if favourable to the aggrandisement of the Papacy, therefore of more awful responsibility. The Cardinals who proclaimed him, saluted him by the name of Innocent, in testimony of his blameless life. In his inauguration sermon broke forth the character of the man; the unmeasured assertion of his dignity, protestations of humility which have a sound of pride. 'Ye see what manner of servant that is whom the Lord hath set over His people; no other than the vicegerent of Christ; the successor of Peter. He stands in the midst between God and man; below God, above man; less than God, more than man. He judges all, is judged by none; for it is written—"I will judge."' But he whom the pre-eminence of dignity exalts is lowered by his office of a servant, that so humility may be exalted, and pride abased; for God is against the high-minded, and to the lowly He shows mercy; and he who exalteth himself shall be abased. Every valley shall be lifted up, every hill and mountain laid low!' The letters in which he announced his election to the king of France, and to the other realms of Christendom, blend a decent but exaggerated humility with the consciousness of power: Innocent's confidence in himself transpires through his confidence in the divine protection.

"The state of Christendom might have tempted a less ambitious prelate to extend and consolidate his supremacy. At no period in the history of the Papacy could the boldest assertion of the spiritual power, or even the most daring usurpation, so easily have disguised itself to the loftiest mind under the sense of duty to God and to mankind; never was season so favourable to the aggrandisement of the Pope, never could his aggrandisement appear a greater blessing to the world. Wherever Innocent cast his eyes over Christendom, and beyond the limits of Christendom, appeared disorder, contested thrones, sovereigns oppressing their subjects, subjects in arms against their sovereigns, the ruin of the Christian cause."—Vol. iv. pp. 10, 12.

But Dr. Milman's hostility to Boniface VIII. is still more undisguised. Although in the opening sentence of the account which he gives of his reign, he confesses that he "was of blameless morals," (v. p. 145) yet he does not hesitate to reproduce against him the old and often refuted scandal of the fraud practised upon his predecessor Celestine V.,



in order to force him into abdication—the “terrible voice repeatedly heard at the dead of night through a hole skilfully contrived in the wall of his chamber, announcing itself as that of a messenger of God; and commanding the trembling Celestine to renounce the blandishments of the world, and devote himself to God’s service!” (p. 138.) What is far more unaccountable, he recites at full length the hateful and incredible charges which were made against Boniface by Nogaret, (pp. 368-70);—charges which bear with them their own refutation—charges which represent Boniface, even at the time when, according to his accusers, he was pursuing his ambitious schemes upon the pontificate, as an ostentatious unbeliever and profligate, an open and undisguised scoffer at the most sacred doctrines, not alone of christianity but even of natural religion. And even while Dr. Milman hesitates about accepting them as true, he gives them all that more effective though covert countenance, which insinuations and suggestions too surely bring with them.

His history of John XXII. does not even wear the semblance of moderation. It is an elaborate though subdued invective.

We can trace, too, throughout these volumes, the same desire to discover variations or contradictions in the doctrinal teaching of the different popes, of which we pointed out more than one example in the earlier history. In his account, for instance, of the long and violent disputes between the Spiritualists and the more moderate Franciscans, he quietly assumes (v. p. 442) that the declaration of John XXII. on the subject of the poverty of Christ and his disciples, is in direct contradiction to that of Nicholas IV. on the same subject;—a notion which has been over and over disproved.\* So again, his narrative of the conduct of John XXII., in reference to his favourite opinion on the beatific vision goes entirely beyond the facts. He represents John as having put forward the Franciscan general, Gerald Otho, to preach the doctrine publicly; whereas John himself “declared in the presence of God that the idea had never entered into his heart nor gone forth from his mouth.”† And so far from his having declared the opinion

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\* See the learned dissertation of Natalis Alexander. *Hist. Eccles. T. xvi. pp. 391-9*, and especially Mansi’s note p. 401-3.

† *Ibid*, p. 407.



to be of faith, or asserted it as in any sense necessary to be believed, the report of the bishops, abbots, and theologians drawn up on the subject at Vincennes, although far from favourable to John, expressly affirms that what the Pope had said in this matter, he had said *non asserendo seu opinando sed solummodo recitando*.\*

While he is thus severe on the Popes, his estimate of the mediæval scholastics—not only of the vigour and acuteness, but of the extent of their learning, and the vastness of their intellectual powers, is in many respects more liberal than that of ordinary Protestant critics. Indeed, we cannot call to mind any Protestant writer who has gone further in this respect, except the just and fearless Sir James Macintosh. Still Dr. Milman, as usual, places a heavy drawback on his eulogium.

“Now came the great age of the Schoolmen. Latin Christianity raised up those vast monuments of theology which amaze and appal the mind with the enormous accumulation of intellectual industry, ingenuity, and toil; but of which the sole result to posterity is this barren amazement. The tomes of Scholastic Divinity may be compared with the pyramids of Egypt which stand in that rude majesty which is commanding from the display of immense human power, yet oppressive from the sense of the waste of that power for no discoverable use. Whoever penetrates within, finds himself bewildered and lost in a labyrinth of small, dark, intricate passages and chambers, devoid of grandeur, devoid of solemnity: he may wander without end and find nothing! It was not, indeed, the enforced labour of a slave-population; it was rather voluntary slavery, submitting in its intellectual ambition, and its religious patience, to monastic discipline: it was the work of a small intellectual oligarchy, monks of necessity, in minds and habits; for it imperiously required absolute seclusion either in the monastery or in the university, a long life under monastic rule. No Schoolman could be a great man but as a Schoolman. William of Ockham, alone, was a powerful demagogue—Scholastic even in his political writings, but still a demagogue. It is singular to see every kingdom in Latin Christendom, every Order in the social state, furnishing the great men, not merely to the successive lines of doctors, who assumed the splendid titles of the angelical, the seraphic, the irrefragable, the most profound, the most subtle, the invincible, even the perspicuous,† but even to what may be called

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\* p. 408.

† Aquinas, Bonaventura, Alexander Hales, Aegidius de Colonna, Ockham, Walter Burley.

the supreme pentarchy of scholasticism. Italy sent Thomas of Aquino and Bonaventura; Germany, Albert the Great; the British Isles (they boasted also of Alexander Hales, and Bradwardine) Duns Scotus, and William of Ockham; France alone, must content herself with names somewhat inferior (she had already given Abélard, Gilbert de la Porée, Amauri de Bene, and other famous and suspected names), now William of Auvergne, at a later time Durandus. \*Albert and Aquinas were of noble houses, the Counts of Bollstadt and Aquinæ; Bonaventura of good parentage at Fidenza; of Scotus the birth was so obscure as to be untraceable; Ockham was of humble parents in the village of that name in Surrey. But France may boast that the University of Paris was the great scene of their studies, their labours, their instruction: the university of Paris was the acknowledged awarder of the fame and authority obtained by the highest Schoolmen. It is no less remarkable that the new Mendicant Orders sent forth these five Patriarchs, in dignity of the science. Albert and Aquinas were Dominicans, and Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, Ockham, Franciscans. It might have been supposed that the popularising of religious teaching, which was the express and avowed object of the Friar Preachers and of the Minorites, would have left the higher places of abstruse and learned theology to the older orders, or to the more dignified secular ecclesiastics. Content with being the vigorous antagonists of heresy in all quarters, they would not aspire also to become the aristocracy of theologic erudition. But the dominant religious impulse of the times could not but seize on all the fervent and powerful minds which sought satisfaction for their devout yearnings. No one who had strong religious ambition could be anything but a Dominican or a Franciscan; to be less was to be below the highest standard. Hence on one hand the orders aspired to rule the universities, contested the supremacy with all the great established authorities in the schools; and having already drawn into their vortex almost all who united powerful abilities with a devotional temperament, never wanted men who could enter into this dreary but highly rewarding service—men who could rule the schools, as others of their brethren had begun to rule the councils and the minds of kings. It may be strange to contrast the popular simple preaching, for such must have been that of St. Dominic and St. Francis, such that of their followers, in order to contend with the plain and austere sermons of the heretics, with the sum of theology of Aquinas, which of itself (and it is but one volume in the works of Thomas) would, as it might seem, occupy a whole life of the most secluded study to write, almost to read. The unlearned, unreasoning, but profoundly, passionately loving and dreaming St. Francis, is still more oppugnant to the intensely subtle and dry Duns Scotus, at one time carried by his severe logic into Pelagianism; or to William of Ockham, perhaps the hardest and severest intellectualist of all; a political fanatic, not like his visionary brethren, who brooded over the Apocalypse

and their own prophets, but for the Imperial against the Papal Sovereignty."—Vol. VI., pp. 449—451.

It would, of course, be entirely out of place to enter into an examination of this sweeping charge of unpracticalness, and utter inutility against the whole body of the schoolmen. That there are many among them of whom it is strictly true may be freely admitted. But one need only read Dr. Milman's own sketch of the five great leaders of the schools, whom he enumerates above, to learn that the general statement by which it is prefaced is a grievous exaggeration. As regards St. Thomas in particular, any person who is at all familiar with his writings, will be struck by its signal injustice. Everyone who has read St. Thomas is well aware, that, while he has carried speculation into its very loftiest flights, he is nevertheless eminently practical in the selection of his subjects; and that, on a practical subject, he anticipates all the refinements of casuistry, leaving no hypothesis undiscussed, and no detail uninvestigated.

Dr. Milner's sketch of the mystical theology of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is on the whole fairer and more impartial; although here too he avails himself of the opportunity of insinuating his favourite theory of the progressive advance of that rationalistic principle, the history of which is, in his view, the history of Christianity itself. That wonderful manual of spiritual self-culture, "The Imitation of Christ," has seldom been more felicitously described.

"In one remarkable book was gathered and concentrated all that was elevating, passionate, profoundly pious, in all the older mystics. Gerson, Rysbrock, Tauler, all who addressed the heart in later times, were summed up, brought into one circle of light and heat, in the single small volume, the 'Imitation of Christ.' That this book supplied some imperious want in the Christianity of mankind, that it supplied it with a fulness and felicity which left nothing at this period of Christianity to be desired, its boundless popularity is the one unanswerable testimony. No book has been so often reprinted, no book has been so often translated, or into so many languages, as the 'Imitation of Christ.'\* The mystery of its authorship in other

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\* According to Mr. Michelet (whose rhapsody, as usual, contains much that is striking truth, much of his peculiar sentimentalism)

cases might have added to its fame and circulation ; but that mystery was not wanted in regard to the 'Imitation.' Who was the author? Italian, German, French, Fleming? With each of these races it is taken up as a question of national vanity. Was it the work of Priest, Canon, Monk? This, too, in former times, was debated with the eagerness of rival orders.† The size of the book, the manner, the style, the arrangement, as well as its profound sympathy with all the religious feelings, wants, and passions ; its vivid and natural expressions, to monastic Christianity ; what the Hebrew Psalms are to our common religion, to our common Christianity ; its contagious piety ; all conspired to its universal dissemination, its universal use. This one little volume contained in its few pages the whole essence of the St. Victors, of Bonaventura without his Franciscan peculiarities, and of the latter mystic school. Yet it might be easily held in the hand, carried about where no other book was borne, in the narrow cell or chamber, on the journey, into the solitude, among the crowd and throng of men, in the prison. Its manner, its short quivering sentences, which went at once to the heart ; and laid hold of and clung tenaciously to the memory with the compression and completeness of proverbs ; its axioms, each of which suggested endless thought ; its imagery, scriptural, and simple, were alike original, unique. The style is ecclesiastical Latin, but the perfection of ecclesiastical Latin—brief, pregnant, picturesque ; expressing profound thoughts in the fewest words, and those words, if compared with the scholastics, of purer Latin sound or construction. The facility with which it passed into all other languages, those especially of Roman descent, bears witness to its perspicuity, vivacity, and energy. Its arrangement has something of the consecutive progress of an ancient initiation ; it has its com-

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there are sixty translations into French ; in some respects he thinks the French translation, the "Consolation," more pious and touching than the original.

\* Italian, French, and German idioms have been detected.

† Several recent writers, especially M. Onésime Roy, "*Etudes sur les Mystères*," have thought that they have proved it to be by the famous Gerson. If any judgment is to be formed from Gerson's other writings, the internal evidence is conclusive against him. M. Michelet has some quotations from Thomas à Kempis, the author at least of a thick volume published under that name, which might seem equally to endanger his claim. But to me, though inferior, the other devotional works there ascribed to Thomas à Kempis, the *Soliloquium Animæ*, the *Hortulus Rosarum*, and *Vallis Liliæ*, even the Sermons, if not quite so pure, are more than kindred, absolutely the same in thought, and language, and style. See the *Opera Thomæ à Kempis* : Antwerpæ, 1515.

mencement, its middle, and its close ; discriminating yet leading up the student in constant ascent ; it is an epopee of the internal history of the human soul.

"The imitation of Christ, both advanced and arrested the development of Teutonic Christianity; it was prophetic in its approach, as showing what was demanded of the human soul, and as endeavouring, in its own way, to supply that imperative necessity; yet by its deficiency, as a manual of universal religion, of eternal Christianity, showed as clearly that the human mind, the human heart, could not rest in the imitation. It acknowledged, it endeavoured to fill up the void of *personal* religion. The Imitation is the soul of man working out its own salvation, with hardly any aid, but the confessed necessity of divine grace. It may be because it is the work of an ecclesiastic, a priest, or monk, but, with exception of the exhortation to frequent communion, there is nothing whatever of sacerdotal intervention; all is the act, the obedience, the aspiration, the self-purification, self-exaltation of the soul. It is the confessional in which the soul confesses to itself, absolves itself; it is the direction by whose sole guidance the soul directs itself. The book absolutely and entirely supersedes and supplies the place of the spiritual teacher, the spiritual guide, the spiritual comforter; it is itself that teacher, guide, comforter. No manual of Teutonic devotion is more absolutely sufficient. According to its notion of Christian perfection, Christian perfection is attainable by its study and by the performance of its precepts; the soul needs no other mediator, at least no earthly mediator, for its union with the Lord."—vol. vi. pp. 482—4.)

In Dr. Milman's conclusion as to the authorship of the *Imitation*, which formed the subject of a long and careful essay in this Journal several years since, we need hardly say that we concur, although we are somewhat surprised that so well informed a writer has overlooked what is really the classical work upon the subject, Mgr. Malou's "*Recherches Historiques et Critiques sur le véritable Auteur du Livre de l'Imitation de Jesus Christ*,"\* the book reviewed in that essay. Nothing can be more just, too, than his criticism of the leading characteristics both of its style and of its contents. But it is not so with what follows.

"But the '*Imitation of Christ*,' the last efforts of Latin Christianity, is still monastic Christianity. It is absolutely and entirely selfish in its aim, as in its acts. Its sole, single, exclusive object,

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\* Louvain, 1849.

is the purification, the elevation of the individual soul, of the man absolutely isolated from his kind, of the man dwelling alone in the solitude, in the hermitage of his own thoughts; with no fears or hopes, no sympathies of our common nature: he has absolutely withdrawn and secluded himself not only from the cares, the sins, the trials, but from the duties, the connections, the moral and religious fate of the world. Never was misnomer so glaring, if justly considered, as the title of the book, the '*Imitation of Christ*.' That which distinguishes Christ, that which distinguishes Christ's apostles, that which distinguishes Christ's religion—the love of man—is entirely and absolutely left out. Had this been the whole of Christianity, our Lord Himself (with reverence be it said) had lived, like an Essene, working out or displaying his own sinless perfections by the Dead Sea; neither on the Mount, nor in the Temple, nor even on the Cross. The apostles had dwelt entirely on the eternal emotions of their own souls, each by himself, St. Peter still by the lake of Gennesareth, St. Paul in the desert of Arabia, St. John in Patmos. Christianity had been without any precept for the purity, the happiness of social or domestic life, without self-sacrifice for the good of others; without the higher Christian patriotism, devotion on evangelical principles to the public weal; without even the devotion of the missionary for the dissemination of Gospel truth; without the humbler and gentler daily self-sacrifice for relatives, for the wife, the parent, the child. Christianity had never soared to be the civiliser of the world. 'Let the world perish, so the single soul can escape on its solitary plank from the general wreck,' such had been its final axiom. The imitation of Christ begins in self—terminates in self. The simple exemplary sentence, 'He went about doing good,' is wanting in the monastic gospel of this pious zealot. Of feeding the hungry, of clothing the naked, of visiting the prisoner, even of preaching, there is profound, total silence. The world is dead to the votary of the *Imitation*, and he is dead to the world, dead in a sense absolutely repudiated by the first vital principles of the Christian faith. Christianity, to be herself again, must not merely shake off indignantly the barbarism, the vices, but even the virtues of the Mediæval, of Monastic, of Latin Christianity."—Vol. VI., pp. 484-485.

We cannot help expressing our surprise at this strange criticism. That the *Imitation of Christ* should be a manual of monastic Christianity, surely need not appear strange, seeing that it is plainly a manual addressed to monks and primarily intended for the guidance of persons devoted to the monastic life. If this could be doubted by any person, (although Dr. Milman in the above extracts seems uncertain of it) the frequent allusions which occur to the monastic rule, to the monastic habit, to the duties towards the community,

to obedience due to the superior, &c., should remove all uncertainty. The seventeenth chapter of the first book is expressly "on the Monastic Life." The reader is constantly reminded of the question "why he has come hither." He is urged to cultivate greater perfection by the suggestion that it is for this "he has left the world."\* The monks and hermits of the early Church are set forth to him as his models.† In a word, the whole work is plainly designed primarily for the use of the monks; and its profound as well as pure and sublime morality is a strong evidence of the solid and lofty spirituality which was aimed at in these much maligned communities. We need hardly add that the monastic life of the Middle Age was chiefly contemplative; and, at all events it is to the contemplative, and not the active orders that the author of the *Imitation* directly addresses himself.

But even so considered, Dr. Milman's criticism of the tone and tendency of the work is most unjust and unfounded. It would, of course, be out of place in such a book—a book which, of its very nature, is addressed to the individual, and whose sole object is to turn one's thoughts upon himself, and on the practical study of his own heart—to enter much into the details of man's duties to his neighbour. And it is perfectly true that no such details will be found in the *Imitation*. But to say that the spirituality of the *Imitation* is "absolutely and entirely selfish;" that it isolates one from the sympathies of our common nature; that it ignores all the duties which we owe to our fellow-man; is in the highest degree unjust. The principle on which all these duties are involved, the great duty of charity or love, is frequently and earnestly inculcated. The necessity of good works is everywhere strongly enforced. And while the paramount importance of self-knowledge and self-culture, is insisted upon, it is nevertheless declared, that "he doth well, who serveth the community rather than his own will."‡ It is plain, indeed, that this branch of Christian duty is supposed

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\* See Book I. chap. 17. Book I. chap. 25, also chap. 19. Book III. c. 13.

† B. I. c. 18.

‡ B. I. c. 15.



rather than excluded; and its importance is fully recognized, even where its details are least prominently brought forward. It is curious indeed that that very "selfishness of spirituality" which Dr. Milman makes the crime of the Imitation, is strikingly rebuked in the book itself. "From this it is plain," writes the holy author, in the sixteenth chapter of the first book, "how rarely we think of our neighbour as of ourselves. If all were perfect, what would remain for us to suffer from others for God's sake? But God hath so ordered it, that we may learn to bear each other's burdens, because there is no one without a defect, none without a burden; *none is sufficiently strong, none sufficiently wise for himself; but we must mutually support each other, console each other, assist each other, instruct each other, admonish each other.*"\*

The truth is, that Dr. Milman can never recognize any excellence in the Mediæval system without discovering some countervailing defect. Her best religious practices are, in his eyes, mere formalism; her holiest characters have their weak or faulty side; and he never fails, although often without the appearance of effort or design, to make this sensibly felt in his narrative. Even where he cannot be accused of suppressing the strong points, he loves to dwell on the weak ones. Every questionable trait in the character of a Pope is sure to be chronicled with care. Every extravagance in the life of a saint appears more extravagant in his page. And the more solid qualities, though no one could say they are concealed, remain unobserved, or are forgotten in the contrast.

It is the same even in greater things. In his narrative of the discussions which took place between the Greeks and Latins in the Council of Florence, on the great question of the Procession of the Holy Ghost, he slurs over the magnificent debate between John the Dominican, and Mark of Ephesus, one of the noblest specimens of theological disputation upon record,—to laugh over the paltry squabbles of the Greeks among themselves; to tell how Bessarion called Mark "a demoniac," and how Mark retorted upon Bessarion as "a bastard and an apostate." (vi. 288.)

We shall only add in conclusion, lest the reader should

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\* B. I. c. 16.

be surprised at these evidences of partizanship in the History of Latin Christianity, that the Author at the close of his task, avows it as his deliberate belief, that the "Latin faith tends to materialism, to servility, to blind obedience or blind guidance, to the tacit abrogation, if not the repudiation, of the moral influence by the undue elevation of the dogmatic and ritual part; that it is prone to become, as it has become, Paganism with Christian images, symbols, and terms; that it has, in its consummate state, altogether set itself above and apart from Christian, from universal morality, and made what are called works of faith the whole of religion; *the religion of the murderer, who if, while he sheathes his dagger in the heart of his victim, he does homage to an image of the Virgin, he is still religious; the religion of the tyrant, who, if he retires in Lent to sackcloth and ashes, may live the rest of the year in promiscuous concubinage, and slaughter his subjects by thousands!*" (vi. 652.)

For the credit of the scholarship which Dr. Milman undoubtedly possesses, and of the impartiality to which he lays claim, we cannot but deplore such sentiments as these. With just as much justice might we describe the poisonings and wife-murders with which every English journal has for months been teeming, or the "promiscuous concubinage" which Dr. Doran's clever, but very scandalous "*Lives of the Queens of the House of Hanover,*" reviewed in our last number, show to have been the uniform practice of the English court, as Menzel's History of Germany shows it to have been that of the minor Protestant courts of Germany,—with just as much justice might we describe this as Teutonic Christianity, or the Christianity of the Bible!

As regards himself, however, we can hardly wonder, that while such are his views, he rejoices in the prospect of the fall of Latin Christianity, and flatters himself that its mission is at an end. What his notions may be of the form of Christianity which is to replace it, we do not venture to speculate. The basis which he assumes is certainly sufficiently broad; what the building is to be remains yet, in his eyes, an unsolved problem. If he has faith in any church, it is certainly a "Church of the Future." We shall only remark that his attachments to his own, and to all other Churches of the past and present, appear to hang loosely about him; nor can

we estimate very highly the strength or earnestness of his convictions in reference to his present position in the Anglican Church, when we find himself declaring that he "will not presume to say that men may not attain hereafter to a clearer, and at the same time a more full and comprehensive and balanced view of the words of Christ, than has as yet been generally received in the Christian world."<sup>\*</sup>

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ART. II.—*The Newcomes*. Memoirs of a most Respectable Family.  
Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq. London: Bradbury and Evans, 1854.

IN whatever point of view we regard our function as reviewers, we fear it must be acknowledged that a critical notice of this brilliant work labours under the disadvantage of being a day, or rather many days, "after the fair." Its distinguished author has long made himself independent of our praise, and the verdict of the public has completely anticipated our criticism. Mr. Thackeray can write nothing which is not instinct with genius, and redundant of humour. If he have a fault, it is not that he stints, but that he cloy. He flows, to overflowing, with fun. His works are a kind of Punch *in extenso*. Not that they are wanting in the pathetic, but still the humorous is their kindred element. The humour is sustained, the pathos but fitful. The temper of mind which they excite might be compared to a sort of chronical hysteric, in which tears flow amid the laughter, but the laughter is the predominant affection.

In two of the three great constituents of fiction Mr. Thackeray appears to us to reign paramount. His descriptions are in the highest degree graphic, and his characters delineated with amazing power and fidelity to nature. Both are so true to life, that the little vignettes which fol-

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\* vi. p. 633.

low the chapters of his works are anticipated by the pictures previously formed on the *retina* of the reader's imagination. These illustrations serve not so much to enlighten us as to show us that the author justifies and bears out our idea of the characters and scenes of his story. In the third requisite of successful fiction—the construction of plot—it seems almost superfluous, and hardly fair to the author, to say that he fails, for he obviously does not attempt it. His tales are, properly speaking, sketches, not finished pictures. This is true even of “*Vanity Fair*,” the most elaborate and to us by far the most interesting and instructive of Mr. Thackeray's works. Yet even here the absence of art in the composition of the materials is almost provokingly apparent. Two distinct plots run through the tale in almost parallel lines, for rarely indeed do they intersect each other. This is a fault even in a short play, but in a tale extended to upwards of six hundred closely printed pages, it causes a prolonged disappointment. We are vexed by a perpetual and most entire shifting of the scene. From the Osbornes to the Crawleys, and from the Crawleys back again to the Osbornes—this is the rule of “*Vanity Fair*.” Another peculiarity of “*Vanity Fair*,” as a work of fiction, is, that it covers such a vast period of time. It goes from generation to generation. Novelists are content with bringing the history of one family to a close; they marry the hero and heroine, and the curtain drops. But fancy a tale in which the young grow old, and live almost long enough to see their children's children! Such a tale is “*Vanity Fair*,” “a Novel without a Hero.” Yet that its author should be able to maintain the interest, even as far as it is maintained, under so great a disadvantage, is but an additional proof of his wonderful power of humorous description, and his success in the delineation of character.

To regard any of Mr. Thackeray's books, then, as ordinary works of fiction, is to do them injustice. They are mirrors of that amusing, grotesque, hideous thing called “Life.” Life does not group itself into *tableaux vivants*, or gather itself up into plots: it is essentially a shifting sketchy scene. Mr. Thackeray has penetrated deeply into its tangled mazes; he has read its saddening mysteries with a keen eye, and transferred them to the canvass of his pictorial page with a master's pencil. One question only is likely to suggest itself. Has he overdrawn the

picture? We can readily understand how it should be said that he has, but are equally prepared to contend for the opposite view of the case. When the sacred oracles say of the world that it "lieth in wickedness," we can conceive many a man feeling that *this* too is an overcharged description. For our own part, however, we are disposed to take Mr. Thackeray's commentary upon the scriptural view as the truer one. We speak of course (as the Bible also speaks,) of the world *proper*, of the world, that is, not as it is leavened by the overflowings of Christian truth, (which are of course far from being simply coextensive with the boundaries of the Church, its true depository,) but as it stands out in its own naked deformity. And we are disposed after some little experience to pronounce that the fair visions of natural philanthropy, social harmony, and the like, in which many popular writers indulge, are in the highest degree overstrained and chimerical. Divest mere natural goodness of all which is of a religious origin, on the one hand, and of all which is merely superficial and hollow on the other, and what a worthless deposit is the residue! Pursue your advocate of the dignity of virtue into the haunts of temptation, the seclusion of privacy, the trials of adversity, and see in what stead his human motives will stand him! Try to govern a family or a household upon the principles of benevolence, apart from all that is peculiar to Christianity, and you will speedily acknowledge that the tendencies of unregenerate human nature are too strong for you. Favouritism, avarice, envy, ambition, jealousy, demons whose name is legion, will set upon you, each in his single strength far more than a match for your flimsy theories, how much more, then, when linked in a confederacy, strong in proportion to the union of its elements; and what union (save that of the gifts of the Holy Spirit,) is so powerful as that which binds together this demoniac host?

We are not, therefore, of the number of those who feel that Mr. Thackeray has given a *truer* view of human nature in "The Newcomes" than he had previously given in "Vanity Fair," ready as we are to admit, and with pleasure, that in the later work he has presented us with a far more amiable picture of social life. The hideous features of the picture are indeed kept more in the background, but the general exhibition is, after all, that of

Vanity in its less offensive aspect. Mr. Thackeray's writings appear to us in this respect at once truer to nature and more serviceable to the cause of morality, than some others of our day, because they never leave the reader under the impression that *mere* natural virtue is *adequate* even to the ordinary casualties, still less to the extraordinary emergencies, of our state of probation. That is a beautiful and truthful part of "The Newcomes," where the Colonel (who is really a very beautiful human character,) is described as feeling himself alone and ill at ease even in the presence of the darling son whom he has made his idol. (Vol. i. p. 196.)

It is not, as we have already said, our object to examine Mr. Thackeray's writings in a literary point of view; we wish rather to look at them as indications of a moral temperament in their author, deeply interesting in the eyes of a Catholic. There are those, we are aware, who have been disposed to build hopes even of the distinguished author's conversion to the faith, upon passages, more than one, in his last work, in which he dilates with so evident a sympathy, and so generous an enthusiasm, upon some of the distinctive features of our religion. To any such sanguine inferences we sorrowfully confess ourselves unable fully to subscribe. The passages in question do the highest honour to Mr. Thackeray's intelligence, discrimination, and candour. They prove him to be greatly in advance of his generation, and of the society in which he moves, in the power of appreciating what is morally and spiritually excellent, as well as what is æsthetically and artistically attractive, in the Catholic Church; they place him at once on a different elevation from the common run of English travellers, who pick up their ideas of our religion in the barbers' shops, at the tables d'hôte, or from the interested descriptions of the *valet de place*; who regard every priest as a hypocrite, and every monk as a worldling. More than a noble superiority to these low prejudices we fear that the testimony of Mr. Thackeray's judgment does not indicate. There is nothing in it to disprove what elsewhere there is something to indicate; that the author (as yet) recoils from the *supernatural* portions of Catholic truth, from its mysteries, and glimpses of the invisible world, with the same instinctive shuddering which is characteristic of minds immeasurably inferior to his own

in comprehensiveness of view and acuteness of discernment.

But while we find ourselves unable to participate in all the hopes naturally suggested to the minds of zealous Catholics by the many kind and liberal sentiments which this author expresses (especially in the work under review) on the subject of our religion, we do not feel the less (may we not even say that we feel a greater ?) interest in his religious aspirations, as they seem to us to be faintly shadowed out by the internal evidence of his writings. It is impossible but that the works of so natural and truthful a writer as Mr. Thackeray should form, to a certain extent, an index of his feelings upon important subjects ; and while we can gather nothing whatever from these writings as to their author's actual religious views or leanings, we confess that they do appear to us to betoken a form of character, and a condition of mind, to the qualities and wants of which the Catholic religion is singularly fitted, in our partial judgment, to be the only true correlative.

In the first place, it must appear a simple truism to any one familiar with Mr. Thackeray's writings, to say that he is sick at heart of the vanities of this miserable world. His characteristic, be it fault or excellence, (excellence we feel it, others may regard it as a defect,) is, that he takes the most unfavourable of all imaginary views of its ways and maxims, the wickedness it contains, and the hopelessness of its amelioration. Mr. Thackeray's estimate of the world has led him to a state of disgust, which amounts to nausea, and of despondency under which one can hardly help fancying that a man must suffer temptations to suicide. "The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint."

The marvel to us is how any one who considers life to be what "Vanity Fair" represents it, can bring himself to endure the burden of existence. The actors in the miserable scene continue to reap from it some sort of pleasure, till they are actually carried out of it in an apoplectic fit, or sink down in the midst of it, too weak to maintain their standing. But how a looker-on can bear the sight of so much heartlessness and vanity, feel it deeply enough to describe it with vivid energy, and to moralize over it with "savage unctuousness," yet not so deeply as to flee from it into some Zoar of rest where he may expiate its taint, impetrate mercy on its crimes, and exchange, in short, the spirit of sarcastic reflection for that of humble meditation and



charitable sympathy; this we confess would surprise us if we could regard it as anything more than a mere transient phase of a moral phenomenon. Now there are many and many in this mournful state, who have bitterly experienced the vanity of the world, and would flee from it did they but know whither to betake themselves. But they feel that the alternative for them is but between "Philip drunk and Philip sober," between the world in its bustle and the world in its dreariness. "Cœlum non animam," &c. The change is but a change of climate; the mind is unchanged; and Truth Itself has said, "The world is within you." While then the reflecting medium remains as it was, the colour of external objects will be our own, not that of the objects themselves. But the author of "Vanity Fair" and "The Newcomes" is not of this class. He has evidently a keen perception of the moral attractions of that Church which is the visible and acting representative of Him who said, "Come unto Me all ye that are burdened, and I will give you rest." He is one who could envy the Catholic as he prayed in absorbed devotion before the image of our Lady in the church where Ratisbonne was converted; and who could recognize the power of the religion which enables the young to consecrate themselves, not in name, but in deed and in truth, to the service of the Virgin Spouse of the Church. Can it be that such an one will suffer what he may consider extravagant, superstitious, or out of taste, in the Church, difficult to reason in her mysteries, unsuited to the age in her ceremonies, over credulous in her spirit of loving faith, to deter him from following up those inquiries which her external majesty, her moral beauty, her undisputed antiquity, her world-wide empire, have even already challenged as something like a claim of justice at his hands? Is it possible that so acute an observer should be prepared to set up the short-sighted judgment of a mortal in criticizing the phenomena of a power which

Comes to him in such a *questionable* shape?

should so measure his own capacities of discernment as to deny that

There are more things in heaven and earth  
Than are dream'd of in our philosophy?

Nor is this disgust at the world the only hopeful symptom which the internal evidences of "Vanity Fair" and

"The Newcomes" disclose to the Catholic reader. If there be one characteristic of Mr. Thackeray's mind more obvious than another, it is his hatred of what is expressively termed, *cant*, as well as of *humbug* in all its branches. No one can estimate the mischief which the cause of Christianity in this country has suffered from the prevalence of this especial element in the popular religion of the day. It has been a dead weight both upon the establishment and on the various forms of national dissent; for in one shape or another cant belongs, as a general rule, to every known form of religion except the Catholic. None are, as a body, more open to the charge of it than that very section of the establishment called the High Church Party, who are loudest in their denunciation of it. For it is a mistake to suppose that cant is confined to the Tartuffes and the Mawworms. It is a thing not of sects and parties, but of human nature, which takes its form from its subject-matter, but in diversifying its form does not change its substance. Cant, indeed, is nothing else than the spirit of hypocrisy, against which our Divine Lord warned *His* disciples by the example of the Pharisees; thus shewing that it was but the accident, not the characteristic, of a particular class. No one can tell, or represent, how religion has been prejudiced in the eyes of the world, and especially of the literary and scientific men of the day, by its supposed identification with the affected manners, the rigid sentiments, or the peculiar phraseology, of many of its professors. Much that is called "*cant*" by the world, is no doubt real religion; but nevertheless, cant is an actual and most pressing grievance, which we must not ignore or underrate, because true religion is sometimes mistaken for it, or disparaged under its name. It is impossible, to read Mr. Thackeray's writings without seeing how cordially he abominates everything like affectation in serious matters. Instances will readily occur to the reader of any of his works, and it is not a little remarkable that he never, as far as we can recollect, (we are aware how dangerous a thing it is to predicate a negative, yet with this reserve we say it,) that he never connects with the *Catholic* religion this particular, and to him most odious idea. At any rate we are deeply convinced that it is Catholicism alone which has put down cant, and all kinds of pretence and affectation in religion. These subterfuges are in fact the supplement of the emptiness, the apology for the shortcomings,

of the system to which they belong. They are the froth which represents the substance they do *not* conceal. Why does the dissenting preacher "spout," or the establishmentarian read "the service *impressively*," or the dignitary try to look great in his pudding-sleeved gown? Perhaps it is because they are really ostentatious men. But there is no need of so uncharitable a supposition. It may be, and probably is, because they feel that they are bound to *give effect* to what has no intrinsic weight of its own. From this temptation the Catholic is wholly free. What the individual must do for Protestantism, *the system* does for us. Who requires to "spout" the Holy Mass? What need of a studied gait, or a pompous phraseology, to give dignity to the Catholic ritual, or effect to Catholic truth? The thing speaks for itself. Formalism is a protection against *contempt*. Now, the Catholic religion is hated, but never despised. It is its own security against slight, and no affectation will secure it against odium.

We are not surprised, again, that men of Mr. Thackeray's character of mind, and habits of life, should be keenly sensitive to the intellectual deficiencies of every religious system except the Catholic. To men of brilliant imagination, logical acumen, and a keen sensitiveness to the ridiculous, what can be more thoroughly unpalatable than Protestant worship? Prayers, (many of them no doubt beautiful in themselves,) muttered and preached by one section of religionists, muttered and mumbled by another, and followed by a sermon, such as sermons usually are. How miserable a representation this of the invisible world,—how ineffective a protest against the actual one! It may be said that even Catholic preachers fail sometimes in doing justice to their great subject. But then, the Church does not rely for her power upon the accidents of genius, or on individual oratory. Every Mass is the best of sermons, every Benediction the most awakening of exhortations. And Catholics know that the Church has *in reserve* a Theology which has actually employed the profoundest thinkers that have ever lived, and left no conviction on their minds at last, but that, in the "lowest depth" of their investigations, there still remains a lower to be fathomed.

Who again can doubt that in various institutions of the Catholic Church, such a man as Mr. Thackeray would find, not merely scope for the operation of a vigorous and

sagacious intellect, but range for the sympathies of an evidently most amiable and benevolent heart? What a field of charity, he might well argue, must that be in which the heroic labours of a Nightingale or a Stanley constitute the *vocation* of thousands who ply in secret their task of love, which one day shall be openly acknowledged, and eternally rewarded in the presence of men and of angels! He would find that if Catholics wrangle, and are selfish, or hard-hearted, or bitter, it is in proportion as they neglect, and not as they follow up, their religion. He would see, and feel more and more deeply, what even now he is too candid to call in question, that the real security for all the virtue which even the world itself can discern in good Catholics, and the want of which the Church continually bewails in the instance of her negligent and refractory children, is the Confessional, that marvellous institution which keeps the conscience as keen and bright as the blade of the warrior's sword, and which is not less the "cheap defence" of public morality, and the guarantee for the well-being of society, than it is the balm of every wound which festers in the lonely heart of the individual Christian.

And while in the Church the philosopher will find the only subject of investigation really adequate to his powers, and worthy of his pursuit, the philanthropist, the only abiding motives to unselfish heroism, and the man of the world, weary of its unsatisfying vanities, the only true solution of its mystery, and the only certain refuge from its miseries—in the same ample field of thought and of exertion, the man of letters and the man of genius, will meet with the only faultless ideal of beauty, and the only inflexible standard of taste. That Eternal City in which the traveller can read the lessons of the Forum by the light of the Vatican; in which the sun-gilt dome of St. Peter's symbolizes the glories of a perennial empire amid the monuments of departed greatness, and the vestiges of an evanescent world, is the school, not less of genuine art than of true philosophy, whose influences have acted upon poetry, music, painting, and sculpture, with a power which it is no breach of piety to designate by the name of inspiration.

Finally, we should think that no unprejudiced and enlightened observer, who mixes much in the busy world, and has his eyes open to the signs of the times, can fail to

note the rapid advances which the Church is actually making towards that spiritual ascendancy among the nations, at least of Europe, which, although nowise necessary towards the vindication of her claim to Catholicity in the eyes of her own children (seeing that such claim is satisfied by the profession and capacity, apart from the fact, of universal extension), is yet vouchsafed in these later times as a help to the faith of Catholics, and a landmark of direction to others. If it be true, as even hostile testimonies go far to intimate, that the vast empire of the Czar is beginning to relax in its schismatical antagonism to the Church of the West, we may hope, please God, to witness, even in our time, a wonderful approximation of elements hitherto separate; and we shall pray, with increased confidence, that the three great empires of the Continent may be linked together in the bonds of a common faith, as well as in those of political amity. Who shall attempt to estimate the possible benefits to Christendom of the war just happily brought to an end; a war inaugurated under the auspices of our Immaculate Mother, signalized by victories most wonderfully coincident with her own festivals, and terminated ere the echoes had died away of the hymns which celebrated the Annunciation of her great privilege? Be this as it may, it is hardly possible, we should think, for any observant person to doubt how far higher would have been the position of England, both during the conduct of the war, and now that it is at an end, had she been united by a common faith with the Allies who have so mainly aided her in bringing the struggle to its present happy issue. Our religious isolation from the greater part of Europe is a perpetual bar to that heartiness of sympathy which is necessary towards the success of common objects. It is no part of our purpose to regard this matter in a merely political light; but we cannot help thinking that the actual position, and prospects, of the Catholic Church constitute a moral phenomenon which ought to stagger the most determined opponent of her claims while it forms a reason for inquiry to every honest and intelligent mind. The argument is continually gaining strength from the very topics popularly insisted on with the view of weakening or destroying it. It is wonderful how sharp-sighted critics should fail to see that every exhibition of the Church's weakness in temporal matters is the strongest of all possible inducements to the belief of her divine origin. What boots it, for example, to

say that the political well being of the Papal States appears to depend upon the support of "foreign bayonets," unless it can also be denied that her spiritual authority is based upon the affections of millions? Is it doubted that her sway over the hearts of her spiritual subjects is as strong and commanding as ever? Then let France, let Austria, let even England give the answer. For even in England, scarcely a day now passes without fresh evidence of the progress which the Church is making, as well in the mitigation of prejudices, and the correction of misunderstandings, as in the positive increase of conversions to her Creed. May those who, like the distinguished author before us, possess minds sufficiently able and free from prejudice to estimate these great facts, be moved to consider them to their eternal profit, by recognizing in them the claim upon their allegiance of that great Communion which, based as it is upon the rock of ages, presents so marvellous a spectacle of unshaken endurance amid the crumbling fabrics of the empires which, throughout the whole progress of her history, have strewn her path with their ruins, wherever they have been too proud to profit by her lessons, and give heed to the warning voice of her oracles.

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ART. III.—1. *Hand-Book of London, Past and Present.* By PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A. Murray, 1850.

2. *Curiosities of London: exhibiting the most rare and remarkable objects of interest in the Metropolis.* By JOHN TIMES, F.S.A. London: Bogue, 1855.

IN the works which we have placed at the head of this article, the chief *memorabilia* of the metropolis have been described in a form so concise and popular that a fresh interest has been given to the historical monuments of London, and "the golden haze of memory" has been thrown around many a familiar spot upon the crowded highways of our "murky Babel." Those publications follow a series of works so numerous and comprehensive that the Hand

Book was the only form in which anything new could be written on the history and antiquities of the metropolis; and it has been adopted with so much success by the diligent authors to whom we have referred, that the results of life-long research are made accessible to the most casual readers. In these popular notices of London localities we find the present everywhere connected with the past, and see how deeply the London of to-day is founded in a substratum of antiquity enriched by the auriferous sands of Time.

Set in the light of history, the tangible remains of antiquity that stand upon our daily paths receive an unexpected dignity and significance, and arouse our interest, as witnesses of the succession and the sway of former races of men. The monuments left by its earlier inhabitants revive before our view the various aspects which London must have presented in the successive *eras* of its history since first the Augustan city rose around the Roman *Prætorium*. We have a distinct portraiture of London in its successive ages:—of Roman London, growing amidst the rude defences of the British stronghold and surrounded by the spreading waters of the Thames and the primeval forest of the hills—a military colony with its temples and its forum, its bounding wall, its gates and diverging roads; of Saxon *Lundenwic*, with its clergy and monks, its thanes and merchants, its trading guilds and *Witena Gemots* assembling amidst the remains of Roman power and surrounded by still uncleared forest; of Norman London, then become a royal city, adorned by many churches and by edifices of feudal strength; of London of the Plantagenets, with its mercantile opulence, its quaintly attired citizens, sumptuary laws, and timber houses; of London of the Tudors with its peaked gables, carved ceilings and rush-strewed floors, its stately pageants, and its regal crimes; and of London of the Stuarts, with its formal furniture and gay costume, its plays performed in daylight at the Globe Theatre, and its shady suburban roads through country now overspread by Marylebone and Bloomsbury.

With the metropolis as it appeared in each of these by-gone ages, it is curious to compare the London of to-day, still, as of old, mighty in its ships, and world-embracing in its commerce; wondrous and varied in its aspects seen in the blaze of daylight, solemn and suggestive when the



vast city seems to slumber in the peace of night ; that metropolis, so full of strange contrasts and incongruities, of palatial splendour and obscure poverty, of state-liveries and rags, of sumptuous club-houses, and " eating-shops surrounded by hungry poor," of western opulence and eastern squalor. Not less striking are the combinations of the present and the past, which are everywhere presented in our metropolis, from Stepney to Southwark, from Tyburn to the Tower, or the monuments which serve to contrast ancient manners with the institutions of our day. Thus, in the pages which describe the Curiosities of London, we find strangely mingled the Roman camp and Ranelagh Tea-gardens ; Domesday book and the Daguerreotype ; Doctors' Commons and the Electric Telegraph ; Convents and coffee-houses ; mediæval crypts and the Crystal Palace ; the Black Friars' monastery and the *Times* Printing-office ; Abbeys and Wax-work shows ; Museums and Monuments ; ancient Palaces and modern Prisons ; Inns of court and plebeian taverns ; mansions of Belgravia and cellars of St. Giles ; candle-lighted streets and Gas-light companies ; Lambeth prelates and Houndsditch Jews !

And where could we find a field so rich in its historical associations—a city so inviting to our retrospective view ? Amidst the interminable stream of traffic, that crowds its public thoroughfares, where everything seems to be worked at high pressure, the Londoner knows that he may retreat to many a spot within the city's roar indeed, but still haunted by the spirit of the olden time. Cornhill (as Sir Barnes Newcome remarks,) is not exactly the place for sentiment ; but here, as on many other thronged highways, there are visible or remembered monuments of the past, which carry back our thoughts as much to the times of the Plantagenets, or even of the Cæsars, as to the times of modern rulers ; for all who have borne dominion here, seem to have set their seal on London, as the Medici have done upon the storied hills of Rome. Unlike Paris of the present day, London has never seemed ambitious to look young ; and notwithstanding the sacrifice of many ancient features to the stern exigencies of city " improvements," and to the almost fabulous augmentation of the value of land, some very characteristic buildings of by-gone days are still mingled with modern structures. But in London, as everybody knows, we have not

the striking contrast between an ancient capital and a modern city, that we find so emphatically at Rome,—between august remains of a distant antiquity and the structures of a modern time. Very few buildings, even of a mediæval date, stand visibly amongst the abodes of men; yet in London, as in Rome, some remains of every period in its history exist above the ground—grey monuments of the past, that have been “sheltered by the wings of Time,” though we must excavate to a depth of from eight to fifteen feet below the surface of our crowded thoroughfares, if we seek the elaborate pavements of the luxurious Roman, or the foundations of the Saxon edifices that succeeded to his occupation. The historical monuments of London form, like the English language, a rich composite derived from successive ages. Where buildings themselves have disappeared, names of places preserve some memory of them; and many of the city churches, though rebuilt in and after the seventeenth century, recall in their dedications, as well the rude piety of Scandinavian sea kings as the sway of Norman princes. Thus, in St. Alphage and St. Alban’s, St. Botolph and St. Dunstan’s, St. Pancras and St. Edmund’s, we are on the footsteps of our Saxon forefathers; St. Clement, St. Magnus and St. Olave, proclaim the dominion of Scandinavian rulers; while St. Mary and St. Helen, St. George and St. Giles, St. James and St. Leonard, witness the devotion of the Normans, as the Temple and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre recall the times of the crusades. It is true that no gothic spires now rise above the clustering houses, but crypts and other remains of many of these edifices exist, and they carry back our thoughts to the time when more than a hundred churches reared their antique towers and spires above the quaint old city. In this respect, as well as in some other characteristic features, the metropolis of those days, like many ancient English cities, must have presented a great contrast with mediæval Paris, as the division into minute parishes never obtained upon the Seine. The city churches are even now set down as eighty-nine in number, and are the survivors or representatives of the one hundred and twenty-two parish churches and thirteen monastic edifices of religion that London contained in the time of the monk Fitz Stephen—a number which very nearly corresponds with that of the churches and remains of ecclesiastical edifices at this time standing in Cologne, where, by the

way, it is said that there were once as many churches as there are days in the year. The diminution in the number of parish churches is not, however, so remarkable in London as in York, Norwich, and some other English cities, in which the number of churches was anciently much greater in proportion to the size and population of the city than in London. The edifices that escaped destruction in the great fire of London (the most noticeable of which are the Chapel of the Tower, the Church of St. Bartholomew, the Temple Church, the graceful chapel and crypt of St. Etheldreda in Ely-place, and the once stately church of the Austin Friars), show how great was our loss in that calamity. Of the eighty-seven parish churches which, besides St. Paul's Cathedral, were destroyed in the fire, Wren rebuilt fifty, at the cost of about a million and twenty-five thousand pounds (in money of those days), of which sum £736,000. were expended on the new cathedral from the beginning to the completion of the work, and on the other churches sums varying from £11,400. on St. Bride's, to the modest expenditure of £1850. on St. Vedast's, Foster-lane. But many a quiet cemetery surrounded by city warehouses alone marks the site of a lost church; for in the rebuilding of London two or more parishes were in some instances united for one church—an establishmentarian parsimony which affords a significant contrast between the times of William of Orange and those of William of Normandy, and is very different from the spirit in which the churchmen of the Middle Ages planted so thickly the houses of God. In more recent days we have witnessed a wanton destruction of ancient churches in a spirit even worse if possible than that of Puritan destroyers; and very lately it has been proposed by magnates, upon the pretext of their generally deserted state, to offer to the Minotaur several of the city churches that remain, their sites being, we suppose, eligible for Manchester warehouses. It certainly is not the architecture of the existing structures, generally, that makes their preservation desirable, most of them having been rebuilt after the Great Fire—a time when ecclesiastical Architecture was not understood in England—and being hideously be-pewed and defaced with semi-heathen monuments of the worst kind; but the sacred character of all these edifices, and the interesting associations of many of them, ought to forbid the

Vandalism of destroying them. However, some of the city parishes have, we see, given their answer to their bishop, and declared that they will neither desecrate nor destroy. A holy seclusion and religious calm seems to pervade many of these edifices, and is felt all the more strongly from contrast with the city's turmoil; while the old attendant tree which graces the seclusion of some of them, and whose welcome verdure Spring still comes through city labyrinths to renew, stands like a gift of heaven dropped in what has become a very uncongenial spot of earth. And the city churches seem to set forth, (what Mr. Caird, the preacher whose sermon has been recently published by Her Majesty's command, so well contends,) that we may, and ought to be pious and holy-minded in the world, and that we may carry with us good and solemn feelings in the throng and thoroughfare of daily life. It is something, that we are able amidst the tumult and agitation of worldly pursuits, to fence off, as it were, a still domain for religion, and to find within it the peace which the world cannot bestow.

But, to return from this digression. Venerable as many of the city churches are in regard to antiquity of foundation, London was old when the oldest of them rose under the hands of their Norman builders, for they stand amidst the interred remains of Roman buildings, and the first Bishops of London reared their Cathedral amidst the remains of a great Roman Temple where St. Paul's now stands. The site which was destined to be occupied by the famous city of London does not seem to have been fortified by the Roman legions so early as Colchester, Verulam, or York. Londinium, the "city of ships," is not mentioned by Cæsar; and it is supposed that the Roman standards were first erected there in the reign of Claudius, and more than a century after Julius Cæsar's invasion of Britain. The first Roman colonists appear to have established their station upon the plateau of land lying between the river and the fenny ground of Moorfields, bounded longitudinally by the Wallbrook, (which was then a stream, navigable for boats as far as where Coleman Street now stands,) and by the Langbourne on the East. Londinium had become a place much frequented by merchants, and a great dépôt of merchandize as early as the time of Tacitus, who so describes it in his *Annals*, and it subsequently became a

colonia under the name of *Augusta*. It seems to have extended from Blackfriars' to the Tower, and on the north to Bishopsgate. The city wall was the work of the later Roman period. That famous boundary extended more than two miles in its course, and seems to have been twenty feet in height. Within the area of the walled Roman city, excavations have brought to light the very streets on which the Roman colonists walked, and the floors of the villas in which they dwelt. The London of the Romans is in fact a buried city, covered not by the ashes of a volcanic eruption, but by the slowly accumulated *debris* of later dwellings. The general level of the underground city is not less than fifteen feet below the present surface, an amazing accumulation certainly, to have arisen out of the occupancy and traffic of a crowded population, and the ruin of their buildings even during the long period of fifteen centuries. The ancient thoroughfare of Eastcheap, which was undoubtedly a Roman highway, is thought to have been the principal or Prætorian gate of the garrison of Agricola, leading into the Forum. Watling Street was probably the chief highway through Roman London. Upon the line of it, the celebrated fragment of the *Lapis Milliaris*, known as "London Stone," is preserved near the spot where it was originally set up, which was within the Forum of Agricola's station, and on the south side of the street. A place now called Sea-coal lane between Fleet-lane and Snow-hill, seems to be on the site of the once crowded amphitheatre of the Romans.

"The remains of Roman London," (says the author of the *Curiosities*), "consist chiefly of portions of the city wall; foundations of buildings; tessellated pavements, often of so much beauty as to denote magnificence in the superstructure; baths, bronzes, and various ornaments admirable as works of art." A Roman bath, nearly complete, still exists in Strand-lane; a Roman hypocaust is shewn beneath the Coal Exchange; and in the church-yard of St. Giles, Cripplegate, is the only remaining bastion of London wall.

The lower courses of masonry of the wall are perhaps the most considerable of the underground remains of Londinium. There are some curious examples of Roman embankments. Thus, the course of the wall-brook was embanked with wooden piles; the ground on which the

Custom House stands, was gained from the Thames; and upon the river from the Custom House to the Tower were wooden embankments upon which stood Roman villas, that were probably adorned by the arts cultivated on the Tiber. In removing some wooden houses on the site of Tower Royal in 1852, (a place where the kings of England had a castle as early as the time of Stephen), the remains of one of these Roman villas were found, surrounded by a strange *detritus* of horns, tusks, and other remains of animals of chase, with fragments of Roman pottery. But the abodes of Roman luxury were not confined to the line of the river. Some curious remains were recently discovered under the deepest foundations of the old Excise Office in Broadstreet, a locality formerly the site of Sir Thomas Gresham's mansion and of his munificent collegiate foundation. The tessellated pavement here found *in situ* was thirteen feet below the surface. A Roman villa (the fine pavement of which was deposited in the British Museum) stood on the site recently occupied by the Hall of Commerce, and now by the Bank of London. Other pavements were found near the Church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate; and in Leadenhall-street, opposite to the portico of the East India House, the most magnificent tessellated pavement yet found in London, was discovered at a depth of nine feet. Southward, in Goodman's fields (Minories), and eastward, in Spitalfields, were the cemeteries of Roman London.

But the elaborate temples and dwellings of the Romans, entombed like their own sepulchral urns, are not the only subterranean curiosities of the Metropolis. Many crypts and structures of mediæval time exist below the present level of our streets; and they form characteristic remains of the London of the Norman kings and their immediate successors. Of this class of monuments, the crypt or range of vaults beneath the White Tower is perhaps the oldest specimen. Every ancient part of that celebrated "palace-fortress" seems impressed with its chequered memories; and with these silent and gloomy chambers—hardly penetrated by the light of day or by the sounds of the busy life around—many touching remembrances of captivity and suffering are associated. But beyond these regal, historic walls, many fine though less ancient crypts have been preserved in a perfect state down to the present century, though the superstructures have disappeared.

The well-known crypt of Gerard's Hall was an unsur-



passed monument of our early domestic architecture. It was sacrificed to a new street in 1852. This was a work of the first half of the thirteenth century, in and after which age several wealthy merchants appear to have inhabited houses built on vaulted crypts. The Hall, too, had become identified with domestic architecture in the following century, and houses began to rise to a third story. Remarkable for its fine character, extent, and preservation, rather than for antiquity, is that celebrated undercroft, the crypt of Guildhall—the only portion of the building erected in 1411 that escaped the fire.

Of ecclesiastical crypts the city of London possesses several examples, for the crypts remain of many of the old city churches, the superstructures of which were destroyed in the great fire; but they are for the most part applied to vile and sacrilegious uses. Perhaps the oldest is the Norman crypt of St. Mary-le-bow, Cheapside. A crypt of the destroyed Church of St. Martin, regarded as in part the work of William of Wykeham, was found in clearing ground for the New Post-office. In Corbet-court off Gracechurch street, is one, (now or lately used as a wine cellar,) having near to it what seems to have been in former times a holy dipping well. Many subterranean chapels became wine-cellars for adjacent taverns. Several monastic crypts are found under houses in different parts of the city, and their dark ruinous state contrasts strongly with their original use; while their architecture shows that in the "Ages of Faith" more labour, taste and money were devoted to an ecclesiastical crypt below the surface of the ground, than in modern days we see bestowed on many of the new churches. Of monastic remains in the city the crypt of the refectory of St. Bartholomew's Priory, Smithfield, presents perhaps the finest specimen of early English work.

Regal Westminster can boast some ancient remains of this character more eminent in their associations than those of municipal London. Norman vaulted work as massive as that within the White Tower of Gundulph existed until 1823 beneath the old House of Lords, formerly the Parliament chamber—a structure probably raised by Henry II. on the ancient foundation work of Edward the Confessor, and which was almost the only considerable part of the old Palace of Westminster excepting the venerable Hall, that escaped destruction by the fire in the reign



of Henry VIII. These crypts had been used as the kitchen of the Anglo-Norman palace. The adjacent crypt or "under chapel of St. Stephen" formed the basement of the chapel dedicated by King Stephen in honour of his patron saint, and rebuilt by Edward I., but alas! destroyed in the reign of Victoria. The under chapel has been recently restored. This is the chapel in which as our readers will remember, the remains of a prelate were found buried in the wall. An earlier and more curious fragment of ecclesiastical Westminster is to be seen on the other side of Palace-yard, the Norman crypt, namely, below the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey; and beneath another celebrated edifice which is within sight, though across the river—the chapel of Lambeth Palace—there is a crypt which is ascribed to the time of Richard Cœur de Lion, and believed to be a portion of the palace inhabited by the Bishops of Rochester before Lambeth put on Archbishopal dignity. But from this obscure class of monuments—not the least curious remains of mediæval London—it is time to turn to another branch of our subject.

While time and the hand of the destroyer were removing the edifices that stood upon these crypts, and raising buildings of a very different kind above and around them, the metropolis was extending its boundaries beyond its ancient walls, and gradually advancing to become "a province covered with houses." So lately even as the time of the last of the Stuart kings, London—although it seems to have then been the most populous capital in Europe—had extended little beyond the ancient city limits, and the houses westward of the boundary were for the most part the residences of the nobility, and stood amidst gardens bounded by open fields. At that time, of course, none of the docks and warehouses that now spread from the Tower to Blackwall existed, and only one bridge crossed the Thames. Even less than a century ago, the roadway between the overhanging houses on London-bridge was so narrow that two vehicles could scarcely pass, and the case was much the same with London streets at the time of the great fire. They stood in blissful ignorance of Improvement Commissioners and Paving Boards. They were unlighted at night, and most of the shops were still distinguished by their painted signs. Green fields, and hills, the contour of which cannot easily be traced amidst the buildings that now thickly cover them, extended to the north-

ward of the city two centuries ago; there was neither Tyburnia nor Belgravia; Chelsea was still a rural village with little more than a thousand inhabitants; and Islington, a peaceful retreat "the delight of poets." Nor were manners and customs in the city less unlike those of the present day. The Lord Mayor never appeared in public without wearing his robes and hood, and being attended by his suite; the merchants resided in the city, and there many of them had mansions as costly as those of the nobility who had migrated westward. At the Restoration, the time had not long passed when the Lord Mayor, as Howel records, maintained his park of deer near the city, "to find him sport and furnish him with venison." He was accustomed to ride with a gay cavalcade to hunt at Tyburn, and the fox was sometimes run down at St. Giles's Pound. In those days, the feudal rights of wardship and marriage of orphans were still claimed by the civic magistrates; wardmote inquests still solemnly inquired after scolds and witches, whether any persons walked by night at unseasonable hours without carrying lights, and whether any citizen neglected to hang a lantern at his door with a candle therein burning as appointed for the season of the year; no alehouse-keeper could charge more than a penny for a quart of ale, and proclamations were put forth to restrain the carrying of merchandize through the Cathedral of St. Paul. Long after those days, the platform and the newspaper continued to be unknown; and the coffee-house was an institution of London life!

It was not in these respects only that the metropolis still bore the impress of ancient manners. From an early period the citizens of London had fair and large gardens to their houses, which, be it remembered, were not in Norwood and the pleasant suburbs inhabited by their modern successors, but within the city walls; and even less than two centuries and a half ago many of the "citizens of credit and renown" continued to enjoy their gardens. In the reign of Henry II., Fitz-Stephen mentions the gardens in the city of London; in the reign of Edward I. we find "the king's garden at the Tower" an object of royal care, and provision is made for planting it with pear trees; and through several succeeding reigns, the gardens of the chief mansions in the city were preserved, for the plodding citizens, steadily as they accumulated the glittering products of mercantile adventure seem to have prized the

sparkling pleasures of the garden, and to have rejoiced in flowers as well as florins. When, in the reign of Henry VI. the Grocers' Company bought the Lord Fitz-Walter's mansion (which fell in the great fire, and was rebuilt by the Company for the Mansion House of the chief magistrate), it stood "in a fair open garden for air and diversion"—though in the centre of London—bounded by the wallbrook on one side, and Old Jewry on the other. In the time of Queen Elizabeth the country lay open nearly all the way to Hampstead and Highgate from the rear of the large house which Thomas Cromwell, the short-lived favourite of Henry VIII., erected in Throgmorton-street, and which after his attainder was made the Drapers' Common Hall. Other city halls, and many private mansions of civic magistrates had their terraced gardens, which were planted usually with lime trees, and adorned sometimes with fountains, summer-houses and grottos. Sir Paul Pindar, Gresham's contemporary, had his mansion in Bishopsgate-street, and his "garden and park" reaching to Finsbury-square, with an ornate lodge at the rear of the mansion. Gresham House had spacious walks and gardens. At that time, the garden of the Black Friars, though the monks were gone, had not become overspread by houses, nor had the silent walks of the Carthusians wholly yielded to the now busy world of Newgate-street. Around Cornhill were many gardens; the Minories (so called from the lands having formerly belonged to the Nunnery of St. Clair), formed a comparatively open space; and an adjacent farm belonging to the Nuns, where Stow in his youth often bought a quart of new milk for a halfpenny, was afterwards let out by one Goodman for grazing horses and for garden-plots, whence it acquired the name of Goodman's Fields. During the reign of James I. and even later, some districts that are now thickly populous parts of the great metropolis were in a rural state. Spitalfields—once the Cemetery of Roman London—afterwards the lands of the Hospital and Priory of St. Mary beyond Bishopsgate, continued to be fields; from Houndsditch a street of houses standing in their gardens, extended nearly to Shoreditch Church, which was almost the last building in that direction; in Gravel-lane stood the then new mansion in which Count Gondemar is said to have been afterwards lodged, which Stow describes as "a house built amidst fair hedge-rows of elm trees, with bridges and easy stiles to pass over into the pleasant fields." Linen was dried and books were

sold under the trees in Moorfields; cattle grazed and archers shot in Finsbury; and Goswell-street was a lonely road all the way to the village of Islington. Clerkenwell was chiefly occupied by the precincts of the once great Priory of the Hospitallers of St. John, who, not long before the suppression, granted license to cut timber in St. John's Wood. Only seventy years ago (according to the recollection of Mr. Britton, the veteran architect and antiquary), Spa-fields afforded pasturage for cows; and the old "garden mansions" of the aristocracy remained in Clerkenwell-close. At that time Sadler's-wells, Islington-spa, Merlin's Cave and Bagnigge Wells were nightly the resort of gay company. In the first half of the last century the "New Tunbridge Wells," at Islington, was a fashionable morning lounge. A "squalid rookery of misery and vice" is on the site of these once pleasant gardens. In the time of James II. "the Pindar of Wakefield" was still a road-side hostelry in Gray's-Inn-road, and Aubrey mentions the yellow-flowered Neapolitan bank-crests which grew adjacent to it.

Grays-Inn Gardens, like the gardens of the other inns of court, are happily green inclosures still, though dwellings have clustered thickly round them, and a wilderness of brick and mortar has arisen between them and the suburban country once surveyed from them. These gardens were planted with elm trees about A.D. 1600, when the modest sum of £7:16:4 "expended on planting Elm-trees" was allowed by the society to "Mr. Bacon," who erected a summer-house on the small mount on the terrace. Howel, in a letter from Venice dated 5th June, 1621, speaks of Grays-Inn Walks as "the pleasantest place about London, with the choicest society;" and later in that century they were in high fashion as a promenade. At that time there was an almost uninterrupted view from the summer-house of the meditative Chancellor to the pleasant heights of Highgate and Hampstead which had then scarcely lost the woodland scenery of the ancient forest of Middlesex. The Temple Gardens no longer enjoy the extensive view they once commanded, when the eye ranged over the green marshes of Lambeth and the gradually rising ground, to the Surrey hills encircled by many a tract of oak and beech-woods, but they are still as refreshing in their aspect as they are interesting in their associations, and

"Still lone, 'mid the tumult, these gardens extend,  
The elm and the lime over flower-beds bend."

For a scene of seclusion, "what can be more admirable" (it has been asked by a popular writer) "than the Temple? The bright lawn of the gardens looking out upon the moving pageants of the river, with the meditative trees, and the cawing rooks that seem for ever dreaming of past times, and the surrounding houses substantial and grave yet cheerful—a quiet nest the more delightful for being in the heart of London's vitality." Lincoln's Inn, too, possesses what the same writer aptly calls "the grace and brightness, the ever-renewing poetry of trees." The once famous garden of the Earl of Lincoln, if not productive of fruit and flowers as in the reign of Edward I., before his mansion passed to the lawyers, has yielded refreshment and delight to a long succession of grave practitioners since it became attached to this ancient Inn of Court. "Lincoln's Inn" is truly "a beautiful retirement, rendered magnificent by the noble pile of Stone-buildings and picturesque by the rich Elizabethan architecture of the New Hall. Old red-tiled houses, too, stand "under whispering trees by green grassplots, and are approached by picturesque gateways ready to admit the visits of your friends, yet able to shut out the noisy world."

The lesser Inns can likewise boast the green spots they have islanded, and many antique, old-world, often stately buildings stand in their secluded courts. But emerging from these juridical shades to the garish thoroughfares, let us resume our retrospect of localities which, though rural at no remote period, are no longer green, but are now thickly overspread by buildings.

The fashionable morning promenade held in the days of Charles II. in Gray's Inn Gardens, had become transferred in the reign of George II. to "Lamb's Conduit Fields," where brocaded silks, gold-headed canes and laced three-cornered hats formed a gay bevy" in the grounds before the Foundling Hospital. Only a century ago, Bloomsbury and the vicinity of Bedford Square retained much of their rural character. The gardens of Montague House, destined to be overspread by the British Museum (and which so late even as 1790 were bounded by fields,) and the gardens in Great Russell Street, were still fragrant and looked over open country to the green Hampstead hills.

The once famous gardens of Ely House, which still "look green in song," continued to grace the district north of Holborn long after the time when Cox, Bishop of Ely unwillingly leased to Sir Christopher Hatton, at the bidding of Queen Elizabeth, the greater portion of that fair demesne, reserving a red rose, ten loads of hay, and £10 per annum, payable at Midsummer, and the right for the bishops to walk in the gardens and gather twenty bushels of roses yearly. The meadow and the kitchen garden, the vineyard and orchard of Ely House, in which the bishops were famous for raising choice fruit, appear to have extended from Holborn Hill northward to what is now Hatton Wall, and east and west from Saffron Hill to Leather-lane, and to have had few buildings near them. Saffron-hill, Field-lane, Lily-street, Turnmill-street, and Vine-street seem in their modern degeneracy to mock the remembrance of what formerly flourished on their respective localities. In and long after the time of James I., Chancery-lane, Fetter-lane, and Shoe-lane intersected gardens in which were straggling lines of cottages. The district between Holborn and the Thames was not built over until long afterwards; and the locality on each side of Fleet-street retained until after the reign of Charles I. many features of its former state under ecclesiastical and monastic dominion. On the north, in Shoe-lane, the chief ancient mansion was the town inn of the Bishops of Bangor, with its lime trees and rookery; on the south was the inn of the Bishops of Salisbury, which afterwards became the property of the Sackvilles, Earls of Dorset. Extending from Fleet-street to the Thames, and from the western side of what is now Whitefriars-street to the Temple, was the Abbey-land of the white-robed Carmelites, whose ancient privilege of sanctuary became abused to vile uses while the kingdom of Alsatia flourished in the seventeenth century—Alsatia, where (as Mr. Cunningham remarks) violation of law stood in such strange antagonism to the study of it in the adjacent Temple.

And here we may glance westward along the Strand at the less ignoble fate of the garden ground of another and more famous religious fraternity—the garden, namely, of the Abbey of Westminster, afterwards known as Covent Garden. This, at the accession of Henry III., occupied the chief part of the present parish of St. Paul, and le:s



than two centuries ago, a great portion of it continued to be open ground. It was granted in 1552 with seven acres of land called Long Acre, of the yearly value of £6:6:8 (!) to John, Earl of Bedford, who built a town residence, the materials of which were mostly timber, upon that part of the garden which was afterwards occupied by Southampton-street. To the place where the monks cultivated fruit and vegetables, those luxuries are now brought from all parts of England for sale, to the estimated value of £3,000,000 yearly. *Apropos* of monastic gardens in the sixteenth century, it would seem that even these could not produce a salad, for that delicacy is said to have been sought in vain for the royal bride, Katherine of Aragon, upon her arrival in England.

Perhaps no district now incorporated with the metropolis, but formerly a suburban territory, has undergone a more striking change, since the reign of James I., than the wide parish of St. Giles. That village had its ancient stone cross, its cottages and garden-plots in the reign of king John, and was remarkable for the Lepers' Hospital which queen Matilda had founded. It retained much of its rural character in the time of Stow, and still consisted of only a few houses amidst trees standing near the church, while to the north and west stretched open country, traversed by roads with avenues of trees; and to the east, green enclosures from the walls of what had been the hospital to Chancery-lane, many inns standing upon the Holborn-road. Until late in the seventeenth century the site of Long-Acre, Seven-Dials and Soho, was occupied by "Cock and Magpie fields," so called from a favourite and then suburban hostelry. Drury house, near the Strand end of Drury-lane, where the village of St. Giles began, the only considerable mansion in that direction, was shaded by a row of elms. The "physic garden," in which John Gerard, citizen and surgeon, culled his simples late in the reign of Elizabeth, had not been built upon a century afterwards. But early in the reign of Queen Anne the whole parish, excepting Bloomsbury and the vicinity of Bedford Square, had become covered with houses; stately residences had risen in Soho; and "Cock and Magpie Fields" became only a remembrance. Even at the accession of George III. St. Giles's Pound was at the threshold of London. And now, amongst the dense and miserable population dwelling in the obscure precincts



of Seven-Dials and upon the lands formerly annexed to the Lepers' Hospital, the modern Gin-palace spreads a moral leprosy which equally separates its victims from society.

In the reign of Elizabeth, the cities of London and Westminster seem to have been joined only by the few houses of the nobility which occupied the line of the Strand. St. Martin's-lane was a green lane, bordered by a few houses between the villages of Charing and St. Giles. On the site of Exeter Change was the parsonage house of St. Martin, with its garden and paddock for the parson's horse, whereon Lord Burghley built his fine mansion with four square turrets at the angles, which derived the name of Exeter House from his son Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter. The space between Charing Cross and St. James's Palace seems to have been then occupied by fields, and in the following century Spring Garden was still a garden in which the nightingale might be heard less than a hundred years ago. In the Haymarket were hedges and a few houses, and upon the site of Her Majesty's Theatre washing women dried linen upon the grass. In Pall Mall less than two centuries ago, 140 elm trees bordered the walk. About 1670, Schomberg House and the adjoining mansions, then newly built, had their gardens and embanked terraces overlooking the green walks of St. James's Palace. And *a propos* of this abode of royalty, we are told that when Henry VIII. built a mansion here it stood far away in the fields. It occupies the site (as a mass of very dissimilar tenements in St. Giles's occupy the site) of a Lepers' Hospital,—the Hospital of St. James, founded in the days of the Norman kings, and rebuilt by an Abbot of Westminster in the reign of Henry III., in the rural seclusion of meadows which three centuries later Henry VIII. converted into a royal Park. In the reign of Elizabeth the line of Piccadilly was known only as "the way to Rêdinge;" and even in the time of George I. the road was for the most part unpaved and coaches were often overturned in the hollow. In the reign of Charles II. the site of Bond-street was covered by bushes. The Earl of Burlington less than a century and a half ago converted "Ten Acres Field" in the rear of his quaint gardens, into "a little town," and beyond them there was at that time open country. There was no street then beyond Bolton-street on the west of London.

In the reign of Charles II. too, a proclamation was issued against the increase of buildings in Windmill Fields and the fields adjoining Soho. Leicester House, which gave its name to the fields adjacent, had then its spacious gardens—the site of the present Lisle-street.

Only a century ago Pimlico was celebrated for its public gardens. There was the Mulberry Garden, now part of the site of Buckingham Palace; the Dwarf Tavern and gardens stood between Ebury-street and Belgrave Terrace; the Orange Tavern and gardens flourished where the church of St. Barnabas now stands; the Gun Tavern in Queen's Row was famous for its arbours and costume figures; and besides these places of public resort and others of smaller note, there was the famous Ranelagh. Less than a century since, Buckingham House enjoyed an uninterrupted prospect to the south-west. In the adjacent lower parts of Westminster there were still some gardens, although the Palace itself could no longer boast the once famous royal garden, in which the Plantagenet princes had gathered their roses and lilies and well-cherished fruit. So lately, however, as the close of the seventeenth century, Whitehall Palace and the mansions of nobles and prelates that lined the Strand retained their sloping gardens and their water-gates. The sumptuous mansions of Belgravia, and the ranges of buildings that overspread the vast space between Eaton-square and the Thames, have risen, as everybody knows, within the last thirty years.

And here we may glance at Tyburnia—that other world which has still more marvellously grown within the present century, remembering as we pass, that Marylebone, the largest of the one hundred and seventy-six metropolitan parishes, which now numbers four hundred thousand inhabitants, and is, perhaps, “for its size, the richest district in the world,” was a small village, a mile from the nearest part of the metropolis, at the commencement of only the last century. The “White Hart” at the corner of Welbeck-street, was long a solitary public-house, where travellers stopped for refreshment, and to examine their fire-arms before crossing the fields to Lisson-green, at Paddington. In the year 1600, the ambassadors from Russia rode with their suite from the city to hunt in what is now the Regent's Park; and so small was the population of Paddington at the close of even the last century,

that the one coach which ran from thence to the city was an unprofitable speculation. The rapid growth and now enormous rental of the Paddington estate, form one of the greatest of metropolitan marvels. A town, composed in great part of rows of palatial dwellings, has risen within fifty years round the site of a forest village; and whereas "the Manor and Rectory" were let for £41:6:8d. a-year when Edward VI. gave them, being late the property of the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, to Ridley, Bishop of London and his successors, Paddington had attained a rated value of £400,000 a-year at the date of the last census, a population of 46,000 persons, and 6519 houses! It has been truly said that the story of its growth sounds like a fable.

As far as regards the increase of population, the case is not very different with St. Pancras, which is now the most populous of all the metropolitan parishes, and is in circumference the most extensive parish in the county. In the middle of the thirteenth century, a village of forty houses surrounded the Norman church (we are of course speaking of old St. Pancras in the fields), and was lonely and suburban within even the last century.

It is not one of the least of the curiosities of London that the old Saxon love of self-government should take the form of submission to multitudinous boards of local governors; and this parish of St. Pancras has rejoiced in a remarkable development of local administrative bodies, having been blessed with no fewer than sixteen Boards for paving alone, constituted with 427 commissioners, governing forty miles of road. But the whole of the huge city known as London is infinitely subdivided into local jurisdictions for paving, lighting, sewerage, and making rates; and within the metropolitan limits there have been until lately no fewer than three hundred different bodies to carry on the local administration, and an army of about fifteen thousand petty Commissioners empowered by about two hundred and fifty Private Acts.

But we have not room to trace any further the modern transformation of rural districts into thickly inhabited portions of the ever increasing Metropolis. Let us pass to another group of London Curiosities, viz., the eminent buildings and noble residences which, if standing, have for the most part degenerated to uses uncongenial with their former grandeur, or which have disappeared with the

families of their former owners, and participated in their decay. They are to be found in various parts of London.

Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate, is perhaps the most remarkable in this class of buildings, on account as well of its age and former dignity, as of the features of architectural grandeur which have survived its vicissitudes. It was built by that Sir John Crosby, who was knighted by Edward IV., and whose noble monument is in the adjacent church of St. Helen, and after being occupied by Richard III., was purchased by Sir Thomas More, who resided in it after 1514, and here received Henry VIII., who at that time kept his court at Castle Baynard and St. Bride's. Here "the rich Spencer," Lord Mayor in 1594, entertained Sully, on his special embassy from Henry IV. of France; and here the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," lived many years. Its subsequent fate was sadly inconsistent with such associations. In its days of decadence it became first a Presbyterian meeting-house, then a Packer's warehouse, and afterwards fell into disrepair; but when the taste for architecture revived in the present century, and "Crosby Place" was found to be the finest example in London of a domestic hall of perpendicular work and of a fine timber roof, it was restored for use at musical performances and lectures. The ancient hall, the council chamber, and the throne-room above, remain; and the place is fraught with musical as well as regal memories, for under its shadow Wilbye, and Morley, and Bird, resided.

Of Baynard's Castle, on the river bank, which was likewise once a royal abode, the name alone remains in the City of London. Its history ascended to the reign of William the Conqueror; it was afterwards held by the Fitz Walters, chief Bannerets of London, and having been rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was inhabited by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and here certain scenes of King Richard the Third have been accordingly laid by Shakspeare. It was repaired by Henry VII., who, with the Queen, went from this castle on the morrow of the nuptials of Prince Henry with Katherine of Aragon, and conducted to it the royal pair who had been lodged in the palace of the Bishop of London. After being let to the Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Elizabeth,

and afterwards inhabited by the Earl of Shrewsbury, it was destroyed in the Great Fire.

The district between Ludgate Hill and the Thames, which was anciently the abbey land of the Black Friars, preserves the name at least, of the great monastic house where Parliaments and other Councils assembled, and where the king kept his records, and frequently held his court. Many nobles once dwelt within the precincts of the Black Friars' Monastery; and here, in 1522, Henry VIII. lodged his royal visitor, the Emperor Charles V.; here his divorce from Katherine was assumed to be decided, and here assembled the Parliament by which Wolsey was deprived.

What Londoner is not familiar with the stately old residences of great merchants, that still stand in quiet courts and narrow lanes, adjacent to the great highways of commerce? And if "merchant princes" had their sumptuous abodes, noblemen and courtiers had their town inns within the city walls, but the latter seem to have migrated westward before the time of the Great Fire. The town residence of the great northern family of Neville was in Leaden (originally Leydon) Hall Street; that of Sir John de Lumley, another lord of the county Palatine of Durham, was in Wood Street; Shaftesbury (originally Thanet) House on the east side of Aldersgate Street, was built by Inigo Jones, for the Tuftons, Earls of Thanet, but became a tavern, and then a dispensary; London House, originally Peter House, was long the town mansion of the Bishops of London, after the Great Fire; and the Earl of Berkeley's house, with its gardens, was in St. John's Lane, not far from Smithfield, the site of which was advertised to be sold for building on in 1685. The Fire of London, more than the change of manners, has been the great destroyer of most of the old town inns of noble families which formerly existed in the city. The notices of them which occur in wills and other documents, show that persons of note and celebrity formerly resided in parts of the city where their successors certainly would not think of living now.

We pass on to the history of more celebrated edifices on the line of the Strand, and first, of that stately pile of building, Somerset House, the antecedents of which may well make it one of the chief curiosities of the metropolis. To obtain space and building materials for his new palace,

the "Protector" Somerset, demolished Strand (or Chester's) Inn, and the town inns of four bishops, besides the church and tower of St. John of Jerusalem, the great north cloister of old St. Paul's Cathedral, and the church of St. Mary, the site of which became part of the garden of "Somerset Palace." It was the first building erected in England in the Italian style of architecture. The ambitious Protector began his palace in 1547, but (as everybody knows,) he never inhabited it; and on his attainder and execution, in 1552, it came to the crown, and was given by Edward VI. to his sister Elizabeth, who resided in it during some part of her reign. It passed on her death to Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., having been settled as a jointure-house of the queen consort, and thence acquired the name of Denmark House. Queen Henrietta Maria established here a Capuchin fraternity. Pepys mentions the grandeur of the queen mother's court at Somerset palace after the Restoration, and "the great stone stairs in the garden with the brave echo." The palace retained long after the departure of the Stuarts, the characteristic features which had marked it in the seventeenth century; and when describing it in 1720, Strype mentions its "front with stone pillars, its spacious square court, great hall and guard room, large staircase, and room of state, its courts, and most pleasant garden, with water gate, fountain, and statues." But at that time its proudest days had passed. "The venerable court-way from the Strand, and the dark and winding steps which led down to the garden, beneath the shade of ancient and lofty trees, (says the author of the *Curiosities of London*,) were the last lingering features of Somerset Place, and seemed characteristic of the gloomy lives and fortunes of its noble and royal inmates." Parliament having, in 1775, settled on Queen Charlotte Buckingham House, in lieu of old Somerset House, the latter gave place to the sumptuous range of government offices which now surround the square.

Not far westward from Somerset House, but decayed to an almost ruinous state for many years before the rise of that ambitious structure of Tudor sacrilege, stood the more ancient palace of the Savoy, so named from Peter of Savoy, uncle of Eleanor (La Belle) of Provence, who was created Earl of Richmond by Henry III., and received the grant of this part of the river banks, by the



service of yielding annually at the exchequer, three barbed arrows. As rebuilt by Henry, first Duke of Lancaster, it was a strong and stately castle. Here John, King of France, the royal captive of Poitiers, returned to die in 1364, and here Chaucer was the guest of "time-honoured Lancaster," and wrote some of his poems. But in 1381, the torch and rude hoof of rebellion demolished the old royal abode, and it remained in ruin, not only during the wars of the Roses, but until 1505, when Henry VII. "royally endowed" a hospital, under invocation of St. John the Baptist, to receive and lodge a hundred poor sick people and wayfarers. But his work of charity did not revive the ancient splendour of the Savoy, or long escape the spoiler; and from the time of the surrender the extensive buildings which had once been the object of royal care, experienced strange vicissitudes. They became the meeting-place of the Independents in 1658, and the refuge of Calvinists; under the House of Hanover all sorts of Protestant Dissenters nestled in their precincts, and there the latitudinarian found liberty in creeds, and the debtor sanctuary in debt. Contemporaneously with the Fleet marriages, the chaplain of the Savoy carried on a like traffic within its privileged recesses. Hollar's scarce etching, in 1650, represents a still imposing river front, a fortress-like building with embattled parapets, and square towers at the angles, but partaking of the ruins in which monarchy itself was then lying; and a view in 1792 shows the building hastening to decay. After being used for barracks, and as a military prison, the Savoy was demolished on the erection of Waterloo Bridge, in 1816, and so its memories only are among the curiosities of London. The chapel of the hospital, however, exists, it dates from the time of Henry the Seventh's foundation, and contains some remarkable monuments little known.

Glancing from these sites of regal tradition to the eastern side of Somerset House, we may remind the reader of that other collection of antique buildings, which there stood amidst spacious gardens,—the once famous Arundel House. Taken from the see of Bath, in the time of "Protector" Somerset, it became the abode of nobles who have left their names in English history; and to its gardens, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, the magnificent collector, transplanted the noble collection of mar-



bles which he brought from Italy. The illustrious names of Howard, Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, given to the somewhat dingy streets that traverse its site, are all that remain to preserve upon this spot the memory of one of the most characteristic of the mansions of nobles in former days. The many other ancient inns and residences of prelates and noble families that formerly stood on the line of the Strand, have all shared the fate of Arundel House. Clifford's Inn, on the north of Fleet Street, still, however, recalls the memory of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland.

To the north of St. Mary-le-Strand, and at the end of Drury Lane, (originally the *via de Aldwych*,) was the mansion of the Drurys, which flourished in the reign of James I., and was rebuilt by William, Lord Craven, from whom the new building took its name. In its last decay, the spacious mansion became a public house, bearing the sign of the Queen of Bohemia, in memory of its former occupation by the daughter of James I. On the site of the house Philip Astley built his Olympic Pavilion.

There are many stately houses in Soho, which was a sort of Court quarter of London little more than a century ago. The south side of the square was occupied by the house which Wren built for the Duke of Monmouth. In Carlisle Street was the sumptuous mansion of the Dowager Lady Carlisle, who here enjoyed her "Cherry orchard and flower garden." Long before Soho square was built, there were inns of bishops and mansions of judges, between Chancery Lane and Ely Place. The house at the north-east corner of Leicester Fields, which gave its name to that locality, was built for Robert Sydney, Earl of Leicester, who died in 1677. Here Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, died, and here George III. was residing at the time of his accession to the throne. Adjacent to it, on the west, was the residence of the Earl of Aylesbury, where the Marquis of Carmarthen, in 1698, entertained Peter the Great. It was named Saville House, from being the property of the Saville family. It has since become (to use the words of Mr. Timbs,) a very Noah's ark of exhibitions of greater variety than delicacy. Even in St. Giles's some names of great families linger, and recall a time when the streets that bear them, had not fallen into their present decadence.

But no district of the metropolis was formerly more remarkable for residences of nobles and great ecclesiastics than Southwark—that *terra incognita* to most of the dwellers on the Middlesex side of the river. As all coin collectors know, Southwark had its mint under the Saxon as well as the Norman kings. In Southwark, Bishop Walter Gifford founded in the reign of William Rufus, the palace afterwards so long known as Winchester House. Park Street preserves in name, but seems to mock, the memory of the spacious park by which it was surrounded even down to the sixteenth century, and in 1814 the venerable remains of its great hall were exposed by a fire. At that time the decaying palace had been let for a warehouse and wharfs. All who know St. Saviour's are familiar with the noble remains of ecclesiastical architecture that belong to the palmy days of Winchester palace. Then, there was Rochester House, anciently the palace of the Bishops of Rochester, which, in its last decline, became parcelled out into sixty-two tenements. Southwark, too, could boast some famous hostelries. Standing with open country beyond it was the Tabard, (now the Talbot,) in the High-street, the inn where Chaucer and the pilgrims assembled, and where also the Abbot of Hyde had his lodging. The buildings of Chaucer's time were standing in 1602, but the oldest buildings now remaining are of Elizabethan date. The town inn of the Priors of Lewes, was nearly opposite to St. Olave's church, and its crypt existed until the new London Bridge approaches were made. In Lambeth there were many ancient houses, which were formerly inhabited by persons of historic note. One of the chief of these was the house in Church-street, which was the mansion of the Earl of Norfolk, in the fourteenth century, and where the celebrated Earl of Surrey resided; another remarkable house was that which Henry VIII. granted to the Bishops of Carlisle.

Passing from noble residences that have fallen into decay, we may glance at another interesting class of London curiosities—the houses, still standing, which are associated with the memory of literary men. We will mention those only which cluster in the locality of Fleet-street, yet it seems almost trite to refer to the Mitre tavern, the favourite rendezvous of Johnson's evening parties; to Gough-square, where (at No. 17,) he compiled the greater portion of his *Dictionary*; to Bolt Court,

where he lived from 1766 to the time of his death ; to Wine Office Court, where Goldsmith began the *Vicar of Wakefield*; to Salisbury Square, where Richardson wrote his *Pamela*; to the room in Crane Court, in which Newton sat in the presidential chair of the Royal Society; to the bay-window house, (No. 184 and 185,) in Fleet-street, where Drayton lived; to the house near the corner of Chancery Lane, where Cowley was born; or to the house two doors to the west of Chancery Lane, where Isaac Walton lived after 1632.

Some localities and buildings are remarkable for having seen the beginning of things that are now common and familiar. Thus, by London Stone dwelt Henry Fitz-Alwyn, draper, first Mayor of London; in the ticket-house of the Tower, the visitor stands upon the site of the Lion Tower, where Henry III. had the first elephant that was kept in England; in the Almonry, at Westminster, Caxton set up the first printing press that was used in England, in a house which was standing until November 1845, when it fell down, as if in anticipation of its doom from the architects of Victoria-street; in the ceiling of the chapel royal of St. James's, we see one of the earliest specimens of the art which Holbein newly introduced; in Fleet-street the first stationary marts of the printers for the sale of books were established; in the Savoy chapel the liturgy of the Church of England was first publicly read; in the former hall of the merchant Tailors' Company, the national anthem, "God save the king," was first performed, on an occasion when James I. was present; at the western door of old St. Paul's, in 1569, the first recorded lottery was drawn; on the site of Buckingham Palace, in Arlington House, it has been conjectured that a cup of tea was first drunk in England, the introduction of that luxury being attributed to Bennet, Earl of Arlington, though it would seem that tea was known east of Temple-bar as early as 1657; in St. Michael's alley, Cornhill, was Bowman's, the first Coffee-house that was established, which dates from a time many years before the names of coffee and tea had become naturalized words in London; from the old galleried inn yard, at the back of the Three Kings' stables' gateway, Piccadilly, the first coach to Bath started; in St. Giles's there existed until very lately, the district known as the Rookery,

where the Irish first colonized London; in Portugal-street, Lincolns-inn-fields, is the site of the theatre, (the Duke's,) where, on the 1st March, 1662, *Romeo and Juliet* was acted for the first time; and in Clerkenwell, on a site now occupied by a distillery, stood the Red Bull Theatre, where women first acted on the English stage.

Less familiar to the public eye, but not less properly included amongst the curiosities of London, are the National Records and public collections of manuscripts; a class of historical monuments possessing inestimable value. The Reports of the Commissioners on the Public Records made known to the nation some years since the vast mine of historical riches that lay buried in the cold and dusty chambers of the different repositories of records; and many recent publications have not only explained the origin, character and contents of the respective classes of rolls, but have afforded examples of the light they throw on the manners and customs of our ancestors and of the condition of our towns and the country generally, from the time of the Norman kings to comparatively recent periods. The public records, in fact, illustrate every topic of national history, civil and political, social and religious, moral and material, and may be truly said to form materials for history unequalled in the world. The earliest and most celebrated of our documentary curiosities is *Domesday Book*, the Register of the lands of England which was framed by direction of William the Conqueror, and which, treasured in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, still remains in pristine freshness fair and legible as when first written. It is the earliest English record in existence, and Spelman, in his antiquarian enthusiasm pronounced it the most noble as well as ancient written monument of Britain. It is a travelled book, for, in early times, precious as it was always deemed, it occasionally accompanied the king's judges on their circuit. It was originally deposited in the Chapter House at old royal Winchester, and afterwards was usually kept, with the great seal, in the King's Exchequer at Westminster, but in the reign of Queen Anne it was deposited in the Chapter House, which was repaired for the reception of Public Records soon after 1705.

As to the public collections of manuscripts in the British Museum and elsewhere in London, a separate article might be devoted to the merest outline of their more re-

markable features, and on the present occasion we cannot enter on this tempting ground. The oldest existing library in the metropolis is that of Lincolns-Inn, which can boast a magnificent collection of juridical works and manuscripts little known beyond the circle of legal students and practitioners. It was founded in 1497.

The Registry of Wills in Doctors' Commons is in itself a treasure-house of documentary curiosities. Its locality moreover constitutes one of the most curious features of the metropolis. Even the dreaded penetralia of Chancery-lane cannot boast anything equal to the seclusion, the silence, the mystery, and the shade of this imposing old-world region. It seems to form the citadel of the Civil and Canon Law, in the midst of the busy commercial life of the nineteenth century, and its very atmosphere and aspect are redolent of antiquity. We have no room left for going into the history of Doctors' Commons; but it appears that the Civilians and Canonists lived in a collegiate manner, taking commons together, as early as the time of Elizabeth, and they have still their common-hall. According to the dictum of Her Majesty's Solicitor General on a debate last session, their learned successors in these sombre precincts do not enjoy "the clear light of day;" but in their ancient twilight they still attract to themselves a multitude of transactions that affect the dearest interests of society, and relate as well to the living as the dead. In Doctors' Commons is the Court of Arches—removed thither from the Norman arcades of St. Mary-le-Bow—a court of ill-omen to married people, and possessing if not exercising the grave attributes of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. In Doctors' Commons is the Consistory Court of the Bishop of the diocese; the High Court of Admiralty of the Seas, before the judge of which tribunal a silver oar is carried as the emblem of his office; and the Court where wills are proved and administrations granted that are of the Prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and where causes testamentary are heard. In Doctors' Commons is the Faculty Office, from which dispensations formerly issued to eat flesh on prohibited days, and in which faculties to Notaries and dispensations to the Clergy are still granted. In Doctors' Commons are various episcopal registries, where you get licenses for marriage in ominous proximity to the offices in which people sue for divorce; and where, if you are fortunate enough to possess *bona notabilia* in the province,

your executors will carry your will. The Prerogative Office is one of the most remarkable features of Doctors' Commons. In the year 1853-1854, no less than from thirteen thousand to fourteen thousand wills were proved here, representing property worth more than fifty millions, and five thousand administrations were granted of the effects of intestate persons. So much for Doctors' Commons—a convenient loophole of retreat from which

“—————to see the stir  
Of the great Babel and not feel the crowd.”

But here we must bring our survey to a close. It has been directed to the London of the Past rather than of the Present; for, as it would not be possible to describe all the curiosities of the great Metropolis in the limits of an article, we have grouped together those only which relate in particular to its history and progress. London is a metropolis of marvels; and the well-known features which surround and are most familiar to the Londoner in his daily life, are not less worthy of attention than those connected with its history—they are themselves curiosities without an equal in the world. Where can we find anything to compare with “the wonderful immensity of London”—a province of brick and mortar that has an area of 115 square miles, a population exceeding that which dwells in the 16,000 square miles of Denmark, and assessed property exceeding £12,000,000 in value—an amount far beyond that of the whole kingdom of Scotland? Where, (it has been asked), can we see such masses of population as throng the streets of London? Where, such a variety of human life—of “many languaged men?” Where can we see such brilliant gatherings of rank; such patrician splendour and refinement; such vast commercial wealth? What, indeed, is the city of the genii compared to London by night, with its millions of lamps and its thousands of chariots? Where can we traverse highways so commodious, cross such bridges, tread such pavements, or view such scenes as the mighty river presents from the crowded docks at commercial Blackwall to the historic palaces of ancient Westminster? Where can we see such mansions of the nobility; such priceless collections of art; such sumptuous Club-houses; such breezy public parks? Where can we find such marvels in regard to the supply of food and water for the daily use of more than 2,400,000 inhabitants? Where,

such provisions for order and for the enjoyment of life and property? Where can we see institutions that mark such regard for moral as well as material advancement; such Libraries, Museums, and Public Collections? Where such noble Charities and spacious Hospitals for the relief of indigence and suffering? Where can we be surrounded by such enduring traces of the piety and patriotism of our forefathers; where can we tread ground invested with so much historic dignity and once pressed by the footsteps of such memorable and illustrious men? Where can we see such suggestive buildings, such "petrifications of history" as remain in London? Where a feudal stronghold with such memories as the Tower of London? Where such a noble structure of regal piety and monastic devotion as the Abbey at Westminster? There we may escape from the throng and the glare to still and shadowy walks, where everything is calm and suggestive of eternal rest; at Westminster we see allied the edifices of a nation's faith, its liberties and its laws; there, near the time-honoured abode of kings, converge the ruling forces of an empire on which the sun never sets; and there, in the sumptuous pile now risen on the ancient royal site, our Constitutional Legislature assembles beneath the monitory shadow of the venerable Abbey—"that noble epic in stone" which has the faith of ages and the majesty of England for its theme,

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ART. IV.—(1.) *Poems of William Wordsworth*, D.C.L. London: Moxon.

(2.) *On the Perception of Natural Beauty, by the Ancients and the Moderns*. A Lecture by His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. London: Burns and Lambert, 1856.

THE works of a great poet must ever be a great subject. The more so if they raise a question upon which great minds differ. Probably in some degree this will always be the case; at least, until the poet's fame has become established, and his name consecrated by general



reverence. The critics differed about Milton and Dryden, and Johnson had to deal with the question, whether Pope was a great poet; which he could only deal with in his own way—by a dogmatic declaration; while in our own age we have seen the merits of Byron doubted, and of Wordsworth contemptuously denied. It is true that the first assaults upon Byron were speedily overwhelmed amid the general voice of enthusiastic applause, excited by the wild storms of his passion, and the sarcastic strokes of his genius; while Wordsworth has, ever since he first appeared, been subjected to the most severe, and most hostile criticism. But the poetry that could stand so protracted a test, and outlive such an ordeal, must in its own way be as worthy to endure, as that which overpowered by its own vehemence all the opposition of criticism. The one triumphed more suddenly and more speedily, but the other has equally triumphed, and perhaps, in the long run, it may triumph more thoroughly. Byron crushed his critics by a lava-like torrent of fiery sarcasm. Wordsworth's victory has been nobler; he has been content to leave the arbitrament to time, and his poetry has outlived his critics.

To have stood through half a century of hostile criticism, detraction, derision, and contempt, unaided by the popular sympathies, and uncheered by public support, is surely in itself a proof of no ordinary power to endure. Time, after all, is the great test of merit; and it must be the only one, in works not addressed to popular feelings, or evanescent aids. It must be so, especially in works devoted rather to raise the character of an age, than to conform to it. Poetry which panders to its errors, or its crimes, will of course be likely to succeed the soonest; it will be the likeliest to enlist present sympathies and engage popular interest. This will be so naturally with poetry addressed to the passions; whether good or bad, they are speedily aroused to action in all men, and their excitement produces a quick and powerful effect. The more will this be so if the poetry addressed to them is dashed with a vein of false sentiment, a tone of misanthropy, and sarcasm, and scorn; if it have a spirit of irreligion, touches recklessly the chords of ill regulated feelings, and revels in the play of unlicensed affections. Whereas it will be otherwise with the poetry, which is rather addressed to the heart, than to its passions; to the

nobler attributes of the soul, than to its more impulsive elements; and appeals rather to the purer forms of imagination, than to its more vivid and exciting creations. The poetry of Wordsworth was of this character; it was more the poetry of thought and feeling than of passion,—it appealed to the heart, but not through the medium of the passions. It excited no strong emotions: that was not its aim. He loved, as Byron did, “to sit on rocks, to muse o’er flood and fell;” but he brought no angry passions there, and kept his soul in harmony with Nature’s calm.

The time is appropriate for a more deliberate and extended consideration of the poetry of Wordsworth than has hitherto appeared in our pages. Dr. Brownson has recently put forth a very severe and contemptuous criticism upon it. Cardinal Wiseman, on the other hand, has taken occasion to pronounce a most eloquent panegyric upon it. It has been stated that the late Mr. Lucas was an ardent admirer of it. It is well known that the gifted Talfourd had an enthusiastic veneration for it. And we believe that most of the thinking men in this country have a high opinion of it. We have heard the Poet’s name received by many, in the House of Commons, with the warmest honour. Such opinions, such preponderance of approbation, indicate a poetry which has survived a severe test, has slowly won a high position; and is not to be hastily and inconsiderately estimated. It by no means follows that it is poetry unfit to exercise a popular influence, because it has been long in acquiring it; or that it is not poetry for the many, however it has for a long period only been recognized by the thinking few. That which is most valuable, is not always appreciated, all at once, by the many,—it may at first be *caviare* to the multitude, and yet it may be none the less on that account calculated to feed their souls with the nobler moral nutriment, so soon as they are brought to imbibe it. Their indifference to it may arise from its wanting the seasoning or the spirit, necessary to commend it to corrupted palates or an enervated taste.

If it be poetry designed to elevate the national taste, this must, at the outset, be so. It may be true that, were it poetry in its highest perfection, it might, by the mere witchery of its enchantments, attract the taste it sought to elevate, and influence the passions it failed to excite. But although it may not be poetry of the very highest power,

yet it does not follow that it is not poetry of the highest order. And it surely is so, if with unsurpassed melody of rhythm, and variety of measure,—with a profusion and a purity of the loveliest imagery, it unites the greatest fertility of idea and beauty of sentiment; for surely if a mastery over every kind of versification, and especially in some of the most difficult; skilfully adapted to a range of subjects extraordinary for its extent; with a perception of the beauty of nature, purer, and truer, and more loving, than in any other English poet; with the grandest thoughts and the loveliest ideas,—“married to immortal verse,”—verse, sometimes marching along in the stately majesty of heroic measure—sometimes floating along in airy elegance unrivalled—sometimes sporting in playful liveliness—sometimes compressed into the magnificent sonnet—at other times luxuriating in the richest freedom; surely if all this does not constitute a great poet, it is impossible to find one.

It is no answer to liken Wordsworth to Milton or to Byron, and to say that he does not equal them. It would be more proper to say that he does not resemble them. These are comparisons which do not assist the judgment. As well compare Raphael, Rubens, and Rembrandt. There are different kinds of poetry, as there are various schools and styles of art. The controversy about Raphael and Michael Angelo very well illustrates the contest about Byron and Wordsworth. No one can compare a great artist or poet of one school, with one of another altogether different. It would be difficult to compare Shakspeare and Milton; the poetry of the one was dramatic, the other was epic: the one was romantic, or historical,—the other was theological and didactic. So, if Byron had not written *Cain*, there would have been no opportunity of comparing him with Milton; nor, if he had not written *Werner*, would there have been the means of comparing him with Shakspeare? It is only in versification, or at least it is not in invention, that Dryden can be compared, as an epic poet with Milton; while, as a poet of satire, he can be compared with Pope and with Byron. It is possible to compare Pope's *Messiah* with Milton's *Paradise Regained*; but who can compare Byron's *Childe Harold* with the *Paradise Lost*? It is at all events only as regards the versification, or the invention, or the imagination, that one can compare poems totally different in

character, in subject, and in sentiment. In any other view how could we compare the *Dunciad* with the *Messiah*, or either with the *Seasons*?—descriptive poetry with narrative—the lyric with the epic—the romantic with the classic? In any other view, then, how can we compare the poetry of Wordsworth with that of Byron, or (with rare exception,) the poetry of either with that of Milton? There are different kinds of power, whether in nature or in art. There is power in beauty and grandeur; there may be a beauty which is grand, and a grandeur which is beautiful, but there may be a grandeur which is not beautiful, and a beauty which is not grand; yet there may be power, and the highest power, in either. So there may be a poetry which is greatest in the grand, or the beautiful; and there may be different kinds of beauty and of grandeur, not to be compared, or even to be contrasted. There is the beauty of the lily and the rose; the beauty of the sea and of the river; the beauty of the sun, and the moon, and of the stars; so there may be the grandeur of the cataract and of the torrent; the stormy sea and the starry sky; of the waves and of the winds; of the forest and of the desert; and they cannot be compared. And so of the poetry which best describes them; so of the feelings and faculties of the soul: the emotions or passions of the heart. Every kind of poetry does not appeal to the same, nor in the same way, nor with the same aim or effect; any more than on the same subject. The emotions of terror and pity; the sentiments of love or of patriotism; the perception of the beauty of nature, or the sense of the heroic in action and in character; the passions or the affections; all these may be appealed to, elicited, or excited, by the works of a great poet. Perhaps none ever elicited and enlisted them all. They are only the greatest poets who have most successfully appealed to them. He certainly is a great poet who appeals successfully to any of them, who exercises through the medium of verse higher powers over the soul, and either works upon its passions, or arouses its emotions, or enlists its affections; whether in a wilder or a milder form of influence; whether he wave his magic wand of enchantment under inspirations gentle or terrible—lovely or awful—beautiful or grand.

Those who traduce and deride the poetry of Wordsworth, narrow their definitions of great poetry; and compare it to the dramatic or the epic, or to that which appeals to the

passions, or at all events excites strong emotions. They forget that there may be power in the calm as well as in the tempest; there may be skill in composing the passions not less than in arousing them. There may not merely be beauty but grandeur, in rest and repose; not less than in motion, or action; and in destruction. When the great dramatist made the most hopeless requisition to human skill—it was “to minister to a mind diseased”—to

“Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart.”

And if it be past the power of poetry to effect this, it is a great thing for poetry to be in harmony and sympathy with the power that can effect it. When the Incarnate God desired to show His Divine Power, it was not in arousing but in stilling the tempest. He walked upon the waves, and said to the winds, “Peace! be still.” The power symbolized in this great manifestation of the Divinity is the power most needed in this age; for it is an age of incessant action and agitation, and standing most in need of repose; a repose which can only be gained upon the rock of faith. And Wordsworth's poetry was not based on that foundation. But it at least had the spirit of faith and tended towards it. It disposed men's minds to *feel*.

Of course that repose can only be found in faith. And the poetry which tends most to create a desire for repose, and woos the soul to it by images of purity and peace, is surely the handmaid of faith; especially if it have, as it can hardly fail to have, much of sympathy, (more or less unconscious) with Catholicity.

This is the point of view in which the poetry of Wordsworth is in our mind most interesting. The natural bent of his mind, half unconsciously to himself, was in the direction of Catholicism; and any uncatholic sentiments in his poetry were altogether extraneous to his own nature; were the results of a false education and early prejudice, under the compulsion of a false system; and are easily distinguishable, as not being the spontaneous growth of his mind, by the affectation, formality, and unreality of their character.

Unquestionably there was an element in the moral char-

acter of Wordsworth as revealed in his poetry, which was very uncatholic in its nature—we mean egotism. But that was less the result of an uncatholic state of mind than of an uncatholic system in which he had been educated.

This egotism flowed from the subjective character of Protestantism, and resulted in a great degree of affectation and mannerism, which has given just scope for criticism; and it must be allowed, has so fettered the poet's power as to prevent his often rising to any of the greatest heights of poetry. And the greatest portion of his poetry is of such a kind as gives scope chiefly to such subjectiveness, so that he is rather an instance of a great poet spoiled by Protestantism. Moreover, as most of his poetry is on moral subjects, or blends with moral meanings, the perception of nature's beauties; the obscure definite religious belief has given to it a cloudy and mystical character, detracting materially from its power. The concurrence of these causes has caused his poetry to be apparently ineffective as compared with his poetic power. Hence it happens, curiously enough that where there is most effort there is least effect; that where he most exerts his power he least exhibits it; that his beauties are finest and his achievements greatest, when he is least conscious of them.

There is indeed nothing vivid or brilliant in his poetry. It has none of the concentration of deep passion; and breathes rather of calm reflection. It tends rather to chasten than to excite, and its influence is gradual and gentle. It resembles the placid beauty of the lake rather than the rapid flow of the river, or the grand ebb and tide of the ocean. And perhaps it would be, not in the sustained power of any single poem, but in the matchless variety of beauty, and the versatility of power, which his poetry displays, that its claim to greatness could be supported. If perfection in some one style of poetry, and that not the highest, has been always deemed to constitute a poet, surely Wordsworth, who succeeded wonderfully in almost every kind (save the dramatic), may well sustain his claim. He has written poems illustrating every beauty of poetry, and by their depth and wealth of thought richly repaying the most reverent study. And this is certainly no small title to the glory of true poetry.

Poetry has many chords to strike in the human heart; there are many tones it can make to vibrate; there are many feelings in the human soul which it can touch, many



emotions it can awaken. And not the less is it poetry whether it awakens or calms emotions, whether it arouses or allays the passions ; if it work by the charms of beauty united to melody. Just as music may be elicited from different instruments, and may be produced in various forms of melody, now tender and pathetic, now exciting and spirit stirring—and is not the less *music* in them all. Wordsworth might, in his own language, have addressed the muse of Poetry thus, speaking of its varied power over the human emotions—

“ ——— as least

And mightiest billows ever have confessed  
Thy domination : as the whole vast Sea  
Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty”—

“ Yes—lonely muse—if thou so mildly bright  
Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,  
To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stricken brain,  
Let me a compensatory faith retain,  
That shares a sensitive, a tender part,  
Which thou canst touch in every human heart  
For healing and composure.”

These lines aptly express Wordsworth's own view of his poetical vocation. The same idea is conveyed more fully in another and a longer passage.

“ Not love, nor war, nor the tumultuous swell  
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,  
Nor duty, struggling with afflictions strange,—  
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell ;  
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,  
There also is the muse not loth to range,  
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,  
Skyward ascending from a woody dell ;  
Meek aspirations please her lone endeavour,  
And sage content, and placid melancholy ;  
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—  
Diaphonous because it travels slowly ;  
Soft is the music that would charm for ever ;  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.”\*

It is true that Wordsworth too much *intellectually* seems to have substituted nature for her Creator ; and

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\* Vol. 3, Miscellaneous Sonnets, Part ii. 2.

the love of her works for faith. But his heart was better than his head; and certainly the beauties of nature never were painted in lovelier poetry.

"—— To the solid ground

*Of nature trusts the mind that builds for aye;  
Convinced that there, there only, she could lay  
Secure foundations. As the year runs round,  
Apart she toils within the chosen ring;  
While the stars shine, or while day's purple eye  
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring;  
Where even the motion of an angel's wing  
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity  
Of silent hills and more than silent sky."*

Much of Wordsworth's poetry, perhaps one might almost say most of it, at all events most, and indeed nearly all, of his longer and graver pieces, are totally devoid of any epic or dramatic element, and though occasionally there is an exquisitely lovely episode which exhibits power of objective delineation; the character is, with these exceptions, purely *subjective*. It is, indeed, didactic rather than dramatic; and even when it adopts the form of dialogue, does but describe the poet's own feelings and ideas, but they are such as win the reader's sympathy, and attune the soul to harmony with their truth and beauty. This portion of Wordsworth's poetry may be called *subjective* in its form, but perhaps in substance is not more so than that of Byron, who again and again reproduces his own character in the guise of his different heroes, doing in poetry just as Bulwer has done in prose. Wordsworth's may be a less exciting sort of poetry, but we doubt if it has so much sameness after all. It certainly describes his own moral nature and history, but is one embracing a vast and beautiful variety of elements and traits.

Our view is, that Wordsworth, though Protestant by education, was Catholic in character; Protestant by accident, he was Catholic by instinct; and thus his poetry owes its beauty to his unconscious sympathies with Catholicity. When a great saint—St. Hugo of Victor—was illustrating the Divine words, "unless you become like little children you cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven," he described a love of nature as characteristic of the innocent instincts of childhood. "What are the manners of a boy? He is now in the field, now in the garden, now in the orchard, now in the meadow, now at the fountain, now in the vine-

yard. He knows the peculiar delights which belong to each season of the year. He loves to gather the new fruits ; to pick the first grapes ; to carry home a young bird, in order to love and cherish it. In like manner then let us study to converse, and we too shall find peace, and rest, and pleasure ; let us be simple, not desiring artificial things ; loving more the delights which God hath prepared for us, rather than the blandishments of the world." After quoting the passage Digby has observed that "manners were not left without participating in the influence of that wisdom which is derived from the spectacle and observation of the visible world." And he added, "*The great guides of the Catholic ages were men of Wordsworth type, who studied intensely with a poet's heart and painter's eye all the spirit moving imagery of earth, and sea, and air ; men, in short, whose whole lives flowed in a course of sympathy divine with nature. Much they learned from each walk through their forest glades, where birds and brooks from leafy dells chimed forth delicious music ; for every bird and flower inspired their meditative hearts.*" Now Wordsworth's descriptions of his own character, his own love and perception of the beauty of nature so early implanted, and so deeply rooted in his soul, harmonize with these views.

He describes a boy, brought up "upon a mountain's dreary edge,"

"Who, many an evening, to his distant home

In solitude returning, saw the hills  
Grow larger in the darkness ; all alone  
Beheld the stars come out above his head.  
So the foundation of his mind were laid,

In such communion,—

While yet a child, and long before his time,

Had he perceived the presence and the power  
Of greatness ; and deep feelings had impressed  
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture  
And colour so distinct, that on his mind

*They lay like substances, and almost seemed  
To haunt the bodily sense. He had received*

A precious gift ; for as he grew in years,  
With these impressions would he still compare  
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes and forms.

He thence attained

An active power to fasten images

Upon his brain ; and in their pictured lines

Intensely brooded, even till they acquired  
The liveliness of dreams.

Many an hour, in caves forlorn,  
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked craigs  
He sat, and even in their fixed lineaments  
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,  
Expression ever varying.

In his heart  
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love,  
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,  
Or by the silent looks of happy things,  
*Or flowing from the universal gaze,*  
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power  
Of nature, and already was prepared  
By his intense conceptions to receive  
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he  
Whom nature, by whatever means, has taught  
*To feel intensely, cannot but receive.*

Such was the boy ; but for the growing youth  
What soul was his, when from the naked top  
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
*Rise up and bathe the world in light !* He looked,  
Ocean and earth, the solid power of earth,  
*And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay*  
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,  
And in their silent faces could he read  
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,  
Nor any voice of joy ; his spirit drank  
The spectacle ; sensation form and soul  
*All melted in him : they swallowed up*

His animal being : in them did he live,  
And by them did he live ; they were his life,  
In such access of mind, in such high hour  
Of visitation from the living God  
Thought was not ; in enjoyment it expired.  
*No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request ;*  
Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
That made him : it was blessedness and love !

He was o'erpowered  
*By nature ; by the turbulence subdued*  
Of his own mind : by mystery and hope,  
And the first virgin passion of a soul  
Communing with the glorious universe."

It is true the poet goes on to describe the unsatisfied  
yearnings of his nature.—

*"From his intellect*

And from the stillness of abstracted thought  
He asked repose : and failing oft to win  
The peace required—but vainly thus,  
And vainly by all other means he strove,  
To mitigate the fever of his heart."

No Catholic can wonder at this, seeing the absence of the element of faith in the character here portrayed ; and the presence only of intellect—irradiated by no other light than that of the imagination. And here we touch upon the weak points of Wordsworth's graver, more extended, and more formal effusions, in which he necessarily exposes that essential defect of any Protestant poet in treating of moral subjects ; the want of definite religious belief ; it is disclosed, especially, in the *Excursion*, which he erroneously supposed to have been his greatest work. He mistook labour for value ; and measured it by the thought it cost him. Let it be remembered that this was a mistake he made in common with Milton. The author of *Paradise Lost* preferred *Paradise Regained* ; there are some who think he was right, but the critics are of another opinion. However, we will add, that there are those (despite the critics), who prefer even other poems—some of his lighter pieces—*Comus*, or the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. We may venture to avow that we are of the number, as Cardinal Wiseman has had the boldness publicly to avow it as his opinion. There was an earlier authority for it. Dr. Johnson pronounced this emphatic opinion of the *Paradise Lost*, that no one could read it for half an hour without being wearied ; we have repeatedly made the experiment, and wish that all had the Doctor's courage and candour to express the result. Moreover, we think he elsewhere says that Milton made God the Father talk like a Pedagogue. Unquestionably the poet has contrived to make Satan the hero ; whether he intended it or not. This arose from his depicting the character of God in an un-Catholic view. The truth is, Milton's great epic poem was spoilt by his Puritanism, and Wordsworth's great didactic poem was spoilt by his Protestantism. It was in both cases a defect of faith, not of poetical power. There are numerous passages in the *Excursion* equal to any in Milton. Of course, it is wanting chiefly in the sustained interest which can only belong to an epic poem ; in that point of view no one can compare them. One is an epic ; and the other is

not. They are alike only in the reason of their partial failure.

We doubt if the failure was greater in Wordsworth's instance than in Milton's, in so far as regarded the aims and intentions of the authors. Neither succeeded in making any such powerful impression as they designed, each in the way he respectively selected. No doubt in a certain epic grandeur and power, Milton vastly excels; but in beauty it is impossible that any poet could surpass Wordsworth. And in moral sentiment how superior he is to his modern rival—Byron. Byron, the poet of passion, could sing,

“Alas! our young affections run to waste,  
Or water but the desert,  
Whence arise but weeds of rank luxuriance.”

But Wordsworth could sing of

“*Wafting wall-flower scents of pure contrition,  
From out the crumbling ruins of fallen pride,  
And chambers of transgression now forlorn.*”

Will any one say that the poetry is not as superior as the sentiment,—that the expression has not as delicate a beauty as the idea? Did Byron ever rise to loftier height of poetry, or Milton ascend to sentiments more sublime than Wordsworth, when he sang,

“That life is love and immortality,  
The being one, and one the element;  
There lies the channel and original bed,  
From the beginning hollowed out and scooped,  
For Man's affections—else betrayed and lost,  
And swallowed up 'mid deserts infinite!”

Did poetry ever enshrine purer or nobler sentiments than in passages such as these?

“Life, I repeat, is energy of love  
Divine or human: exercised in pain,  
In strife, and tribulation: and ordained,  
If so approved and sanctified, to pass  
Through shades and silent rest to endless joy.”

The poetry of Wordsworth might, indeed, in some sense be described in his own language, as,



"——— consecrate to faith  
 In Him who bled for man upon the cross :  
 Hallowed to revelation : and no less,  
 To reason's mandates, and the hopes divine  
 Of pure imagination."

Of course the element of faith is weakly and dimly visible amidst the reflections of a mind educated in a religion based on idolatry of reason ; but not the less is our description true, in the sense that the spirit and intention of his poetry tend to faith.

There is a magnificent passage in which Wordsworth describes the influence of the works of creation upon his character, and which, at the same time, illustrates the crowning defect of his poetry, the substituting Nature for her Creator, through the absence of any supernatural faith in God, the result of which was to give something of a Deistical or Pantheistic tone to his poetry.

" Wisdom and Spirit of the universe !  
 Thou Soul, that art the eternity of thought !  
 And giv'st to forms and images a breath  
 And everlasting motion ! not in vain,  
 By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn  
 Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me  
 The passions that build up our human soul,  
 Not with the mean and vulgar works of man :  
 But with high objects, with enduring things,  
 With life and nature ; purifying thus  
 The elements of feeling and of thought,  
 And sanctifying by such discipline  
 Both pain and fear, until we recognize  
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart."

This passage was repeated by Cardinal Wiseman at the close of his lecture on the Perception of Natural Beauty, and it was quoted appropriately enough, as it was written on that subject. The Lecturer did what the poet had failed to do, he pointed out that the true perception of the beauty of Nature was associated with the idea of Creation, and led to the regarding of it as the outward and coarser emanations of the Divine Beauty of the Creator. This is wanting in Wordsworth's graver poetry, and this alone renders it inferior to Milton's. We may remind the reader of Adam's sublime hymn to the Creator in Milton's great poem.

It is not the poetry of the greatest power which can show the truest perception, or the deepest love, of the beauty of nature ; nor, in the language of Wordsworth himself, does it

“ Prove, that her hand has touched responsive chords,  
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move  
With genuine rapture and with fervent love,  
The soul of genius, if he dare to take  
Life's rule, from passion craved for passion's sake.”

So elsewhere :

“ Still Nature, ever just, to him imparts,  
Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts ;”

So he describes the love of nature as

“ The *first virgin passion* of the soul,”

In one whom

“ The forms of young imagination has *kept pure*.”

The moral purity of Wordsworth's poetry is as remarkable as its beauty, and he always associates with the beauties of nature images of purity and peace. His perception of natural beauty was not more keen than was his sensibility to moral beauty ; and the exquisite felicity with which he blended them, and associated with the objective beauty of nature the purest moral sentiment, is the characteristic charm of his poetry. Many passages might be cited in which he at once described the beauties of nature, and made them the symbols of his own beautiful sentiment ; and indirectly sometimes described the spirit of his own poetry.

“ ——— The sun is fixed,  
And the infinite magnificence of heaven,  
Fixed within reach of every human eye ;  
The sleepless ocean murmurs for all ears :  
The vernal field infuses fresh delight  
Into all hearts.”

The spirit of his poetry perhaps could not be more happily expressed than in these lines, in which he so sweetly blends the lofty with the low, and possibly this passage might have been in Cardinal Wiseman's mind, when he said that the poet brought the star and the glow-worm to converse together.

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars,  
The charities that heal, and soothe, and bless,  
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers."

A similar passage illustrates beautifully the poet's close observance of nature, and his delicate use of her lively imagery.

"Observe how dewy twilight has withdrawn  
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,  
And has restored to view its tender green,  
That while the sun rode high was lost beneath their dazzling sheen:  
An emblem this of what the sober hour,  
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!"

All minds are not so disposed; and minds that are not, will not like Wordsworth's poetry. There is no help for it. If they crave the excitement of strong emotion, and the play of fiery passions, they will not find it amidst the calm images of nature, whence Wordsworth caught his poetic inspirations. But do they find it in Chaucer? And will they find in him purer perceptions of the beauties of nature?

Chaucer never wrote more affectionately, or with more exquisite beauty than of the daisy; Wordsworth was a lover of the daisy,—and of Chaucer too,—and had caught not a little of his spirit.

"Bright flower, for by that name at last,  
When all my reveries are past,  
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
Sweet—silent creature!  
That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
My heart with gladness, and a share  
Of thy meek nature!  
If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn,  
A lowlier pleasure:  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life our nature breeds,  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure."\*

Wordsworth's lines upon the skylark have all the spiri-

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\* *Ib.* To the Daisy.

tual beauty of Shelley, and the cheerful spirit of Chaucer. It were a lovely study to compare with the similar compositions of those great poets such verses as these of Wordsworth's.

"A life, a presence like the air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair  
Thyself, thy own enjoyment."

Mark the change and play of rhythm.—

"Joyous as morning !  
Thou art laughing and scorning,  
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,  
Happy, happy liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountain river,  
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both !"

Nothing is more remarkable in Wordsworth's poetry than the contrast between the ethereal beauty of those lighter effusions in which he follows the instinct of his nature, and those more laboured and more formal efforts in which he aims at being didactic.

When Wordsworth touched directly upon religion, he was indeed vague and dreamy ; how could he fail to swell in poetry ? A poet can only be great under the influence of faith, when he enters the domain of faith. When Wordsworth's priest is asked,

" ——— But *how acquire*  
The inward principle that gives effect  
To outward argument : the passive will  
Meek to admit : the restive energy  
Strong and unbounded to embrace, and form  
To keep and cherish ? *How* shall man unite,  
With self-forgetting tenderness of heart  
An earth-despising dignity of soul ?  
Wise in that union, and without it blind ?

The answer is lamentably unsatisfactory. He says he has already

" ——— the way  
Declared at large and by what exercise  
From *visible nature*, or the *inner-self*,  
Power may be trained and renovation brought ;"

Yet the "Priest" had previously spoken this—

"Look forth, or each man, dive *into himself*,  
What sees he, but a creature too perturbed;  
That is transported to excess: that yearns,  
Regrets or trembles, wrongly or too much:  
Hopes rashly—in disgust as rash recoils,  
Battens on spleen, or moulders in despair—  
Thus, comprehension fails and truth is missed,  
Thus darkness and seclusion round our path  
Spread—from disease."

And after it has been added,

"—— that after all  
Nought is so certain as that man is doomed,  
To breathe beneath a vault of ignorance!  
The natural roof of that dark house in which  
His soul is pent."

No answer is (or could be by a Protestant poet) made  
founded on the pure light of faith: but the "Priest"  
answers wisely by waiving

"—— the impertinent and ceaseless strife  
Of proofs and reasons,"

which arises from the absence of faith, and proceeds to  
speak of those

"Who in their noiseless dwelling-place,  
Can hear the voice of wisdom whispering Scripture texts,  
For the mind's government, or temper's peace,  
And recommending for their mutual need,  
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity."

It is very significant that the religious feeling of the  
poet should be compelled to take refuge in the unin-  
structed piety of the poor, who had only such virtues as  
arose from the traditions of a departed faith.

It is scarcely necessary to point out how cloudily and  
obscurely he sings when he essays to give more distinct  
expression to his religious ideas, as for example, in that  
beautiful passage in which he expresses the yearnings of  
the agonized human heart *uncertain* on the subject of  
religion.

"Religion tells of amity sublime,  
Which no condition can preclude, of one

Who sees all sufferings, comprehends all wants,  
 All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs :  
 But is that bounty absolute ? His gifts,  
 Are they not still in some degree rewards  
 For acts of service ? Can his love extend  
 To hearts that own him not ? Will showers of grace  
 When in the sky no promise may be seen,  
 Fall to respect a parched and withered land ?  
 Or shall the groaning spirit cast her load  
 At the Redeemer's feet ? ”

It was a poor and cold reply which his muse could offer  
 to so agonizing an enquiry.

“ Access for you  
 Is yet preserved to principles of truth,  
 Which the imagination will uphold  
 In seats of wisdom.”

But the true merit of the poetry of Wordsworth is perhaps most happily expressed in his own words, where he speaks of what

“ — The universe  
 Is to the ear of faith. Here you stand,  
 Adore and worship, when you know it not ;  
 Pious beyond the intention of your thought,  
 Devout above the meaning of your will.”

This is what Cardinal Wiseman alluded to probably when he said that the “ poet's lessons often rose above his text.” He was as unconscious of the source of the sentiments he expressed, as he here suggests, that others may be as to the character of the emotions they feel. He describes a state of mind in which,

“ Where living things, and things inanimate,  
 Do speak at Heaven's command to eye and ear,  
 And speak to social reason's inner sense  
 With inarticulate language.”

And then he proceeds to portray the result.

“ ——— For the man  
 Who in this spirit communes with the forms  
 Of nature : who with understanding heart  
 Both knows and loves such objects as excite  
 No morbid passions, no disquietude,  
 No vengeance and no hatred—needs must feel  
 The joy of that pure principle of love



So deeply, that unsatisfied with aught  
 Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose  
 But seek for objects of a kindred love,  
 In fellow natures and a kindred joy."

'What is utterly wanting in the poet is the power to point out whence alone all this could arise, and thus his tone is often obscure: he has indeed an *ideal* :—

"—— All his thoughts now flowing clear,  
 From a clear fountain flowing; he looks round  
 And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks."

But what the fountain is, he fails to explain, and leaves mystical. No heathen could have written more obscurely. But, on the other hand, no Catholic could write more clearly and keenly the social evils of the age. The poet could see the *result* but not the cause; nor the cure.

Here is a passage of great poetical beauty and power, but more remarkable and interesting on account of the manner in which it exhibits, in a striking and peaceful form, the character of the present age.

"—— When soothing darkness spreads  
 O'er hill and vale, and the primeval stars,  
 While all things else are gathering to their homes  
 Advance, and in the firmament of heaven  
 Glitter, but undisturbing, undisturbed,  
 As if *their silent company were charged*  
*With peaceful admonitions for the heart.*  
 Then, in full many a region once like this,  
 The assured domain of calm simplicity,  
 And pleasure quiet—an immaterial light  
 Prepared for never-resting labour's eyes,  
 Breaks from a many windowed fabric huge.  
 Within this temple there is offered up  
 To Gain—the *master idol of the realm*,  
 Perpetual sacrifice. Even thus of old,  
 Our ancestors, within the still domain,  
 Of vast cathedral, or conventual church,  
 Their vigils kept—where tapers day and night  
 On the dim altar burned continually,  
 In token that the House was evermore  
 Watching to God."

"Triumph who will in these profaner rites,  
 Which we a generation self-extolled,  
 As zealously perform! I cannot share  
 His proud complacency."

Of course, one who, like Wordsworth, had been from childhood a "lover of the mountains and the woods," and who the "forms of young imagination had kept pure," must hate a system of precocious labour, which in this country is almost invariably the precursor of precocious vice. There is no finer passage than that in which Wordsworth describes the effect of such a system, and deplures the fate of the innocents,

"In whom a premature necessity  
Blocks out the forms of nature—pre-consumes  
The reason ; famishes the heart, shuts up  
The infant Being in himself, and makes  
Its very spring a season of decay."

He indignantly depicts the sad condition in which

" — habit hath subdued  
The soul, depress'd dejected, even to love  
Of her close tasks, and long captivity."

He describes the

" — inward chains  
Fixed in the soul, so early and so deep ;  
He is a slave, to whom disease comes not,  
And *cannot come*. The boy where'er he turns  
Is still a prisoner when the wind is up  
Among the clouds, and roars through ancient woods,  
Or where the sun is streaming in the east—  
Quiet and calm. Behold him even the air  
Fauning his temples under heaven's blue arch.  
Is that the countenance, [is this the form,] and such the port  
Of no mean being ? One who should be clothed  
With dignity befitting his proud hope :  
Who in his *very childhood should appear,*  
*Sublime from present purity and joy,*"

Now, we ask any Catholic whether the man who wrote these lines, and hundreds similar in moral sentiment and poetic beauty, was not a great poet ? at least as great a poet as a Protestant can ever be.

The following passage shows how well Wordsworth had caught the spirit of the ages of faith.

"In days of yore how fortunately fared  
The minstrel ! wandering on from hall to hall,  
Baronial court or royal : cheered with gifts  
Munificent : and love, and ladies' praise,

Now meeting on his road an armed knight,  
 Now resting with a pilgrim by the side  
 Of a clear brook, beneath an abbey's roof,  
 One evening sumptuously lodged : the next  
 Humbly in a religious hospital.  
 Or with some merry outlaws of the wood ;  
 Or haply shrouded in a hermit's cell.  
 Him, sleeping or awake, the robber spared ;  
 He walked protected from the sword of war,  
 By virtue of that sacred instrument.  
 His harp, suspended at the traveller's side,  
 His dear companion wheresoe'er he went,  
 Opening from land to land an easy way,  
 By melody, and by the charm of verse."

It is in a tone of brooding sadness he speaks of the past.

" — As a tree  
 That falls and disappears, the house is gone,  
 And through improvidence or want of love  
 For ancient worth and honourable things,  
 The spear and shield are vanished."

The Poet describes himself as feeling

" — opprest,  
 To think that now our life is only drest  
 For show : We must run glittering like a brook  
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;  
 The wealthiest man among us is the best,  
 No grandeur now, in nature or in book  
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
 This is idolatry : and these we adore ;  
 Plain living and high thinking is no more ;  
 The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws."\*

In another place he exclaims,

" — England is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword and pen,  
 Fireside the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited the ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness. *We are selfish men.*"

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\* V. iii. Sonnets on Liberty, 13, p. 187.

Elsewhere he asks,

"Is ancient piety for ever flown?

Alas! even there they seemed like fleecy clouds,  
That struggling through the western sky have won,  
Their pensive light from a departed sun!"\*

"In thorough conformity with Catholic feeling, the Poet, while he

"— exults to see

An intellectual mastery exercised  
O'er the blind elements:"

Yet hints a hope that his country may yet learn

"— that all true glory rests,

All praise, all safety, and all happiness,  
Upon the moral law."

And then he eloquently sings, how

"— Egyptian Thebes,

Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves,  
Palmyra, central in the desert, fell:  
And the Arts died by which they had been raised.  
Call Achimedes from his buried tomb  
Upon the grave of vanished Syracuse,  
And feelingly the Sage shall make report  
How insecure, how baseless in itself,  
Is the philosopher whose sway depends  
On mere material instruments—how weak  
Those arts and high inventions, if unpropped  
By virtue."

And he asks,

"— how can we escape

Sadness and keen regret—we who revere  
And would preserve, as kings above all force,  
The old domestic morals of the land,  
Her simple manners and the stable worth,  
That dignified and cheered a low estate?  
O where is now the character of peace,  
Sobriety and order, and chaste love,  
And honest dealing, and untainted speech,  
And pure good will, and hospitable cheer,  
That made the very thought of country life  
A thought of refuge; and when the winning grace  
Of all the lighter ornaments attached,  
To time and season as the year rolled round?"

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\* Vol. iii. Miscellaneous Sonnets, p. 22.

We cannot help quoting a passage inspired by the same spirit, which, for poetic beauty, might compare with the finest passages conveying a similar sentiment.

"So fails, so languishes, grows dim and dies,  
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres  
The stars of human glory are cast down ;  
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,  
Princes and emperors, and the crowns and palms  
Of all the mighty—withered and consumed !  
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence,  
Long to protect her own. The man himself  
Departs : and soon is spent the line of those  
Who, in the bodily image, or the mind,  
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit,  
Did most resemble him. Degrees and works,  
Fraternalities and orders heaping high,  
New wealth upon the burden of the old,  
And placing trust in privilege confirmed,  
And re-consumed—are scoffed at with a smile  
Of greedy foretaste—from the secret land  
Of desolation aimed ; to slow decline  
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow ;  
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state  
Expire, and nature's pleasant robe of green,  
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps  
Their monuments and their memory."

The soul of Wordsworth was one which was capable of appreciating the character of the ages of faith. He thus depicts the character of one who had lived in the last days of that age, and had seen its glories merge in the darkness of the religious revolution.

"The courteous Knight whose bones are here interred  
Lived in an age conspicuous as our own,  
Which did to him assign a pensive lot,  
To linger 'mid the last of those bright clouds  
That on the steady breeze of honor sailed  
*In long procession calm and beautiful.*  
He who had seen his own bright order fade,  
And its devotion gradually decline ;  
Had also witnessed in his morn of life,  
That violent commotion which o'erthrew  
In town and city and sequestered glen,  
Altar, and cross, and church of solemn roof  
And old religious house ; pile after pile,  
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And shook their tenants out into the fields,  
 Like wild beasts without home! Their hour was come ;  
 But why no softening thought of gratitude,  
 No just remembrance, scruple, or wise doubt ?  
 Benevolence is mild ; nor borrows help  
 Save at most need from bold impetuous force  
*Fillest allied to anger and revenge."*

No one reading this passage, with many others we could cite similar in spirit, can question what were Wordsworth's feelings as to the Reformation ; and consequently it must be always with distaste we peruse those eulogies of Anglicanism, in which the absence of sincerity, and the substitution of conventionality are avenged by the absence of the spirit of poetry. Beauty and truth are always allied.

It is a curious illustration of the hollowness of Anglicanism, that wherever Wordsworth dedicates his poetry directly to its service, it is sure to be most trite and lame. Numerous instances might be adduced of this from his ecclesiastical sonnets, which are, on the whole, the least poetical portions of his compositions, and indeed never rise into poetry except under the inspiration of Catholic sympathies. We have shown this in copious extracts from his largest Poem, the *Excursion* ; it is also illustrated in his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, which are numerous and form no inconsiderable portion of his poetry ; arranged as they are into historical order, they form a kind of Anglican Church history in verse. And they have the characteristic vice of Anglicanism ; if we can dignify so negative a system with so strong a term. They too are often halting and hesitating in their tone ; poetic genius is fettered by a false idea of religion, and the fountain of generous sympathy which alone could stimulate it is obstructed—checked—often frozen up—by the influence of Protestantism ; in fact, his imagination is not merely perverted by false notions of history, but those false notions, by sealing up the fountain of warm sympathy with Catholicity—obstruct the flow of his genius, and all the play of his poetry. That this was so, is shown by the fact, that he wrote in quite different spirit on the same subject, at one time and at another ; for instance, as to monastic orders, or the religious life :

In the Poem entitled " St. Bees," Wordsworth beautifully described the influence of the religious life :

" What humanising virtues near the cells  
 Sprang up and spread their fragrance wide around,

How savage bosoms melted at the sound  
Of gospel truth enchained in harmonies  
Wafted o'er waves or creeping through close trees  
From her religious mansions of St. Bees."

He speaks of their services for the dead thus :

"Are not in sooth their requiems sacred ties,  
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,  
Subdued, composed, and formalized by art  
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart ?  
The prayer for them whose hour is passed away,  
Says to the living—profit while ye may !"

He alludes to the ascetic life—

"Ah, scorn not hastily their rule who try  
Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify ;  
Consume with zeal, in winged ecstasies,  
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,  
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees."

He pays in this poem the noblest tribute to the manual labour of the monks in reclaiming the soil of some of the least hopeful parts of England.

"Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,  
And to green meadows changed the swampy shores ?  
Thinned the rank woods ; and for the cheerful grange  
Made room where wolf and boar were used to range ?  
Who taught and showed by deeds, that gentler chains,  
Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains?  
The thoughtful monks, intent their God to please,  
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies."

"Not sedentary all : there are who roam  
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores !  
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors,  
To seek the general mart of Christendom ;  
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come  
To their beloved cells ; or shall we say  
That like the Red Cross Knight, they urge their way,  
To lead in memorable triumph home,  
Truth, their immortal Una? Babylon  
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,  
Nor leaves her speech one word to aid the sigh  
That would lament her ; Memphis, Tyre, are gone  
With all their arts ; but classic lore glides on  
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

"Record we too, with just and faithful pen  
That many hooded Cenobites there are  
Who in their private cells have yet a care,



Of public quiet, unambitious men,  
 Councillors for the world, of piercing ken ;  
 Whose fervent exhortations from afar,  
 Move princes to their duty, peace or war ?  
 And oft times in the most forbidding den  
 Of solitude, with love of science strong,  
 How patiently, the yoke of thought they bear !  
 How subtly glide its finest threads along !  
 Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere  
 With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer  
 With orb and cycle girds the starry throng."

And mark how he wrote of the suppression of religious houses :

" But all availed not ; by a mandate given  
 Through lawless will, the brotherhood was driven  
 Forth from their cells ; their ancient house laid low,  
 In *Reformation's sweeping overthrow*."

So elsewhere in a sonnet on the subject he sings :—

" The lovely nun, submissive, but more meek,  
 Through saintly habit—than from effort due,  
 To *unrelenting mandates* that pursue  
 With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak  
 Goes forth, unveiling timidly a cheek  
 Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,  
 While through the convent's gate to open view  
 Softly she glides, another home to seek."

He has another sonnet on the subject.

" Threats come which no submission may assuage,  
 No sacrifice avert, no power dispute ;  
 The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,  
 And 'mid their choirs *unroofed by selfish rage*,  
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage,  
 The owl of evening and the woodland fox  
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose ;  
 Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse  
 To stoop her head before these desperate shocks,  
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,  
 Arimathean Joseph's wattled cells."

The four last lines of this sonnet are, it will be observed, a sad falling off from the others in *poetry*. They show how difficult it is to sustain the sonnet style of composition, and that the mere skill of Wordsworth, unsupported by strength of passion or force of genius, could not preserve

him from sudden descents to the most ordinary tameness, and the most artificial elaboration. But there are other passages in his poetry on the same subject, which betray a falling off, not merely in poetry, but in sentiment; and indeed, evince an inconsistency only explainable by the sad exigencies of a state of schism. No one can question that the poet in the passages we have cited, expressed his *sincere* sentiments on the subject; and it is with pain that we read afterwards his sonnets on "Monastic Voluptuousness," or "the Abuses of Monastic Power."

In both we see the infection (so to speak), of the essential dishonesty of Anglicanism. The latter asks—

"And what is penance with her knotted thong,  
Mortification with the shirt of hair,  
Wan cheeks and knees indurated with prayer,  
Vigils and fastings rigorous as long,  
If cloistered avarice scruple not to wrong  
The pious, humble, useful secular?"

Here Wordsworth *insinuates* the calumnies of Wicliffe; and avails himself of what Shakespeare called the marvellous virtue of an *if*—in order to veil the nakedness of an imputation utterly denuded of all historical truth. In the other sonnet, which asserts that

"—— round many a convent's blazing fire,  
Unhallowed threads of revelry are sung" —

The poet here has changed insinuation into invention, and made an assertion utterly unsupported by evidence, and at variance with the solemn confession of those who plundered the religious houses. As to the larger, parliament has left on record its acknowledgment that "religion was right well observed therein," and as to the smaller ones, the king's commissioners failed to elicit any evidence of the iniquities here supposed, and in the absence of evidence resorted to suggestion.

The utter inconsistency of these passages with others we have quoted, warrants the conclusion that the muse of Wordsworth was driven by some moral compulsion to the degradation of prostitution to the foulest and falsest calumnies of Protestantism. That it was only by compulsion, and that his own sincere sentiments on the subject were in sympathy with Catholicity, surely any one can see from the circumstance that his poetical power preponderates vastly

in those poems in which he takes that more generous view which charity and Christian sympathy and juster lessons of history alike would point to. It is one of the most remarkable facts in the moral history of this poet, that he was great in poetic beauty only when his muse sang in harmony and sympathy with Catholicism. There was a deep fountain of Catholic feeling in his heart; which, whenever it was not kept down by the pressure of a false system, gave to his poetry the noblest inspiration; the one to which his genius ever responded most gloriously.

Listen, for example, to this lovely sonnet upon the abolition of saint worship at the Reformation, and say, after comparing it with some colder composition, in which he lends countenance to the chilling sophistries of Anglicanism,—where were the Poet's real sympathies:

“Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand,  
Angels and saints in every hamlet mourned!  
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,  
Let not your radiant shapes desert the land:  
Her adoration was not your demand,  
The fond heart proffered it,—the servile heart,  
And therefore are ye summoned to depart;  
Michael, and thou St. George, whose flaming brand,  
The Dragon quelled; and valiant Margaret,  
Whose rival sword a like opponent slew;  
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen  
Of harmony; and weeping Magdalene,  
Who in the penitential desert met,  
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew.”

Such instances as these are not *isolated*, they are illustrations of the spirit of all his best poetry. We could cite scores of sonnets which are utterly spoiled by the lame and impotent conclusion to which Anglicanism compelled the author to bring them. How different his tone when he is not writing “*Ecclesiastical Sonnets*,” or when, if he is, he has emancipated himself by some happy impulse from the stupid and soul-chilling thralldom of Protestantism, and lets his heart inspire his genius. Such is the spirit of all his poems in which any allusion is made to our Lady. As in one, describing a visit to Mount Reghi, where there is an image of the Madonna.

“And hence, O Virgin, Mother mild!  
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow,

Not only from the dreary strife  
 Of winter, but the storms of life,  
 Thee have thy votaries aptly styled  
 Our Lady of the Snow.  
 Even for the man who stops not here,  
 But down the irriguous valley hies,  
 Thy very name, O Lady! flings,  
 O'er blossoming fields and gushing springs,  
 A tender sense of shadowy fear,  
 And chastening sympathies!"

These beautiful lines were read by Cardinal Wiseman in the course of his lecture on the "Perception of Natural Beauties," and they elicited, as might be expected, the warmest applause of a Catholic audience. But His Eminence alluded to another of Wordsworth's compositions, in honour of our Lady, one of such surpassing beauty, that surely it must have been inspired by love:

"Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost,  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied;  
 Woman! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast;  
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost;  
 Brighter than Eastern skies at day-break strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast;  
 Thy image falls to earth. Yet some I ween  
 Not unforgiven, the suppliant knee might bend,  
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee,  
 Of Mother's love, with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene."

This simple sonnet, we venture to say, is Wordsworth's title, not merely to the poet's wreath, but to the reverence and love of every Catholic heart.

And we are told that he was no poet, and told so by a Catholic! Most certainly if we were asked to point out the most perfect specimens of poetic beauty, in Wordsworth's works, they would be among his shorter pieces. Among these most persons require merely to be reminded of the *We are seven*, and *She was a Phantom of Delight*. There is another, perhaps less known, but in our idea far superior to either. It is the one concerning

"Three years she grew in sun and shower."

The Poet impersonates Nature, who describes her influence upon the soul of the child, who

“In earth and heaven; in glade and bower,  
 Shall feel an over-seeing power,  
 To kindle or restrain :  
 She shall be sportive as the fawn,  
 That, wild with glee, across the lawn,  
 Or up the mountain springs.  
 And her's shall be the breathing balm,  
 And her's the silence and the calm,  
 Of mute insensate things.  
 The floating clouds their state shall lend  
 To her—for her the willow bend :  
 Nor shall she fail to see,  
 Even in the motions of the storm,  
*Grace that shall mould the maiden's form*  
*By silent sympathy.*  
 The stars of midnight shall be dear  
 To her : and she shall lean her ear  
 In many a secret place,  
 Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
 And *beauty born of murmuring sound,*  
*Shall pass into her face.*  
 And vital feelings of delight  
 Shall rear her form to stately height,  
 Her virgin bosom swell.”

We must, for sake of space, stop quoting ; we could quote such poetry for ever. Was the man who wrote those lines no poet ? Why, that simple poem is a title to immortality. Yet it is only a specimen of innumerable pieces abounding in beauties, such as these. Again, we should be prepared to rest Wordsworth's title to the highest honour of poetry upon his *Descriptive Sketches*, which we are persuaded have only attracted less admiration than was due to them, on account of the immense variety of his poetical compositions.

“Were there below a spot of holy ground,  
 Where from distress a refuge might be found,  
 And solitude prepare the soul for heaven ;  
 Sure nature's God that spot to man had given,  
 Where falls the purple morning far and wide,  
 In flakes of light upon the mountain side ;  
 Where with loud voice the power of water shakes  
 The leafy wood : or sleeps in quiet lakes.”

How sublimely his muse carries him

"Through vacant worlds, where Nature never gave,  
A brook to murmur or a bough to wave:  
Which unsubstantial phantoms sacred keep;  
Thro' worlds where life and voice and motion sleep;  
Where silent hours their death-like sway extend."

With what power he describes the traveller:

"—— while wandering on from height to height,  
To see a planet's pomp and steady light,  
In the least star of scarce appearing night:  
While the pale moon moves near him, on the bound  
Of ether shining with diminished round,  
And far and wide the icy summits blaze,  
Rejoicing in the glory of her rays."

The poem in fertility of imagery and power of description far transcends those of Campbell, Rogers, and Thomson; while in pensive sweetness, tenderness of sentiment, and wealth of thought so immeasurably is it above the finest productions of these authors, that we should never have dreamt of comparing either of them with Wordsworth; but others have done so, and the comparison is forced upon us. We care not to dwell on isolated beauties of expression or idea, although they are so numerous as to be only illustrations of the whole, and it would be impossible to surpass the beauty of lines such as these,

"And silence loves its purple roof of vines"

\* \* \* \* \*

"In sea-like reach of prospect round him spread  
*Tinged like an angel's smile all rosy red.*"

The Alpine scenery with its

"Bright stars of ice and azure fields of snow."

The peaks of granite as they

"Tremble in ever varying tints of air."

Nor is even the highest merit of the poem its magical power of poetic description; of which this picture of an Alpine sunrise may suffice.

"'Tis morn: with gold the verdant mountain glows,  
More high, the snowy peaks with hues of rose:  
Far stretched beneath the many-tinted hills  
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills,

*A solemn sea whose billows wide around  
Stand motionless to awful silence bound."*

But it is the variety and purity of sentiment and idea which enrich and elevate the poem infinitely more than the greatest wealth of merely descriptive poetry could do; associated as they happily are with the charm of Catholic sympathies, and Catholic images.

Thus he exclaims:—

"And now emerging from the forest's gloom,  
I greet thee, Chartreuse, while I mourn thy doom."

He asks—whither is fled

*"That silence once in deathlike fetters bound  
Chains that were loosened only by the sound  
Of holy rites, chanted in measured round?  
The voice of blasphemy the fane alarms  
The cloister startles at the gleam of arms.  
A viewless flight of laughing demons mock  
The cross, by angels planted on the aerial rock.  
Vallombre, 'mid her falling fanes deplores,  
For ever broke, the Sabbath of her bowers."*

He depicts—

"The glittering steeples whence the matin bell  
Calls forth the woodman from his desert cell,  
*And quenches the blithe sound of oars that pass,*  
Along the streamy lake to early mass."

He describes himself descending cliffs

"By cells upon whose image while he prays,  
The kneeling peasant scarcely dares to gaze,  
*By many a votive death-cross planted near,*  
And watered duly with the pious tear,  
Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves  
Alike in whitening snows and roaring waves."

We defy the warmest admirer of the poets of Memory or of Hope to find a passage in the works of either to surpass that in which Wordsworth describes the simple happiness of the Swiss peasantry,—

"Then when he lies outstretched at even tide,  
Upon the fragrant mountain's purple side,  
For as the pleasures of his simple day  
*Beyond his native valley seldom stray*  
Nought round its darling precincts can he find  
But brings some past enjoyments to his mind,



While hope reclining upon pleasure's urn,  
*Binds her wild wreaths and whispers his return."*

Or that in which he revels in a lightness and melody of verse, and arises to a sublime beauty of sentiment to which neither Rogers, nor Campbell ever attained.

"Gay lark of hope ! thy silent hope resume !  
 Ye flattering eastern lights, once more *the hills illumine !*  
 Fresh gales and dews of life's delicious morn,  
 And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return !  
 Alas ! the little joy to man allowed,  
 Fades like the lustre of an evening cloud,  
 Or like the beauty in a flower enstalled,  
*Whose season was and cannot be recalled,*  
 Yet when oppressed by sickness, grief, or care,  
 And taught that pain is pleasure's natural heir,  
 We still *confide in more than we can know :—*  
 Death would be else the favourite friend of woe."

What can surpass the pensive beauty of "*The Evening Voluntaries*," of which *the spirit, and perhaps the prevailing spirit* of Wordsworth's poetry, may be expressed in a few lines drawn from one of them—lines describing a lovely image of tranquillity.

"'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving,  
*Silent and steadfast as the vaulted sky,*  
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie ;  
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore ?  
 No : 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
 Whispering how meek and gentle he can be."

Take the poem entitled "*The Triad*," in which three different kinds of embodiments of feminine loveliness are drawn, depicted with a delicacy of touch—a rich luxuriance of varied beauty, which equals anything to be found in the whole fairy realm of poetry. There *is nothing in the loveliest creations* of Milton to transcend the beauty of these angelic pictures :

"Mere mortals bodied forth in vision still."

One can only compare the poem with some of the brightest and most beautiful portions of Milton's *Comus*, while *numerous lines could be pointed out*, such as the following, which have the ethereal beauty of the sky—

"Air sparkles round her like a dazzling sheen."

But the pen is tempted to copy entire passages, and the pleasing task once begun, it is hard to end before the entire poem is extracted. This passage for instance.

"Light as the wheeling butterfly she moves ;  
Her happy spirit as a bird is free,  
That rifles blossoms on a tree,  
Turning them inside out with arch audacity.  
Alas ! how little can a moment show  
Of an eye where feeling plays  
In ten thousand dewy rays;  
A face o'er which a thousand shadows go !

— at leisure may be seen

Features to old ideal grace allied,  
Amid their smiles and dimples dignified—  
Fit countenance for the soul of primal truth ;  
The bland composure of eternal youth !"

Or again ; we cannot help going on—the spell of poetic beauty is upon us—and our pen refuses to be stayed.

"What more changeful than the sea ?  
But over his great tides  
Fidelity presides.  
And this light-hearted maiden constant is as he.  
High is her aim as heaven above  
And wide as ether her good will ;  
And like the lowly reed her love  
Can drink its nurture from the scantiest rill ;  
In-sight as keen as frosty star  
Is to her charity no bar,  
Nor interrupts her frolic graces."

We must stop ; but we ask—did ever any poet reveal a finer sense of beauty, *natural or moral* ; or express purer and nobler moral sentiment in more exquisite loveliness of verse ? or revel in more delicate similitudes drawn from nature ? If all this does not constitute a great poet, *what on earth will ?* One more extract—only one—that is if we can help it.

"Her brow hath opened on me—see it there—  
Brightening the umbrage of her hair,  
So gleams the crescent moon that loves  
To be descried through shady groves ;  
Tenderest bloom is on her cheek,  
Wish not for a richer streak ;  
Nor dread the depth of meditative eye,

But let thy love upon that azure field,  
*Of thoughtfulness and beauty, yield*  
 Its homage offered up in purity.  
 What wouldst thou more? In sunny glade  
 Or under leaves of thickest shade,  
 Was such a stillness e'er diffused,  
*Since earth grew calm while angels mused?*  
*Softly she treads as if her foot were loth*  
 To crush the mountain dewdrops, soon to melt  
 On the flower's breast: as if she felt  
 That flowers themselves, whate'er their hue  
 With all their fragrance, all their glistening  
*Call to the heart for inward listening."*

Well—we must stop: and with the poet say

"The charm is over; the mute phantom's gone."

But we ask—what charm ever worked with more bewitching enchantment; what phantoms of poet's creation ever gleamed with more ethereal beauty? And this man was no poet!

Wordsworth surpasses all poets in his perception and description of female beauty. We could linger for hours over the scattered beauties of his poetry.

He speaks of

"—those eyes,  
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky  
 Whose azure depth their colour emulates."  
 — "childhood here, a moon  
 Crescent, in simple loveliness serene."

Or a portrait

"——— whose mild gleam  
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich,  
 The common light whose stillness charms the air  
 Or seems to charm it into like repose  
 Whose silence for the pleasure of the ear  
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits  
 With emblematic purity attired,  
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck."

The *Three Cottage Girls* is a poem similar to the *Triad* in subject; and it is an interesting instance of a poet evincing a fondness for a subject and illustrating it with two poems, either of which would give it an enduring charm to posterity. Nor was it only twice or even thrice

that Wordsworth dedicated his genius to the depicting of *feminine beauty, of which his perception was certainly more delicate than that of any other poet, except perhaps Keats and Shelley*; and he elevated it far above either by the pure and lofty tone of moral sentiment he associated with it. In the poem we now refer to, the lines,

“Sweet Highland girl, a very shower  
Of beauty was thy earthly dower,”

remind us of his *Address to a Highland Girl*, in which those lines occur.

Perhaps Wordsworth's great poetical feature is his *perception of the beauty of nature*. Those who love poetical comparisons may delight themselves by comparing Chaucer's many allusions to May, or descriptions of the daisy, with Wordsworth's. Or they may compare Wordsworth's poems on the Skylark with Shelley's. We wish we had space to extract and contrast these specimens for comparison. There is no more pleasing subject of poetical study than such comparisons. We believe we should not exaggerate if we said that in loving perception of the delicate beauties of nature and extracting from them the most exquisite sentiments, or making them the most expressive symbols of moral loveliness—Wordsworth is unequalled.

The Ode of which the subject is “*Intimations of Immortality from recollections of early childhood*,” is in our opinion a composition on which alone Wordsworth's claim might be rested to the highest glory of poetry.

*The poet first broods over the time when “the sorrows of young imagination” were set free.*

“There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,  
The earth, and every common sight  
To me did seem

Apparelled in celestial light,  
The glory and the freshness of a dream.”

He then mourns over a change:

“The rainbow comes and goes  
And lovely is the rose,  
The moon doth with delight,

Look round her when the heavens are bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know where'er I go  
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

He pursues the thought through several stanzas, and then rises to the height of sublimity.

" Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's star

Hath had elsewhere its setting

And cometh from afar ;

Not in entire forgetfulness,  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home ;

Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

*Shades of the prison-house begin to close,*

Upon the growing boy,  
But he beholds the light and whence it flows  
He sees it in his joy.

The youth who daily farther from the east

Must travel, still is nature's priest,

*And by the vision splendid*

*Is on his way attended.*

At length the man perceives it die away,  
And fade into the light of common day."

The poet proceeds to speak of

" — those first affections,

Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
Uphold us, cherish us, and have power to make,  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
*Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,*  
To perish never."

" Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us thither.

What though the radiance which was once so bright,

Be now for ever taken from my sight ;

*Though nothing can bring back the hour*

*Of splendour in the grass—of glory in the flower ;*

We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind ;

In the primal sympathy

*Which having been must never die ;*

*In the soothing thoughts that spring*

*Out of human suffering :*

*In the faith that looks through death."*

And then the poet, exulting in these thoughts, apostrophizes nature with the warmth of reinvigorated affection.

"Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,  
The innocent brightness of a new born day,

Is lovely yet.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun,  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

Another race hath been, and other palms are won,  
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that so often lie too deep for tears."

We have compared Wordsworth with Milton (not in his *epic grandeur*, but in his *gentler*, and as many think, his finer forms of imagination), and why should we shrink from comparing him with Dryden? Had Dryden only written the Ode to St. Cecilia, he would have been venerated as a great poet. The Ode is a most difficult species of poetic composition; and until Wordsworth wrote, that was the finest in the English language. We say *until* Wordsworth wrote, "for we venture to think that his Ode on the *Power of Sound*," equals that of Dryden. A finer or fairer occasion for constituting a comparison between two great poets upon kindred subjects, could scarcely be suggested. Let us cite the opening lines as specimens to stimulate the enquiring taste of any reader yet a stranger to Wordsworth.

"Thy functions are ethereal  
As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,  
Organ of vision! and a spirit aerial,  
Informs the cell of hearing dark and blind,  
Intricate labyrinth—more dread for thought  
To enter than oracular cave:  
Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,  
And whispers for the heart, their slave.  
Hosannas pealing down the long drawn aisle  
And requiems answered by the pulse that beats  
Devoutly, in life's last retreats."

Another extract—indulge *thyself*, O reader!

"The headlong streams and fountains  
Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers;  
Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains  
They lull, perchance, ten thousand, thousand, flowers."

Scorners of Wordsworth, search among poetic beauties for an idea more beautiful—or more beautifully enshrined. You will search long ere you surpass it. And listen to these lines—

“Point not these mysteries to an art  
Lodged above the starry pole ;  
Pure modulations flowing from the heart,  
Of divine love, where wisdom, beauty, truth,  
With order dwell, in endless youth.”

We have challenged comparison with Dryden. Will any one adduce Gray, and his “Ruin seize thee, ruthless King?” Well, is there any passage in that fine *Ode*, more sublime in beauty than the conclusion of Wordsworth’s?

“A Voice to light gave being :

To Time, and Man his earth-born chronicler ;  
A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,  
And sweep away life’s visionary stir ;  
The trumpet—

To archangelic lips applied,

The grave shall open, quench the stars.

Oh Silence ! are Man’s noisy years

No more than moments of thy life ?

Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,

With her smooth tones and discords just,

Tempered into rapturous strife,

Thy destined bond-slave ? No! though earth be dust

And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay

Is in the Word, that shall not pass away.”

Now we boldly say that in this poem Wordsworth matched the sublimity of Dryden, and Milton’s depth of beautiful thought ; and that for this single fruit of poetic genius, he has earned, with them, a wreath which, whatever “scornful critic” may say, is now upon his head ; and which he will wear, with them, until the end of time.

But Peter Bell ? Ah, the poet who wrote that *Ode* wrote Peter Bell. Well, and even so. Suppose that Peter Bell is worthy of all the scorn that Wordsworth’s worst critics heap upon it—why then, he who wrote so nobly and so largely, can afford to throw it away ; to make no account of it. It might pass for an eccentric emanation of a poetic genius ; or, if you will, a piece of poetic affectation.



But we cannot let it pass so. We fear not the scorn of the critics. We say that there are poetic beauties in this despised and derided poem, which it is provoking to find thrown away upon such a boor as Peter, but which, if bestowed upon a worthier subject, would have deserved a laurel crown. The poet was wilful in his waste of poetry, if you think it so. He could have revelled in the wealth of his genius in other regions of poetic fancy.—He tells you so. He sings:—

“ I know the secrets of a land  
Where human foot did never stray :  
Fair is that land as evening skies,  
And cool, though in the depth it lies  
Of burning Africa.  
Or we'll into the realm of Faery,  
Among the lovely shades of things ;  
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,  
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,  
The shades of palaces and kings !”

He prefers, indeed, to lavish his genius on *Peter Bell* just as Shakespeare lavished his upon *Blossom*—was it the less genius? Are you so proud that you will not reverence it in its ruder forms? The poet answers you, and teaches eloquently of true poetry.

“ Long have I loved what I behold,  
The night that calms, the day that cheers ;  
The common growth of mother-earth  
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,  
Her humblest mirth and tears.  
The dragon's wing, the magic ring,  
I shall not covet for my dower,  
If I along that lowly way  
With sympathetic heart may stray,  
And with a soul of power.  
These given, what more need I desire  
To stir, to soothe, or elevate ?  
What nobler marvels than the mind  
May in life's daily prospect find,  
May find or there create ?  
A potent wand doth Sorrow wield ;  
What spell so strong as guilty Fear !  
Repentance is a tender Sprite ;  
If aught on earth have heavenly might,  
'Tis lodged within her silent tear.”

Do you despise the theme? or do you say, this is the prologue? or do you still deride the hero? Well, are you sure you are better than Peter? The poet has thus hit him off in a couplet:—

“But nature ne’er could find the way  
Into the heart of Peter Bell.”

See how the thought is pursued:—

“In vain, through every changeful year,  
Did Nature lead him as before;  
A primrose by a river’s brim,  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more.”

Scorner of Wordsworth, as you read, have you no suspicion that you may resemble Peter in this?—

“In vain, through water, earth, and air,  
The soul of happy sound was spread,  
When Peter on some April morn,  
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,  
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.  
At noon, when, by the forest’s edge  
He lay beneath the branches high,  
*The soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart; he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky!*”

How the poet brings out the contrast between *Peter Bell* and the lover of nature:—

“On a fair prospect some have looked  
And felt, as I have heard them say,  
As if the moving time had been  
A thing as steadfast as the scene  
On which they gazed themselves away.”

Unless you are like *Peter Bell* surely you can scarcely fail to feel interested in him—as you read. Do you see the poet’s humour? The character is common, Peter is a rough matter-of-fact kind of fellow; *too hard-hearted for poetry.*

“Though Nature could not touch his heart  
By lovely forms and silent weather,  
And tender sounds, yet you might see  
At once, that Peter Bell and she  
Had often been together.”

See how the poet sketches him :—

“ A savage wildness round him hung,”

We have not space for Peter's portraiture, as to his outer man.

As to his inner man, he was simply one who had no perception of the beauties of nature, owing to a moral vice of character. The Poet perhaps satirically insinuates that the absence of the perception is generally more or less a moral fault, or at least defect. Possibly this is the reason that a certain class of writers don't like *Peter Bell*; we fancy that no man who really has a true perception and love for the beauties of nature, will sneer at the poem. Its moral and meaning are deeper than your shallow critics suppose. And it has much depth of moral meaning, great poetic beauty, combined with a vein of sly humour, with now and then a truthfulness and reality of portraiture quite life-like.

“ There was a hardness in his cheek,  
There was a hardness in his eye,  
As if the man had fixed his face  
In many a solitary place,  
Against the wind and open sky.”

And here the man's character :—

“ He trudged along through copse and brake ;  
He trudged along o'er hill and dale ;  
Nor for the moon cared he a tittle ;  
And for the stars he cared as little ;  
And for the murmuring river Swale.”

How many *Peter Bells* there are ! what a striking contrast they are to the lovers of nature, who, in Wordsworth's other poems are described. But the ass ? Well, we shrink not from the ass. Had not Sterne already immortalized an ass ? What is genius worth if it cannot perform such freaks ? Do we forget the ass's head put upon Blossom ? Will you still laugh at the ass in *Peter Bell* ? Listen to the description of Peter's penitence.

“ 'Tis said, meek beast, that through heaven's grace,  
He not unmoved did notice now,  
The cross upon thy shoulder scored,  
For lasting impress, by the Lord,  
To whom all human kind shall bow :

Memorial of His touch—that day,  
When Jesus humbly deigned to ride,  
Entering the proud Jerusalem,  
By an immeasurable stream,  
Of shouting people deified.”

Are those stanzas ridiculous? Oh, he who does not reverence genius, even in its humbler touches, has something in him of *Peter Bell*. He was only a materialist after all. A “practical man.” Let those who despise the theme of the poem—a tinker’s penitence, and tears—remember that there is joy in heaven even when a tinker repents. And the subject of an angel’s song, may it not be the theme of a poet’s lay? Oh, if Heaven and genius can stoop so low, let us not be too proud to follow them.

“He melted into tears,  
Secret tears of hope and tenderness!  
Each fibre of his frame was weak;  
Weak all the animal within;  
But in its helplessness grew mild,  
And gentle as an infant child,  
An infant that has known no sin.”

Heaven help the man who sneers at Peter Bell.

“And now is Peter taught to feel,  
That *man’s heart is a holy thing*:  
And nature through a world of death,  
Breathes into him a second breath,  
More searching than the breath of spring.”

May it be so with all who scorn and scoff at *Peter Bell*.

And the man who wrote *Peter Bell* wrote the sublime ode on the power of sound! And *Tintern Abbey*,—in which he truly sang that he

“—— had learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth—but hearing oftentimes  
The still sad music of humanity;  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power,  
To chasten and subdue.”

And he wrote (oh, the versatility of genius!) the *Vernal Ode*, which, if he had written no other, would alone have given him a poet’s name. The opening passage might depict a Divine Ascension.

"Beneath the concave of an April sky,  
 When all the fields with freshest green were dight,  
 Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye,  
 That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,  
 The form and rich habiliments of One,  
 Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,  
 When it reveals in evening majesty,  
 Features half lost amid their own pure light.  
 Poised like a weary cloud—in middle air  
 He hung—then floated with angelic ease,  
 Softening that bright effulgence by degrees."

And this man was no poet!

Well, now let us look at another class of the productions of Wordsworth, this man, who was no poet, yet who wrote with wondrous versatility of beauty on every kind of theme. He was ever happy in narrative poetry. The *Russian Fugitive* is a poem, which, had it been the only one Wordsworth had written, would have secured more attention, and won more admiration, and which of itself suffices to establish his power in the narrative form of poetry. What poem could open in a manner more spirited and striking?

"Through Moscow's gates with gold unbarred,  
 Stepped one at dead of night;  
 Whom such high beauty could not guard,  
 From meditated blight.  
 By stealth she passed, and fled as fast,  
 As doth the hunted fawn;  
 Nor stopped till in the dappling east,  
 Appeared unwelcome dawn."

What poem could be sustained with sweeter melody of verse, or power, beauty, or sentiment? Take as a specimen the stanza which represents the results of the heroine's prayers for succour.

"The prayer is heard—the saints have seen,  
 Diffused through form and face,  
 Resolves devotedly serene,  
 That monumental grace  
 Of faith which doth all passions tame,  
 That reason should control:  
 And shows in the untrembling frame,  
 A statue of the soul."

And then the transcending beauty of the stanzas describing the passion conceived for her by her deliverer:

"But wonder, pity, soon were quelled,  
And in her face and mien,  
The soul's pure brightness he beheld,  
Without a veil between ;  
He loved, he hoped ; a holy flame  
Kindled 'mid rapturous tears,  
The passion of a moment came,  
As on the wings of years."

The power of Wordsworth, as a great poet, might be proved by the *White Doe of Rylstone*, even admitting that it is not a great poem. It is true that in the title, and in the introduction of the incident from which it is derived, there is some degree of affectation, and that through a want of epic power, it weakens that which forms the subject and substance of the poem, the sorrow of "the solitary maid"—"maid of the blasted family." But enough remains—discarding the weakening element of the poem,—to show the greatest powers of poetry. The subject of the story is one which must excite to the utmost, Catholic sympathy. The Poet stands before "Bolton's mouldering Priory," and the prologue is one of surpassing beauty.

"—— Full fifty years  
That sumptuous pile with all its peers,  
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste,  
The bitterness of wrong and waste,  
Its courts are ravaged ; but the tower  
Is standing with a voice of power,  
That ancient voice which wont to call  
To mass or some high festival ;  
And in the shattered fabric's heart,  
Remaineth one protected part ;  
A chapel like a wild-bird's nest,  
Closely embowered, and trimly drest."

Did Scott ever introduce his story with more spirit-stirring verse ?

"Pass, pass who will yon chantry door ;  
And through the chink in the fractured floor,  
Look down and see a grizly sight,  
A vault where the bodies are buried upright !  
There, face by face, and hand by hand,  
The Claphams and Mauleverers stand ;  
And in his place, among son and sire,  
Is John de Clapham, that fierce esquire,

A valiant man, and a name of dread,  
In the ruthless war of the white and red ;  
Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Banbury church,  
And smote off his head on the stones of the porch !”

The story is founded on an episode in one of the ill-fated risings of the Catholics of the North, in the time of Elizabeth.

“ But now the inly-working North,  
Was ripe to send its thousands forth,  
A potent vassalage to fight,  
In Percy's and in Neville's right.  
Two earls fast leagued in discontent,  
Who gave their wishes open vent,  
And boldly urged a general plea—  
The rites of ancient piety,  
To be triumphantly restored,  
By the stern justice of the sword !”

The particular incident in the insurrection, which forms the basis of the tale, is the fate of the entire family of the Nortons,—sire and sons ; but its subject is more the sorrow of the bereaved sister, the sole survivor of that “ blasted family,” and though the Poet shows in the more stirring and martial features of his narrative as much of mastery over the blended elements of chivalry and poetry, as marks the lays of Scott, or of Macaulay, he characteristically dwells more upon the more pensive and plaintive chords of feeling, which vibrate in sympathy with the “ pure soul,”

“ By sorrow lifted towards her God,  
Uplifted to the purest sky,  
Of undisturbed humanity ;”

Still he is equal to the martial and more stirring strain.

“ Now was the North in arms—they shine  
In warlike trim from Tweed to Tyne  
At Percy's voice : and Neville sees  
His followers gathering in from Tees ;  
From Were and all the little rills,  
Concealed among the forked hills,  
Seven hundred knights, retainers all,  
Of Neville, at their master's call,  
Had sate together in Raby hall !



Such strength that earldom held of yore,  
 Nor wanted at this time rich store  
 Of well appointed chivalry;  
 Not loath the sleepy lance to wield,  
 And greet the old paternal shield,  
 They heard the summons, and furthermore,  
 Horsemen and foot, of each degree,  
 Unbound by pledge of fealty—  
 Appeared with free and open hate,  
 Of novelties in Church and State ;  
 And thus in arms a zealous band,  
 Proceeding under joint command,  
 To Durham first their course they bear.”

There is a ballad of Wordsworth on the “Founding of Bolton Priory,” which well illustrates his poetic power, and his Catholic sympathies.

“What is good for a bootless bene?  
 The Falconer to the lady said;  
 And she made answer, ‘endless sorrow!’  
 For she knew that her son was dead.”

If we must have comparisons, let us compare this with one or two of those beautiful ballads by which alone Coleridge would have won a place among the poets.

“She knew it by the Falconer’s words;  
 And from the look of the Falconer’s eye,  
 And from the love which was in her soul,  
 For her youthful Romilly.”

The Poet tells the sad tale of young Romilly’s death, and with exquisite beauty of sentiment discriminates the grief of the mother.

“If for a lover the lady wept,  
 A solace she might borrow”

But “her’s was a mother’s sorrow.”

“He was a tree that stood alone,  
 And proudly did its branches wave;  
 And the root of this delightful tree  
 Was in her husband’s grave.”

And how thoroughly in harmony with Catholicity is the great lady’s sorrow.

“Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
 And her first words were, ‘Let there be

In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
 A stately Priory!  
 The stately Priory was reared ;  
 And Wharf, as he moved along,  
 To matins joined a mournful voice,  
 Nor failed at even-song.  
 And the lady prayed in heaviness  
 That looked not for relief !  
 But slowly did her succour come,  
 And a patience to her grief.  
 Oh! there is never sorrow of heart  
 That shall lack a timely end,  
 If but to God we turn, and ask  
 Of Him to be our friend!"

We are here reminded to remark that Wordsworth is unsurpassed in the elegance and pathos of his elegiac poetry. Take for example the *Elegy on Sir G. Beaumont's sister*.

"But nature to its inmost part  
 Faith had refined ; and to her heart  
 A peaceful cradle given,  
 Calm as the dewdrop, free to rest  
 Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
 Till it exhales to heaven."

Again :

"As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
 Or lily heaving with the wave  
 That feeds it and defends ;  
 As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
 The mountain top, or breathed the mist  
 That from the vale ascends!"

His mastery of this kind of poetry was shown in other pieces, on subjects savouring of chivalry or romance. Thus, there is the *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*,

"Where sits in state the rightful lord,  
 A Clifford to his own restored."

The *Armenian Lady's Love* has happily caught the spirit of the old English Ballad poetry,—the *Romance of the Water Lily* is imbued with all the beauty of the old English romance.

In the version of Chaucer's *Prioress's Tale*, the spirit of the original is admirably preserved with all the ease and

grace of modern verse. The *Somnambulist* sparkles with all the brilliancy, and is instinct with all the tenderness of the age of chivalry. Then, there is *Artegal and Elidur-et*, a beautiful episode of old British history. *Hart-Leap-Well*, *The Horn of Egremont Castle*, and others of the same kind. These poems would have composed a volume, upon which might well have rested a poet's fame. Yet they are comparatively but isolated trifles amid the overwhelming wealth of Wordsworth's poetry, the casual emanations of his genius. So of his many poems like *The Longest Day*, which, like Gray's *Elegy*, would suffice to make a reputation; these lyrical poems are themselves ample title to immortality. The mention of *Elegy* reminds us that Wordsworth's *Elegiac* poems are unequalled by any for their pathetic beauty, and he is as unsurpassed in elegy as he is in sonnet, or in ode.

The Sonnet is a most difficult kind of poetic composition. Had Shakespeare written no dramas, his sonnets would have immortalized him; and if Milton had left no epic, his few sonnets would have shown his genius. But Shakespeare wrote sonnets only on a single theme--though that the finest--love; and his muse was not always chaste. Milton's sonnets, like rich gems, were rare. Wordsworth has produced a host, of which there are very many equal to Milton's, and some surpassing them. Let us give a specimen.

"I saw the figure of a lovely maid  
 Seated alone, beneath a darksome tree,  
 Whose fondly overhanging canopy  
 Set off her brightness, with a pleasing shade.  
 No Spirit was she; that my heart betrayed,  
 For she was one I loved exceedingly:  
 But while I gazed in tender reverie,  
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)  
 The bright corporeal presence, form and face—  
 Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,  
 Like sunny mist;—at length like golden hair,  
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace,  
 Each with the other in a lingering race  
 Of dissolution, melted into air."

It would be difficult to discover in the whole range of poetry a more glorious conception more exquisitely embodied! And are we to be told that the man who wrote scores of sonnets as good as this—sonnets, each of them a

"pure and perfect chrysolite," was no poet? Why, any one of them would have been worth a diadem.

We have not space to linger on the unearthly beauty of Laodamia.

"He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;  
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;  
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;  
Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there  
In happier beauty ; more pellucid streams,  
An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;  
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."

The genius which could thus exquisitely rival classical descriptions of Elysium, could describe with equal beauty the rich luxuriance of an Eastern Paradise.

"He spake of plants that hourly change  
Their blossoms, through a boundless range  
Of intermingling hues ;  
With budding, fading, faded flowers  
They stand the wonder of the bowers  
From morn to evening dews.  
He told of the magnolia, spread  
High as a cloud, high over head !  
The cypress and her spire ;  
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
To set the hills on fire.  
The youth of green savannahs spake,  
And many an endless, endless lake,  
With all its fairy clouds  
Of islands, that together lie  
As quietly as spots of sky  
Among the evening clouds."

Dr. Brownson, who has recently written the most severe and scornful criticism upon Wordsworth, makes admissions which go far to neutralize it, and amply vindicate our judgment. He says, Wordsworth had "true poetic sensibility," that he "had very just notions of the vocation of the poet, and of the noble mission of poetry,—that he was aware that in all things, even the most com-

mon and trivial, as well as the most extraordinary and grand—there is an ideal element—something divine; that in the lowest there is something noble, in the homely something beautiful.” All this, says Dr. Brownson, is true and just. Moreover, he says that Wordsworth “had a remarkable command of fine poetical language, and his verses are often admirable for their harmony and legend of sweetness,—that he had a delicate sensibility and a well tuned ear, and as far as poetic diction is concerned, no poet better understood, or more completely mastered, the resources of the English language.” Well, these are qualities “rare in their separate excellence, and yet more wonderful in their combination;” and most wonderful of all, in a writer who was *no poet*, or no great poet; for after all, this is the conclusion to which Dr. Brownson, somehow or other, arrives, for no other reason that we can see, save that he is not a poet, whose poetry the great critic happens to relish. That is the way in which writers often judge of works of literature or art. But it is by no means a sound or Catholic kind of test. It is on the contrary, an extremely egotistical and fallacious criterion, to apply to the poetry of a writer, possessing an extraordinary combination of poetical powers. The writer persists in comparing Wordsworth with Byron, as if there were any elements of comparison, as if their poetry was not utterly opposite in character, or as if it followed that because Byron was unrivalled in *his* kind of poetry, Wordsworth was not unequalled in his. When Dr. Brownson compares Wordsworth with Milton, he makes, at least as regards some kinds of poetry, a better comparison; and in respect to the “Excursion,” and other more serious efforts, he points out truly the causes of Wordsworth’s comparative failure—his want of definite religious belief. But he omits to observe what we have ventured to point out, that Milton’s more ambitious compositions were, for a similar reason, comparatively failures also. Beyond these two objections, that Wordsworth’s poetry is not like Byron’s, and that his more laboured efforts were as much failures as Milton’s, not through defect of poetic power, but through the absence of the element of faith; there is nothing in Dr. Brownson’s criticisms to neutralize the effect of his eulogiums upon the poetry of Wordsworth. All the rest merely amounts to this: that he does not relish its subjects or its species.

That may be; and nevertheless it may be poetry of the highest order, and Wordsworth may be a great poet. There is no accounting for tastes, and when Dr. Brownson says, "Scott has no separate passage or verses to compare with many we can select from Wordsworth, and yet, what poem has Wordsworth written which, as a whole, you can read with as much pleasure as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," or the "Lady of the Lake?"—to this we answer, is the mere pleasure of reading, the test of the value of poetry? And even if so, is it the pleasure of a *first* reading, or a second, or third? And is one man's pleasure the measure of another's? And lastly, we might answer this question by another: which of Scott's poems could be read *so often*, and each time with such sustained and enhanced pleasure, as the "White Doe of Rylstone?" Dr. Brownson goes on to say, "we can make extracts from Wordsworth, which nothing in Coleridge can match; and yet we know no poem of Wordsworth's that can match either "Christabel," or the "Ancient Mariner." Perhaps not, in *their style*, which happens to be peculiar and characteristic. But we retort, what poem in Coleridge can "match" Gray's "Elegy," or his yet more celebrated Ode? And if you were asked which was the best, the Ode or the Elegy, you would say, each is matchless in its kind; but the Ode is an Ode, and the Elegy is an Elegy. And so if one offers to compare an ode with a ballad, or an elegy with an epic, or a song with a sonnet. In such comparisons there lies the fallacy we have already pointed out, of taking a narrow and restricted view of poetry, and limiting it to one form of expression. It is as though a man should confine pictorial art to one style or school, and insist upon condemning Claude because he did not "match" Salvator Rosa, or Rembrandt. "No sane man would think, (says Dr. Brownson,) of naming Wordsworth on the same day with Pope and Dryden, far less with Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, or Byron, the really great poets of the English language." From this we gather that Dr. Brownson deems these the only great poets in our language. Now, we should not compare Wordsworth with Byron, or with Milton in his epic poetry, nor with Pope in his satire, nor with Shakespeare in his dramatic power; simply because you cannot compare things which have no resemblance. But we have been insane enough to compare the Sonnets of Wordsworth with those

of Shakespeare and Milton, and his Odes to those of Dryden ; and we have even been so insane as to think that in a great portion of his poetry, and that the best,—that which relates to the perception of the beauties of Nature, he had a genius and a spirit not unworthy of being compared with Chaucer. Nor need we shrink from confessing such insanity, since Cardinal Wiseman has publicly been guilty of it ; and before an enlightened audience, has not only named Chaucer and Wordsworth “ on the same day,” but in the same spirit of reverent veneration, a spirit in which we shall close this article by quoting the words in which His Eminence paid his testimony to the genius of Wordsworth.

“ Wordsworth lived to a mature age, only to ripen and perfect his early affection for nature in its most noble form. In him the love of nature in her simplest forms, was sound, noble, and moral. He could muse for hours over the daisy on the sward: and he could exult in the majestic scenery of his own lake-home. He could bring the star and the glow-worm to converse together. His tone is ever healthy. His lessons rise above his text. His art seems to lie in touching chords in his reader’s heart, that harmonize with his, though before concealed from himself, and awaking by the simplicity and naturalness of his thoughts, a kindred love for nature, pure and innocent, and a step to higher and better feelings.” To show that these thoughts are not new, nor even now first expressed, His Eminence read a sonnet composed twenty years ago, “ at a time (observed His Eminence,) when men disputed the claim of Wordsworth to the high position he has since acquired in English poetry.”

“ Wordsworth, some men have said thou art not dressed  
In poet’s livery : for thy artless rhyme,  
Flows like some lullaby’s old soothing chime,  
And I think with them : for it charms to rest,  
All fret of pride and passion in the breast,  
And bears us far, in spite of jealous time,  
Into our childhood’s very sunny clime,  
Who play with cherub thoughts—bright, pure, and blest.  
They say thou art no Poet! And methinks  
It must be so : for when I read thy strain,  
’Tis I that am the poet : for new links  
Tie me to nature, spun not from thy brain ;  
But from my own heart ; as from wells it drinks,  
Found by thy magic wand, in drearest plain!”



ART. V.—1. *The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.* By Henry Hallam, L. L. D., F. R. A. S. Eighth edition, 3 vols. 12mo. London: John Murray, 1855.

2.—*View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.* By Henry Hallam, L. L. D., F. R. A. S. 3 vols. 12mo. London: John Murray, 1855.

3.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries.* By Henry Hallam, L. L. D. F. R. A. S. 4 vols. 12mo. London: John Murray, 1855.

WE are at no loss in what spirit to receive the new edition of Mr. Hallam's works. Containing much that is useless, and much that is hurtful, with a good deal of vain speculation and unsound argument, they are, notwithstanding, full of instructive matter, and valuable for candid statements of honest, even if not always ripe or well informed opinion. The see-saw of praise and blame in which some so-called liberal writers indulge, when Rome or the Middle Ages are concerned, has always been infinitely disagreeable to us. We are glad to miss this, as we have always missed it from Mr. Hallam's works. His commendation and his condemnation are often ill bestowed; he is frequently astray in his facts, and consequently wrong in his conclusions; but though often a very prejudiced writer, he has had the good fortune to impress most of his readers as seldom being deliberately unfair, even where most erroneous. There is a quiet solidity in his manner, which, taken with other circumstances, that we shall notice presently, is one of the ordinary badges of good faith. He has none of that wearisome glitter which in Macaulay fatigues and weakens the sight and produces a kind of moral ophthalmia. If Mr. Hallam is conscious of imperfect reading, or second-hand information, he generally warns the reader of the fact. He furnishes antidote as well as bane. And this is the circumstance which we promised to notice as a very strong evidence of honesty. It is, indeed, to be regretted that these warnings are altogether confined to the notes, for it is the uniform experience even of learned and critical readers, that unless with a set purpose, they rarely bestow

as much attention as they should upon notes, especially where the text is so attractive as in the present instance. But again, we must not be understood as in any degree impeaching the author's fairness, for we are bound to admit that the system adopted by Mr. Hallam, of correcting or modifying in the notes, the opinion stated with considerable roundness and positiveness of assertion, in the text, works quite as much in favour of our peculiar views as against them. We had set down for extract more passages than one, remarkably coincident with our own ideas, until, upon referring to the notes of the present edition, we perceived that the author's views had undergone almost a revolution, or were at least so much altered, as to be scarcely recognizable. One passage in particular, had reference to the primacy of the Roman See, the tradition with regard to which was in great measure admitted by Mr. Hallam, although he seemed to attach no religious or doctrinal importance to the circumstance. Having subsequently found reason to retreat a considerable distance from his original position, his change of view is embodied in a note at the end of the volume, a note which we undertake to affirm, a very large proportion of his readers will never consult. We shall not go out of our way, however, to observe upon the crudity of Mr. Hallam's new opinion, or the mere affirmations on which he relies for its support, especially as the subject has been handled by the leaders of controversy upon both sides, though it is nearly certain that the most accurate learning would lose much of its effect by such an arrangement as that which Mr. Hallam has adopted.

And yet, while admitting the general honesty, singleness of purpose, ability, learning, and we had almost said, modesty of Mr. Hallam, we make no indeliberate assertion in saying that he is a writer whose statements need to be cautiously sifted. No one is misled by Macaulay. His *History of England* is as truly light reading as *Pendennis*, or *Household Words*, and without much more pretence of authenticity for many of its facts. It is not a student's book, and could no more be quoted as an authority than *Shakspeare*. The case, it is needless to say, is widely different with Hallam; but making every allowance for diversity of character, we shall often find the same causes operating to distort the views and disturb the judgment of Hallam, that nearly always

affect the matter, as well as the temper of Macaulay's writings. They are both Protestants, but still more Whig than Protestant. The term Whig it would be only right to say, is not used here as applicable to any political party, from the days of the Georges to the last Russell administration. We understand it of those generally who are inclined to make English history, English institutions, English liberty, and English greatness, date from the revolution only—who believe in the "original compact," venerate the act of settlement as a species of postscript to Holy Writ, like other postscripts, more valuable than the text—who actually think that Russell was *not* a cold-hearted, bloody-minded, pitiless bigot, and that Sidney was a patriot above purchase, and who passing over all the pre-revolution period, would be disposed to say, with as bold a plagiarism of Scripture as Mr. Macaulay's adaptation of Sallust's "*Bellum Scripturus sum*," "in the beginning God made William and the Revolution." To this class of politicians Mr. Hallam naturally belongs, but in a far less orthodox degree than many others. His course of reading has brought him acquainted with the history, and to a considerable extent, with the literature of the Middle Ages, so that he is necessarily conversant with much of what we have called, the pre-revolution period, but in too many instances his recognition of its existence is accompanied by the contempt characteristic of his school. Like others of the whigs, he is seldom strong in condemnation of anarchy, and though not averse to repression, is certainly not in love with order. The principle of authority is in disfavour with him to a degree he is perhaps unwilling to acknowledge to himself, and the odour of prerogative hangs about the most illustrious men, and greatest actions of the Middle Ages. Every exercise of the most legitimate and well understood power, such even as no one would condemn or notice at the present day, is treated as part of some deep scheme for the acquirement of despotic power. The institutions of peculiar ages and states of humanity, are viewed less with reference to the requirements and character, moral as well as intellectual, of the period, than to modern notions. An arbitrary standard of civilization is set up, or what is worse, standards of disputed authority are adopted as unquestioned, and canons of judgment, challenged by more than half the world,

assumed as dogmatic truths. Not that this line of thought and argument is universal in the three Commentaries which constitute the series of Mr. Hallam's works. The man very often prevails over the school, and evidence over faith. To such an extent, indeed, is this true, that in our opinion these books are more valuable for the truth they have stated in matter of opinion, and the sound doctrines they publish on many questions of policy, than they can be considered dangerous, for error, in fact, or mistaken inference. It will have to be borne in mind, too, that these works are not, and do not profess to be histories in almost any sense of the word. They are rather historical disquisitions, or commentaries, and as such are of course entitled to a wider range of speculation than can be at all permitted to a mere historian, and in this way unfortunately the peculiar quality of whig writers, their dogmatism and pride have greater play. So great is the pedantry of his school, so absolute his veneration for the revolution, that it works in him the very evil effects ascribed by him to authority as interfering with the pursuit of truth.

As not unfrequently happens with the strongest partisans, Mr. Hallam is keenly alive to the influence of schools and sects over others, and lays heavy blame on the resulting tendencies, as likely to warp or having warped the judgment of eminent writers, although he does not take up their arguments or facts seriatim and deal with them severally. Mr. Maitland, for instance, he treats as a mere sentimentalist, without noticing that Maitland, though doubtless governed by feeling as well as others, has dealt very largely in matters of the driest fact, and gone a long way into curious recesses of learning, which it never occurred to him he could reach per saltum, much less by the mere stretching of his hand. We shall give an example of Mr. Hallam's extreme boldness of assertion, without the most slender warrant of experience. In dealing with the question of scholastic philosophy, which fills so large a space in the history of literature in the Middle Ages, he writes:—

"This scholastic philosophy, so famous for several ages, has since passed away and been forgotten. The history of literature, like that of empire, is full of revolutions. Our public libraries are cemeteries of departed reputation, and the dust accumulating upon their

untouched volumes speaks as forcibly as the grass that waves over the ruins of Babylon. Few, very few for a hundred years past have broken the repose of the immense works of the Schoolmen. None perhaps in our own country have acquainted themselves particularly with their contents. Leibnitz however, expressed a wish that some one conversant with modern philosophy would undertake to extract the scattered particles of gold which may be hidden in these abandoned mines. This wish has been at length partially fulfilled by three or four industrious students, and keen metaphysicians who do honour to modern Germany. But most of these works are unknown to me except by repute, and as they all appear to be formed upon a very extensive plan, I doubt whether those laborious men could afford adequate time for this ungrateful research. Yet we cannot pretend to deny that Roscelin, Anselm, Abelard, Peter Lombard, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, were men of acute and even profound understandings, the giants of their own generations; even with the slight knowledge we possess of their tenets, there appear through the cloud of repulsive technical barbarisms, rays of metaphysical genius which this age ought not to despise. Thus in the works of Anselm is found the celebrated argument of Des Cartes, for the existence of a deity deduced from the idea of an infinitely perfect being. One great object that most of the Schoolmen had in view was to establish the principles of natural theology by abstract reasonings. This reasoning was doubtless liable to great difficulties. But a modern writer who seems tolerably acquainted with the subject assures us that it would be difficult to mention any theological attribute to prove the Divine attributes or any objection capable of being raised against the proof which we do not find in some of the Scholastic philosophers. The most celebrated subjects of discussion, and those in which this class of reasoners were most divided, were the reality of universal ideas considered as external to the human mind, and the freedom of will.

"But all discovery of truth by means of these controversies was rendered hopeless by two insurmountable obstacles, the authority of Aristotle, and the authority of the Church. Wherever obsequious reverence is substituted for bold inquiry, truth, if she is not already at hand will never be attained. The Scholastics did not understand Aristotle, whose original writings they could not read, but his name was revered with implicit faith. They learned his peculiar nomenclature and fancied that he had given them realities. The authority of the church did them still more harm. It has been said, and probably with much truth, that their metaphysics were injurious to their theology. But I must observe in return that their theology was injurious to their metaphysics. Their disputes continually turned upon questions either involving absurdity and contradiction, or at least inscrutable by human comprehension. Those who assert the greatest antiquity of the Roman Catholic

doctrine as to the real presence, allow that both the word and the definition of transubstantiation are owing to the Scholastic writers. These subtleties were not always so well received. They reasoned at eminent peril of being charged with heresy, which Roscelin, Abelard, Lombard, and Ockham did not escape \* \* \* \* But this unproductive waste of the faculties could not last for ever. Men discovered that they had given their time for the promise of wisdom, and had been cheated in the bargain. What John of Salisbury observes of the Parisian disputants in his own time, that after several years absence he found them not a step advanced, and still employed in urging and parrying the same arguments, was equally applicable to the period of centuries. After three or four hundred years the Scholastics had not untied a single knot, nor added an unequivocal truth to the domain of philosophy. As this became more evident, the enthusiasm for that kind of learning declined; after the middle of the fourteenth century few distinguished teachers arose amongst the Schoolmen, and at the revival of letters, these pretended sciences had no advocates left but among the prejudiced or ignorant adherents of established system. How different is the state of genuine philosophy, the zeal for which will never wear out by length of time or change of fashion, because the inquirer, unrestrained by authority, is perpetually cheered by the discovery of truth in researches which the boundless realms of nature seem to render indefinitely progressive." —Middle Ages, 427-431.

It would be barely possible for one of the May ranters in one of the London meetings to crowd a greater number of superficial common-places and unworthy fallacies, into an equal number of lines, than a great writer in the solitude of his study, with every appliance of information at hand, has drawn together, owing to the sole fact of not being able to escape the circle to which the influence above alluded to has confined him. In the first place the whole system of Scholastic philosophy is pronounced to have been long since dead and quite beyond all chance of resuscitation; yet there is not a poor curate within twenty miles of (say) Belmullet, in an amphibious parish between the expanse of ocean and an expanse of Mayo bog, with five pounds sterling per annum for his "menus plaisirs," without a dozen of books besides his breviary to garnish his solitary shelf in his damp cabin, that has not read more of Thomas Aquinas at least, and heard more of Duns Scotus and Albertus Magnus, than all the Edinburgh reviewers or the entire school of Scotch philosophy. And if from the poor curate in Mayo and Donegal we take a step in



advance to those more favoured in position whose leisure and opportunity have been greater, although they have active duties in abundance: or suppose we go a little higher still, to the seminaries of the clergy in a Catholic country, or to the Irish and English seminaries at home, and examine the professors of theology and philosophy, we shall find that the Scholastic philosophy is followed, and mastered by a larger, more active, and more devoted body of students than perhaps any other science that we know of. For example, an hour in the library of Maynooth, any day in the week, would convince Mr. Hallam that the amount of dust accumulating on these forgotten volumes is wonderfully small. "Expende quot libras invenies;" and it will be the measure of your own knowledge, not of the philosophy itself, but of the history of the study: an experiment which may be repeated in every Catholic seminary and university in the world. No doubt Mr. Hallam has honestly made a rather contemptuous amende in a note, to the effect that he has been informed the scholastic philosophy is still noticed in some Catholic universities, and that the German philosophers have condescended to sift it for the grain of wheat that goes to the bushel of chaff, but he is still quite ignorant of the facts of the case. It is neither to the Catholic universities mainly you must look, nor yet to dilettante Schoolmen among German pantheists, but to those seminaries of which I have spoken, throughout the whole compass of the Catholic Church, where St. Thomas, in his own peculiar field, is as much an oracle as St. Jerome or St. Chrysostom. What Sir Francis Pulsgrave says of the use of Latin in the Roman Church at the present day, is equally applicable to the scholastic philosophy: "They (the Roman languages)," he writes, "were now to no inconsiderable extent the languages of literature. Yet the ecclesiastical or grammar Latin still commanded large provinces in the republic of letters and in the kingdom of intellect: the decorous language of history and science, was completely the language of philosophy; and as employed by the schoolmen, the vigour of those profound thinkers invested the homely cloister and refectory Latin with admirable conciseness and precision. \* \* \* The revival of letters rather checked than enlarged the dominion of the Latin language. Classical correctness and the ethos of modern society are incompatible elements. The elegant-



cies of Latin are destructive of its practical utility; there was no surer mode of stinting the capacities of thought than the pedantry which restricted that thought to Ciceronian phrase.\* \* Nevertheless, even at the *present moment*, the Latin, despite the debilitating influences of Bembo and Valla still flourishes amongst the hierarchy of the Roman Church, comprising a multitude which, if assembled in one city, would, at least, equal the population of Rome when its Labarum shone on the imperial standard."\* Again, the two greatest obstacles to the discovery of truth by those means, that is to say, by means of the Scholastic philosophy, were to be found in the authority of Aristotle and the authority of the Church. It is humiliating to find so eminent a man hark in with the unintelligent outcry against Aristotle, which was the greatest blunder of the man with whom it originated, and the silliest error of the age that took it up, if by the age we are to understand the followers of Locke. Can it be because Aristotle was first valued at his real worth by the philosophers of the Middle Ages, that without admitting it to himself Mr. Hallam contemns his authority? It is at present universally admitted and adopted. Logical science, it is well proved, has not advanced one step since Aristotle framed the Categories. His logic is not a system of reasoning, but reasoning reduced to system; it is the analysis of an inevitable process of the mind where we do reason, as well as a set of rules to keep us straight when we attempt to reason. It is impossible for the peasant to push his bargain at fair or market with a sound argument, as he often will, without rigorously following the rules of Aristotle, and it is equally impossible for Mr. Hallam to write a fallacy in argument without violating some such rule. Aristotle is no doubt reinstated in his supremacy over all who have a tincture of philosophy, and it must be admitted that Dr. Whately had a considerable share in this desirable work, though it was not reserved for him to rehabilitate Aristotle except with the smaller number, for he never had lost ground with Catholic philosophers. But assuredly Dr. Hallam is not as familiar as could be wished with the principles of logic, or he would have known that logic has never been regarded as

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\* Hist. of Normandy and England, Vol. I. pp. 77-78.

of itself enabling us to discover the abstract truth, although it is so powerful an agent in the detection of error. These two or three little pages of Mr. Hallam's open up a much wider field than we have time to follow him through, but no one can have failed to remark the strange assertion with which he has concluded, namely, that the researches of philosophers have been rewarded by the discovery of truth, since the authority of the Church and Aristotle, which last is another word for the authority of reason, have been discarded. Unless in matter of faith it would be a hazardous thing to say that any moral philosopher had supplied an answer to Pilate's question, what is the truth? Mr. Hallam, however, unconsciously, we are anxious to believe, resorts to the very common sophism of what Dr. Whately calls an undistributed middle, or what is known to the Schoolmen as a double middle, to prove that modern philosophers had succeeded by their system of authority in attaining the knowledge of truth; for having during the entire passage spoken of metaphysical truth, he glides off quietly into the assertion that in virtue of this repudiation of authority philosophers have made discoveries in physical truth. We, for our part, freely acquit Mr. Hallam of any attempt at unfair argument. We must ascribe his error to imperfect information, to a consequent confusion of ideas, and above all to the want of advertence to the rules of logic.

Had it been the author's purpose to restore or to damage the character of any age or man in particular, it would be easier to account for the warp that any human judgment must necessarily take under the circumstances; but assuming it to have been, as we believe it was, his design to explore a mine of curious investigation, it is singular how strong an influence that instinct of opposition to authority, wheresoever and by whomsoever wielded, has exercised over a judgment that in other matters is calm and well-informed. We, on our side, have never doubted that the middle ages, or the ages of faith, as they are sometimes styled, have been unduly exalted by the admiration of men better qualified from learning and taste to form a judgment of such matters than ourselves, and we need hardly say that we allude to Mr. Digby, whose work is pronounced by Hallam to be, as in truth it is, one of the most fascinating books it is possible to meet with. But we always felt that every liberty and every franchise we ourselves possess, together with several which we do not

enjoy, and numberless others which seem to have been lost for ever to the continental nations, were originated and assisted by our Catholic ancestors in Catholic times. Our conviction grew apace with our reading that M<sup>de</sup>. de Stael was right when she said that despotism, and not liberty, was the novelty in Europe. It is in this particular that justice requires to be done to the middle ages. The doctrines of high prerogative were perfectly unknown to Catholic men and Catholic times, and the old heathen plea of exceptional authority or dictatorship in times of emergency was equally unknown. Hallam himself notices the change made in the coronation oath by the Protector Somerset, on the occasion of the coronation of Edward VI. He does not however trace the gradual spread of doctrines hostile to civil as well as religious liberty, and their adoption by almost the entire Protestant ministry. He does not notice the fact that Wickliffe was the most extravagant advocate of prerogative. These, and a thousand similar circumstances, scattered over the history of the middle ages, are unnoticed, or not noticed in connection with the precise bearing which they have upon social questions. The efforts of the clergy for the abolition of slavery are scarcely noticed, and then not very generously, nor with any reference to the fact that these traditions of their aversion to slavery have been carried down almost to the present time by Las Casas and the Jesuits in Paraguay. At the present day not less than three hundred thousand slaves are held by ministers of the various Protestant confessions in America, while it is of course to say that no Catholic priest holds a slave. He has noticed, however, in a sufficiently marked way, the now undoubted fact, that the English people were juggled, and bullied, and whipped, and bribed into Protestantism, that it was imposed upon them in great measure even without the mockery of an act of Parliament, and in one instance that German mercenaries were employed to enforce the acceptance of the new religion; circumstances so startling to Protestant ignorance that it is well they should be vouched by a Protestant.

“But great as was the number of those whom conviction or self-interest enlisted under the Protestant banner, it appears that the Reformation moved on with too precipitate a step for the majority. The new doctrines prevailed in London, in many large towns, and

in the eastern counties, but in the north and west of England the body of the people were strictly Catholic. The clergy, though not very scrupulous about conforming to the innovations, were generally averse to most of them. And in spite of the church lands I imagine that most of the nobility, if not the gentry, inclined to the same persuasion; not a few peers having sometimes dissented from the bills passed on the subject of religion in this reign, while no sort of disagreement appears in the upper house during that of Mary. In the western insurrection of 1549, which partly originated in the alleged grievance of inclosures, many of the demands of the rebels go to the entire re-establishment of popery. Those of the Norfolk insurgents of the same year, whose political complaints were the same, do not, as far as I perceive, show any such tendency. But an historian, whose bias was certainly not unfavourable to Protestantism, confesses that all endeavours were too weak to overcome the aversion of the people towards reformation, and even intimates that German troops were sent for from Calais on account of the bigotry with which the bulk of the nation adhered to the old superstition. This is somewhat an humiliating admission, that the Protestant faith was imposed upon our ancestors by a foreign army. And as the reformers, though still the fewer, were undeniably a great and increasing party, it may be natural to inquire whether a regard to policy, as well as equitable considerations, should not have repressed still more, as it did in some measure, the zeal of Cranmer and Somerset? It might be asked whether in the acknowledged co-existence of two religions some preference were not fairly claimed for the creed which all once held, and which the greater part yet retained; whether it were becoming that the councillors of an infant king should use such violence in breaking up the ecclesiastical constitution; whether it were to be expected that a free-spirited people should see their consciences thus transferred by proclamation, and all they had learned to venerate not only torn away from them, but exposed to what they must reckon blasphemous contumely and profanation? The demolition of shrines and images, far unlike the speculative disputes of theologians, was an overt insult on every Catholic heart. Still more were they exasperated at the ribaldry which vulgar Protestants uttered against their most sacred mystery. It was found necessary in the very first act of the first Protestant parliament, to denounce penalties against such as spoke irreverently of the Sacrament, an indecency not unusual with those who held the Zwinglian opinion of that age of coarse pleasantry and unmixed invective. Nor could the people repose much confidence in the judgment and sincerity of their governors, whom they had seen submitting without outward repugnance to Henry's various schemes of religion, and whom they saw every day enriching themselves with the plunder of the Church they affected to reform. There was a sort of endowed colleges or confraternities, called Chantries, consisting

of secular priests, whose duty was to say daily masses for the founders. These were abolished and given to the king by act of parliament, in the last year of Henry and first of Edward. It was intimated in the preamble of the latter statute that these revenues should be converted to the erection of schools, the augmentation of the universities, and the sustenance of the indigent. But this was entirely neglected, and the estates fell into the hands of the courtiers. Nor did they content themselves with this escheated wealth of the Church. Almost every bishopric was spoiled by these ravenous powers in this reign, either through mere alienations, or long leases, or unequal exchanges. Exeter and Llandaff from being amongst the richest sees fell into the class of the poorest. Lichfield lost the chief part of its lands to raise an estate for Lord Paget. London, Winchester, and even Canterbury, suffered considerably. The Duke of Somerset was much beloved, yet he had given no unjust offence by pulling down some churches in order to erect Somerset House with the materials. He had even projected the demolition of Westminster Abbey, but the chapter averted this outrageous piece of rapacity, sufficient of itself to characterize that age, by the usual method, a grant of some of these estates.

"Tolerance in religion, it is well known, so unanimously admitted (at least verbally) even by theologians in the present century, was seldom considered as practicable, much less as a matter of right during the period of the reformation. The difference in this respect between the Catholics and Protestants was only in degree, and in degree there was much less difference than we are apt to believe. Persecution is the deadly original sin of the reformed Churches; that which cools every honest man's zeal for the cause in proportion as his reading becomes more extensive. The Lutheran princes and cities in Germany constantly refused to tolerate the mass as an idolatrous service, and this name of idolatry, though adopted in retaliation for that of heresy, answered the same end as the other of exciting animosity and uncharitableness. The Roman worship was equally proscribed in England. Many persons were sent to prison for hearing mass, and similar offences. The princess Mary supplicated in vain to have the exercise of her own religion at home, and Charles V. several times interested himself in her behalf; but though Cranmer and Ridley, as well as the council, would have consented to this indulgence, the young prince whose education had unhappily infused a good deal of bigotry into his mind, could not be prevailed upon to connive at such idolatry. Yet in one memorable instance he had shown a milder spirit struggling against Cranmer to save a fanatical woman from the punishment of heresy. This is a stain upon Cranmer's memory which nothing but his own death could have lightened. In men hardly escaped from a similar peril, in men who had nothing to plead but the right of private judgment, in men who had defied the prescriptive authority of past ages and of established

power, the crime of persecution assumes a far deeper hue and is capable of far less extenuation than in a Roman inquisition. Thus the death of Servetus has weighed down the name and memory of Calvin. And though Cranmer was incapable of the rancorous malignity of the German lawgiver, yet I regret to say that there is a peculiar circumstance of aggravation in his pursuing to death this woman, Joan Boucher, and a Dutchman that had been convicted of Arianism." (*Constitutional Hist.* vol. i. pp. 92-96.)

These avowals are the more valuable because even at the present day the countries most absolutely Protestant are past dispute the most intolerant. Every one is familiar with the state of religious liberty in Sweden, and how much more than a set-off it furnishes against the restrictive laws of Tuscany, which are not only mild in themselves as compared with the Swedish laws, but directed against a totally different class of offenders. But there is another inconsistency in a persecuting Protestantism, which Mr. Hallam does not fail to notice, as had been already done by Edmund Burke, when he said that a religion at once new and persecuting was a monster. A religious communion whose very reason of existence is the unrestrained right of private judgment, not only consents in nearly every instance to have its creed octroyé by the ruling power, (if we may be permitted the use of a word for which there is no exact expression in English,) but enforces the acceptance of the same creed by those who claim to exercise the very right which is supposed to be of the essence of all Protestantism. It is equivalent to saying to a man, believe what you please. Not only can we not interfere with you in this respect, not only are we unable to fetter your judgment, or command your feelings, but we should have no right to do. Private judgment is the charter of Protestantism, but we stop short there. Freedom of opinion you must have, freedom of practice is a different thing. You may be what you like to your conscience, but to us you must be what we think proper. This singular inconsistency of Protestants is a circumstance which has often been urged, and we need not say how unavailingly by others, Protestant and Catholic, before Mr. Hallam; but the great service he has rendered to truth in the present instance consists in exposing the vulgar fallacy that Protestantism in England was a spontaneous movement of the entire population, lay and clerical, in England, that it was not the creature of violence



and fraud, a mean piece of king-craft and states-craft, effected by means the most arbitrary and immoral. Every one is familiar with the reply we believe of Cicero, shortly after the publication of the Julian Calendar, to the remark of a friend that the sun would rise or set, we forget which, at a certain hour next day—*Num ex decreto?* Had the articles of a creed or confession been published, and made binding upon conscience, in China or Thibet, by the Emperor or Grand Lama, the thing would be intelligible; but it passes all comprehension, first, that a religion claiming unbounded freedom of opinion should have any dogmas; secondly, that it should endeavour to enforce their belief by penalty; and last of all, that it should accept them from the mere motion and high prerogative of the king. Indeed, so strong was the natural leaning of Anglican Protestants to arbitrary power, that it was by the profession, on the part of the Protestant clergy, of a doctrine unknown to Catholic times, the well-known absurdity of passive obedience, that our infatuated James II. was decoyed into the adoption of those ill-judged measures which wrought such ruin of the Catholic interest in his three kingdoms. This is freely acknowledged by Mr. Hallam, not that it is a question at all open to dispute, but very many quite as well aware of the circumstances as he, and making far louder professions of liberality and fairness, find it convenient to glide lightly and noiselessly over that fact and innumerable others, that do not drop in with the current of Protestant tradition as popularly credited. The following extract will place the question as to the coherence of Protestant theories with historical evidence in the clearest light. It is scarcely to be doubted that the arguments embodied in the passage we are about to quote, would be dealt with by their opponents in the same style and with like success in the present day as in the days of Elizabeth.

“The act entitled ‘for the assurance of the queen’s royal power over all estates and subjects within her dominions,’ enacts with an iniquitous and sanguinary retrospect, that all persons who had ever taken holy orders, or any degree in the universities, or had even been admitted to the practice of the law, or held any office in the executive, should be bound to take the oath of supremacy when tendered to them by a bishop, or by the Commissioner appointed under the Great Seal. The penalty for the first refusal of this oath was that of a *premunire*; but any person who, after the space of three months from the first tender, should again refuse it,



when in like manner tendered, incurred the pains of high treason. The oath of supremacy was imposed by the statute on every member of the House of Commons, but could not be tendered to a peer, the queen declaring her full confidence in these hereditary councillors. Several peers, of great might and dignity, were still Catholics.

"This harsh statute did not pass without opposition. Two speeches against it which have been preserved, one by Lord Montague, in the House of Lords, the other by Mr. Atkinson, in the Commons, breathe such generous abhorrence of persecution, as some erroneously imagine to have been unknown to that age, because we rarely meet with it in theological writings. 'This law,' says Lord Montague, 'is not necessary; forasmuch as the Catholics of this realm disturb not, nor hinder the public affairs of the realm, neither spiritual nor temporal. They dispute not, they preach not, they disobey not the Queen; they cause no trouble nor tumults among the people, so that no man can say that the realm doth receive any hurt or damage by them. They have brought into the realm no novelties in doctrine or religion. This being true, and evident as it is, indeed there is no necessity why any new law should be made against them. And where there is no sore, nor grief, medicines are superfluous and also hurtful and dangerous.' 'I do entreat,' he says afterwards, 'whether it be just to make this penal statute, to force the subjects to receive and believe the religion of protestants on pain of death. This, I say, to be a thing most unjust, for that it is repugnant to the natural liberty of man's understanding. For understanding may be persuaded, but not forced.' And further on, 'It is an easy thing to understand that a thing so unjust and so contrary to all reason and liberty of man, cannot be put in execution but with great incommodity and difficulty. For what man is there so without courage and stomach, and void of all honour, that can consent and agree to receive an opinion and new religion by force and compulsion, or will swear that he thinketh the contrary to what he thinketh? To be still and dissemble may be borne and suffered for a time—to keep his reckoning with God alone; but to be compelled to lie, and to swear, or else to die, therefore, are things that no man ought to suffer and endure. And it is to be feared, rather than to die, they will ask how to defend themselves; whereby should ensue the contrary of what every good prince and well advised commonwealth ought to seek and pretend, that is, to keep their kingdom and government in peace.'" —pp. 116-117.

There is undoubtedly a great deal of curious and valuable learning in the introduction to the history of literature, and the same character of style and temper are observable in it, that we find in Mr. Hallam's other works. It is

unnecessary to say that it partakes of the same defects and from like reasons. Nor must we cease to bear in mind that it is merely an introduction to the history of the literature of those times, and that spreading over an immense extent of time and space, it very often loses in depth what it has gained in surface. A great many facts, however, which deserve to be known, and are not generally acknowledged, we here find brought out with considerable distinctness, and the inference from these facts as they stand in the introduction to the *History of Literature* is irresistible, although it is not always set out in terms by the author. The labours of the monks during the Middle Ages, to which alone we are indebted for all that we possess of ancient or modern literature, have been vindicated in works especially directed to that end, and the malevolent or stupid stories put in circulation by Robertson, and others of equal authority, regarding their ignorance of everything they ought to know, have been sufficiently dealt with by eminent writers of the present day, amongst whom Mr. Maitland is honourably conspicuous. He has taken up the old odd ends, garbled from out of the way-books, and by the very simple magic of restoring them to their places, has quite changed the aspect of many a tale of ignorance and superstition. The celebrated passage from Robertson, for instance, regarding the whole duty of man, as said to be set forth by St. Eligius, is one of the most remarkable specimens of dishonest quotation, that has fallen within the experience of any student of history. St. Eloi was first restored to his good name by Dr. Lingard. Mr. Maitland afterwards bestowed commendable pains upon this same chapter of ecclesiastic literary history. Hallam, though not in the history of literature, makes, it would seem to us, a rather constrained and qualified recognition of Dr. Lingard's success in that particular; but what we wish to say at the present moment is, that we are less concerned about questions of that class, as they have been specially handled in this *Journal* and elsewhere, with more than sufficient ability. There is, however, a position of our own, maintained in a former paper, without any reference to Mr. Hallam's views, which receives such a remarkable confirmation from a passage in the *Introduction to the History of Literature*, that it may be well to notice it slightly. The revival of letters, as every one knows, was quickly

followed by the Reformation. Protestants are not to be blamed for endeavouring to connect the two events; and nothing is more fashionable, or more current with them than the assertion that the present flourishing condition of literature, as far as it can be said to flourish, is ascribable to Protestantism, or as they understand it, to the repudiation of authority. The steadiest advocate of Protestant enlightenment, admits the revival to have preceded the Reformation, but we affirm that the revival was interrupted, obstructed, and almost defeated by that event. We held, and attempted to show that, as Leo X, the Medici, Vida, Sannazaro, Erasmus, Reuchlin, More, Fisher, and very many others, whom we need not call to mind, constituted the first race of restorers; so, the Jesuits, and they alone, began the second era of revival, after the black and barbarous judaism, settling down upon the fairest portion of Europe, amid war and rapine, and sights of death, and charred roof trees, and naked fields, had been either confined to its present limits, or mitigated by even the remote influence of returning civilization. We maintained, that, apart from the question, as to what men of genius may have been arrayed on each side of the great controversies then agitated, the weight of learning was altogether on the side of Catholic literature, and we now call a witness of the fact, the more valuable in this instance, as he seems rather more reluctant than usual.

“ The first effects of the great religious schism in Germany were not favourable to classical literature. An all-absorbing subject left neither relish nor leisure for human studies. Those who had made the greatest advances in learning were themselves generally involved in theological controversies, and in some countries had to encounter either personal suffering, on account of their opinions, or at least the jealousy of a Church that hated the advance of knowledge. The knowledge of Greek and Hebrew was always liable to the suspicions of heterodoxy. In Italy, where classical antiquity was the chief object, this dread of learning could not subsist. But few learned much of Greek in those parts of Europe without some reference to theology, especially in the grammatical interpretation of the Scriptures. In those parts which embraced the Reformation a still more threatening danger arose from the distempered fanaticism of its adherents. Men who interpreted the Scripture by the Spirit could not think human learning of much value in religion, and they were as little likely to perceive any other value it could possess. There seemed, indeed, a considerable peril, that through the authority of Carlostadt, or even of Luther,

the lessons of Crocus or Mosellanus would be totally forgotten."  
—*Liter.* vol. i. pp. 341-2.

Such having been the immediate effect of the Reformation upon the progress of polite literature in Germany, a subsequent chapter in the third volume shows us what was the state of classical literature in the same country, and in various parts of the same country a century later.

"The state of literature in a general sense had become deteriorated throughout the Empire. This was most perceptible, or perhaps only perceptible in its most learned provinces, those which had embraced the reformation. In the opposite quarter there had been little to lose and something was gained. In the first period of the reformation the Catholic universities, governed by men whose prejudices were insuperable even by appealing to their selfishness, had kept still in the same track, educating their students in the barbarous logic and literature of the Middle Ages, careless that every method was employed in Protestant education, to direct and develop the talents of youth; and this had given the manifest intellectual superiority which taught the disciples and contemporaries of the first reformers a contempt for the stupidity and ignorance of the popish party somewhat exaggerated in opinion, as such sentiments generally are, but dangerous above measure to its influence. It was therefore one of the first great services which the Jesuits performed to get possession of the universities, or to found other seminaries for education. In short, they discarded the barbarous school-books then in use, put the rudimentary study of the languages on a better footing, devoted themselves for the sake of religion to those accomplishments which religion had hitherto disdained; and by giving a taste for elegant literature with as much solid and scientific philosophy as the knowledge of the times and the prejudices of the church would allow, both wiped away the reproach of ignorance and drew forth the native talents of their novices and scholars. They taught gratuitously, which threw, however unreasonably, a sort of discredit upon salaried professors; it was found that boys learned more from them in six months than in two years under any other master, and probably for both these reasons, even Protestants sometimes withdrew their children from the ordinary gymnasia and placed them in Jesuit colleges. No one will deny that in their classical knowledge, particularly of the Latin language, and the elegance with which they wrote it, the order of Jesuits might stand in competition with any scholars of Europe. In this period of the sixteenth century, though not perhaps in Germany, they produced several of the best writers whom it could boast."—*Literature*, vol. ii. 25-6.

There is, it will be perceived, no small amount of loose and jaunty assertion in these short passages, which there is  
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no occasion to point out, as it is not our purpose to deal with it at the present moment, but the facts are there, and what is more to the point, supported by their authority, which the assertions are not. Another delicate matter handled by the author in the course of the introduction is the subject of casuistry, and the everlasting question of regicide or tyrannicide as connected with it. This subject too, engaged our own attention at a recent period, and in many particulars we are glad to find that the views we endeavoured to maintain are identical with those of Mr. Hallam. He is of course more severe upon the casuists than is at all necessary, and says as many ill-natured things as might be expected under the circumstances, without noticing very much what has been urged in their defence. He however enters with considerable fullness into the question of the political doctrines ascribed to the Jesuits, amongst others on the subject of regicide, and gives a rather lengthy and not unfair analysis of the celebrated book of Mariana, dedicated, singularly enough, to Philip III., in which the doctrine of tyrannicide is described with very great freedom, but as Mr. Hallam remarks, as a social and political question merely. When we touched upon the subject ourselves, we maintained, as we still do, that whatever blame attaches to the doctrine, which now is at most an idle speculation, neither the Jesuits nor any Catholic writers incur the principal responsibility. But at the time these treatises were written it could not be said they resembled the rhetorical disputations we find in some editions of Quintilian, where the question of tyrannicide was discussed by school-boys without obstruction in the most arbitrary period of the Roman empire. Protestant writers were the first to propound those theories, and Protestants were the people to push them to their extreme consequences. We then quoted Luther, Beza, Knox, Stephanus, Junius Brutus Celta, believed later to have been Herbert, Lanquet, Buchanan, and Milton. Mr. Hallam, after speaking of the impulse given to extreme democratic opinions by the close study of the ancient authors, goes on to assign other reasons why the reformers have cause to be democrats and something more.

"Neither of these considerations," he says, "which affected only the patient scholar, struck so powerfully upon the public mind as the free spirit engendered by the reformation, and especially the judaising

leaders of the early Protestants, those at least of the Calvinistic school which sought for precedents and models in the old testament, and delighted to recount how the tribes of Israel had fallen away from Rehoboam, how the Maccabees had repelled the Syrians, and how Eglon had been smitten by the dagger of Ehud."—Lit. ii. 132.

He next passes in review the Franco-Gallia of Hotto-man, and the *Vindiciæ contra tyrannos* of Lanquet, in which latter we find "the stern spirit of judaical Huguenotism." The *Contr'Un* of La Boétie is next noticed, but this last, a Catholic, although we lay no great stress upon the circumstance, does not go the length of recommending death or deposition, but simply a falling away from the tyrant who shall thus be suffered to die of inanition. Poynet on *Politique* power is next noticed—Poynet had been bishop of Winchester under Edward VI., and he states in his treatise published in 1558, and reprinted in 1642, "that the manifold and continual examples that have been from time to time of the deposing of kings and killing of tyrants do most certainly confirm it to be most true, just, and consonant to God's judgment." Further on he adds, that "Tyrannicide is no private law to a few or certain people, but common to all, not written in books but grafted in the hearts of men, not made by men, but ordained of God, which we have not learned, received, or read, but have rather sucked and drawn it out of nature whereunto we are not taught but made, not instructed but reasoned." Mr. Hallam too very fairly states the case as between Mariana and Buchanan, the former of whom makes certain formal procedures of warning, and the concurrent opinion of the good and many other conditions indispensably precedent to tyrannicide; the latter, of whom simply states in reply to his own question, whether any one of mankind may not inflict on a tyrant all the penalties of war: "I observe that all nations have been of that opinion, for Theba is extolled for having killed her husband and Timoleon for his brother's and Cassius for his son's death." The observation of Mr. Hallam, to which we are most disposed to take exception, is that in which he says that the strong spirit of party attachment in the Jesuit order reckons it hardly uncandid to reckon among its general tenets whatever was taught by its most conspicuous members. It is certainly not uncandid upon the part of the author, but it is not true to affirm that the society assumed, we do not say



the technical, but the moral responsibility of every doctrine put forward by any of its members, no matter how eminent. The Jesuits never had a school of theology or philosophy distinguished by any peculiar teachings, or differing in any way from the general reason of the Church upon these matters, although they have been always held accountable, without as much notice as has been given by our author, for every syllable, no matter how hasty or unadvised, that may have been written or uttered by a member of their body.

We shall offer one extract more as a sample of the spirit in which the author deals with another period in the history of literature, another stamp of men, and different description of writing. We notice it in a great measure because it has found its way into one of those cheap railway volumes that fall into the hands of so many, and in this instance is compiled of sketches and characters taken from the introduction to the *History of Literature*. It is in reference to Bossuet.

"Both Arnaud and Nicole were eclipsed by the most distinguished and successful advocate of the Catholic Church, Bossuet. His '*Exposition de la foi Catholique*,' was written in 1668 for the use of two brothers of the Dangeau family; but having been communicated to Turenne, the most eminent Protestant that remained in France, it contributed much to his conversion. It was published in 1671; and though enlarged from the first sketch does not exceed eighty pages in octavo. Nothing can be more precise, more clear, or more free from all circuitry and detail than this little book; everything is put in the most specious light; the authority of the ancient Church recognised at least nominally by the majority of Protestants is alone kept in sight. Bossuet limits himself to doctrines established by the Council of Trent, leaving out of the discussion not only all questionable points, but what is perhaps less fair, all rites and usages, however general or sanctioned by the regular discipline of the Church, except so far as formally approved by that council. Hence he glides with a transient step over the invocation of saints and worship of images, but presses with his usual dexterity on the accusations and weak concessions of his antagonists. The Calvinists, or some of them, had employed a jargon of words about the real presence, which he exposes with admirable brevity and vigour. Nor does he gain less advantage in favour of tradition and Church authority from the assumption of somewhat similar claims by the same party. It has often been alleged that the exposition of Bossuet was not well received by many on his own side. And for this there seems to be some foundation, though the Protestant con-



troversialists have made too much of the fact. It was published at Rome in 1678, and approved in the most formal manner by Innocent XI. the next year. But it must have been perceived to separate the faith of the Church as it rested on dry propositions from the same faith living and embodied in the every day worship of the people.

"Bossuet was now the acknowledged champion of the Roman Church in France; Claude was in equal pre-eminence on the other side. These great adversaries had a regular conference in 1678. Mlle. de Duras, a protestant lady, like most others of her rank, at that time was wavering about religion, and in her presence the dispute was carried on. It entirely rested upon Church authority. The arguments of Bossuet differ only from those which have often been adduced, by the spirit and conciseness with which he presses them. We have his own account, which of course gives himself the victory. It was almost as much, of course, that the lady was converted; for it is seldom that a woman can withstand the popular argument on that side, when she has once gone far enough to admit the possibility of its truth by giving it a hearing. Yet Bossuet deals in sophisms, which, though always in the mouths of those that call themselves orthodox, are contemptible to such as know facts as well as logic. 'I urged,' he says, 'in a few words, what presumption it was to believe that we can better understand the word of God than all the rest of the Church, and that nothing could thus prevent there being as many religions as persons.' But there can be no presumption that we can understand, anything better than one who has never examined it at all, and if this rest of the Church, so magnificently brought forward, have commonly acted on Bossuet's principle, and thought it presumptuous to judge for themselves; if out of many millions of persons, few only have deliberately reasoned on religion, and the rest have been like true zeros, nothing in themselves; if also, as is most frequently the case, this presumptuousness is not the assertion of a paradox or novelty, but the preference of one denomination of Christians, or of one tenet maintained by respectable authority, to another, we can only scorn the emptiness, as well as resent the effrontery, of the common place that rings so often in our ears. Certainly reason is so far from condemning a deference to the judgment of the wise and good, that nothing is more irrational than to neglect it; but when this is claimed for those whom we need not believe to be wiser or better than ourselves, nay, sometimes whom, without vain glory, we may esteem less, and that so as to set aside the real authority of the most philosophical, unbiassed, and judicious of mankind, it is not pride or presumption, but a sober use of our faculties that rejects the jurisdiction.

"Bossuet once more engaged in a similar discussion about 1691. Among the German Lutherans there seems to have been for a long time a lurking notion that on some terms or other a reconciliation with the Church of Rome could be effected; and this was most

countenanced in the dominions of Brunswick, and above all, in the university of Helmstadt—Leibnitz himself, and Molanus, a Lutheran divine, were the negotiators on that side with Bossuet. The treaty, for such it was apparently understood to be, was conducted by writing, and when we read these papers on both sides, nothing is more remarkable than the tone of superiority which the Catholic plenipotentiary, if such he could be deemed, without power from anybody but himself, has thought fit to assume. No concession is offered, no tenet explained away; the sacramental cup to the laity, and a permission to the Lutheran clergy, already married, to retain their wives after their re-ordination, is all that he holds forth; and in this doubtless he could have had no authority from Rome. Bossuet could not veil his haughty countenance, and his language is that of asperity and contemptuousness, instead of that of moderation; he dictates terms of surrender, as to a besieged city, when the breach is already penetrated, and hardly deigns to show his clemency by granting the smallest favour to the garrison. It is curious to see the strained constructions, the artifices of silence, to which Molanus has recourse in order to make out some pretence for his ignominious surrender. Leibnitz, with whom the correspondence broke off, in 1693, and was renewed again in 1699, seems not quite so yielding as the other, and the last biographer of Bossuet suspects that the German philosopher was insincere or taciturn in the negotiation. If this were so he must have entered upon it less of his own account than to satisfy the Princess Sophia, who, like many of her family, had been a little wavering, till our act of settlement became a true settlement to their faith.

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“The warfare of the Roman Church may be carried on either in a series of conflicts on the various doctrines whereon the Reformers separated from her, or in a pitched battle on the main question of a conclusive authority somewhere in the Church. Bossuet’s temper, as well as his inferiority in original learning, led him in preference to the latter system of the classical strategy. It was also manifestly that course of argument which was most likely to persuade the unlearned. He followed up the blow which he had already struck against Claude, in his famous work upon the variations of the Protestant Churches. Never did his genius find a subject more fit to display his characteristic impetuosity, its arrogance, or its cutting and merciless spirit of sarcasm. The weaknesses, the inconsistent evasions, the extravagances of Luther, Zwingle, Calvin, and Beza, pass one after another before us, till these great reformers seem like victim prisoners, to be hewn down by the indignant prophet. That Bossuet is candid in statement, or even faithful in quotation, I should much doubt; he gives the words of his adversaries in his own French, and the references are not made to any specified edition of their volumi-

nous writings. The main point, as he contends it to be, that the Protestant Churches (for he does not confine this to persons,) fluctuated much in the sixteenth century, is sufficiently proved; but it remained to show that this was a reproach. Those who have taken a different view from Bossuet may perhaps think that a little more of the censure would have been well incurred, that they have varied too little rather than too much; and that it is far more difficult even in controversy with the Church of Rome, to withstand the inference which their long creeds and confessions, as well as the language, too common with their theologians, have furnished to her more ancient and Catholic claim of infallibility, than to vindicate those successive variations, which are the necessary course of human reason on all other subjects. The essential fallacy of Romanism, that truth must ever exist visibly on earth, is implied in the whole strain of Bossuet's attack on the variances of Protestantism; it is evident that variances of opinion prove error somewhere, but unless it can be shown that we can have any certain method of excluding it, this should only lead us to be more indulgent to the judgment of others and less confident of our own. The notion of an intrinsic moral criminality in religious error is at the root of the whole argument, and till Protestants are well rid of this there seems no secure mode of withstanding the effect which the vast weight of authority, asserted by the Latin Church, even where it has not the aid of the Eastern, must produce on timid and scrupulous minds." (vol. iv. 24-7.)

This passage is not a little characteristic. Can any one at all familiar with the literature of the period recognize the great Bossuet in the writer described by Mr. Hallam, in this man deficient in original learning, this mere stringer of words, this professional wrestler, who fights for victory without a heart and without a cause? We look upon it as in the last degree improbable that Mr. Hallam has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the least voluminous of Bossuet's works. He has probably never read a line of his pastoral sermons, or his correspondence with religious ladies, of his Latin treatises, of his controversy with Fénelon, of his history of France, or other works of smaller or greater bulk, in all of which the richness of learning and profuseness of illustration from the most remote sources are nearly overpowering: but one is certainly tempted to smile at the author's expression of contempt for an argument of Bossuet, which he is pleased to call commonplace, while his own style of meeting it is one of the most off-hand pieces of dogmatism, as well as the flimsiest attempt at reason we ever remember to have

noticed. It is however a stroke at authority and therefore cannot come amiss. The next best thing to a sound argument is a dexterous begging of the question, or clever appropriation of a word without waiting to fix its meaning, for under the circumstances it is impossible to avoid defeating your adversary as you insist upon his being understood. It is plain that in the present instance the whole question would turn upon the definition of the word church, not in a popular sense, but for the purpose of the inquiry; and yet Mr. Hallam tacitly assumes that he and Bossuet are agreed upon the meaning of that most obscure word, though in saying it was presumption for any man to set up his opinion against that of the universal Church, Bossuet spoke *ex abundantia juris*, for surely if the representatives of the nation do for certain purposes constitute the nation itself, surely the consent of all that was great and learned and holy in the visible Church is an authority sufficiently imposing, if not to be resisted without presumption, at least to secure from absolute contempt the man who relies upon it in preference to his own, or ours, or Mr. Hallam's wisdom. However the presence of authority especially in spirituals pursues and oppresses the author to the last, and we think it is greatly to be feared he would see without much regret the fathers, Greek and Latin, as far removed from overawing liberty of thought as the last decades of Livy or Sir Isaac Newton's famous manuscripts. Better of course for the interest of Protestantism it were so.

The evident zest too with which Mr. Hallam remarks that our Act of Settlement was the only effectual settler of the religious doubts of the house of Hanover, is striking in one who deprecates interference with conscientious convictions; but if it were allowable to quiet the conscience of the house of Hanover after this fashion, there can be no objection to applying the same process to the nation of England. A bribe, a disqualification, or a penalty, represent the same principle as the thumb-screw or the halter, and it is difficult to say which is more oppressive or immoral. We know indeed that Mr. Hallam does not mean to follow out to its most remote inferences every smart thing he says for effect, and we also know that wherever his strong mind and fair judgment release him in any degree from the prejudices of his school, it is so much pure gain to us. In this way our gain is very considerable, as may

be inferred from the few extracts we have been able to copy into the present paper. That these volumes are not altogether faithful, we consider very much the misfortune, and everything taken into account, not much the fault of Mr. Hallam. They can, notwithstanding, always be used with profit by the accurate and inquiring student of history, who has books of reference within reach, and a wholesome suspicion that will force him to make use of them. We believe altogether that Mr. Hallam has in numerous instances promoted the cause of truth, and that the inquiries he has suggested will lead to investigations of still greater importance. Even as it stands, no one now says, as a matter of course, that in the middle ages all monks were idle, ignorant, and immoral, all bishops arrogant and wicked, all popes monsters, all kings scarce better; no books to be had for love or money, no parchment to work upon, or pens to write with, no tincture of letters, and no honour to science: that slavery, idolatry, and popery lay equally heavy upon the entire world, and that all human liberty and progress were in the womb of the revolution of 1688.

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ART. VI.—*The Lover's Seat; Kathemerina, or Common Things in Relation to Beauty, Virtue, and Truth.* By KENELM HENRY DIGBY. London: Longman and Co. 1856. •

WE can, unfortunately, do little more at present than introduce this beautiful work to the notice of our readers;—and yet it is not easy to do justice to any of Mr. Digby's books in a few words, and least of all perhaps to this.

He has taken for its subject an idea hard to be translated, (like some of the foundation words of our language,) yet universally intelligible. This idea he has expanded with great originality of thought, illustrated by inexhaustible variety of imagery, and traced through all its manifestations; and he has thus produced a charming and most original work. We should best describe it as a hymn of thanksgiving for all those common blessings by

which we are surrounded, inestimable as the air we breathe, and like it, common, priceless, given freely, and unmarked except by its loss. Perhaps we might more justly compare it to a chorus of praise; or to the song of early birds, so many and so sweet are the voices that join in it.

There was never such a master of quotation as Mr. Digby. Theologians and doctors, philosophers and poets, novels, ballads, plays, all are at his command. Books with which we are familiar render up strong and quaint sentences, apt to the purpose, but which we seem to have overlooked; new names are introduced, and we exclaim, "Beautiful! how is it I have not heard of this writer before?" In former works Mr. Digby has not hesitated to avail himself of all the stores which his great knowledge as a linguist have laid open to him; in this, as being more in accordance with the purpose of the work, he has restricted himself to the rich stores of our "common" language. Abundant indeed they are; and wonderful, as well as charming, is the wealth of thought and fancy which he has extracted from them. Still more wonderful is his perfect mastery over these (most lawful) "spoils" of his great reading. They blend so easily with a rich style of writing that suits all styles; they lend themselves so readily to illustrate the "*one*" strong thought he means to carry out. Their variety of tone is made so available, yet so subservient to the one grand idea of the author's mind, that we scarce feel these quotations to be foreign; they seem to form one chord under the hand of a master; one rainbow of tints, under whose splendour the simple and deep thought of the author receives a development at which we are astonished. There should, however, be nothing in this to surprise those who have considered the working of one fixed and true principle in the human mind,—how prolific and vigorous a root it is,—like its prototype in nature, bearing at once the firm stem and the lovely flower.

But we are digressing more into a consideration of Mr. Digby's works in general, (which have been long before the public,) than of the one we particularly mean to recommend to our readers. The one idea proposed in it is not novel to Catholics, or new to Mr. Digby's readers. In the early days when the recent convert delighted to throw the blaze of his new faith upon his old heroic passion, and wrote of "chivalry" as of the very pride and flower of Catholicism, still amidst its pomps its



enologist sought a resting-place in what was humble, simple, "COMMON." "Chivalry," he wrote in his *Godfredus*,\* "is humble, and it detests the attendants upon exaltation; it prefers the lowest place and the simplest lodgings; it prefers service to command; it wishes to join the chorus of admirers, not to be the object of its praise."

The "Ages of Faith," the most beautiful perhaps of this series of writings, are full of the same feeling. "Christianity," we are told, "had renewed the face of the earth, and had reconciled men to nature." "Love for the divine offices was an evidence of the simple and noble manners which belong to a course of life in harmony with nature's laws." "Wherever the Catholic Church has children, there must be peace, since love is the spirit which distinguishes them."

Again, in the *Compitum*:†

"In the forest of the church all trees and shrubs, the lofty and the low, the rich and the scantily furnished, grow up together side by side; and instead of injuring, assist, support, and nourish one another, in the rare union of what belongs to every climate, and the beauty of an earthly Paradise, in which God, as of old, may be said to walk with man... ..To little purpose would the bitter thoughts connected with the separation of nations have been removed, if those arising from difference of degree and condition had been suffered to remain, which, though within lesser confines, would operate as fatally to impede the action of love, which is what best, and indeed alone satisfies the human heart.....The ancient sages, who 'thought equality alone was that which suited with their deepest grasp of heavenly society,' sought in vain for the results which Catholicity produces. If that rule prevailed,—while degree would be preserved according to the will of nature, that is of God,—the obstructions springing from it would be levelled, because humility is the chief of all its virtues. A spirit, then, which tends to level whatever would oppose it, not with the Democrat's rude tyranny, but by diffusing meekness and condescendingness of heart, will naturally attract all those who pursue this road prompted by affection for mankind; and this holy love they will find lies at the core of all the fruit which is gathered within the enclosure of the Catholic Church. ....Rauk is necessary, no one of sane mind can question it,—but what is to be thought of the separations and absence of all fellowship which some men deduce from this necessary institution?... ..And now, reader, pause a moment and remark what multitudes are pass-

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\* P. 106.

† Book III. p. 65.



ing like ourselves along this road, who are all seeking the cheerful thoughts, and easy joyful manners which can only be obtained by proceeding on it to the very end, at the Catholic Church. Do you ask who these are? Certainly they are not those who ask each morning, is this great personage or that, in town, in order that they may speed to visit him, as if the day had no higher occupation;.....Certainly youth, at all events, as we observed on its especial path, would rather that manners were so ordered, that all members of the human family could associate together at times on equal terms, that all could act and speak, on every occasion, like sons and daughters of a common parent, that all could even practise in some manner the same corporal labours, which have a natural attraction of their own, as poor Prince Arthur witnesseth, saying, if he kept sheep he would be as merry as the day is long. To observe the rich and the select few, as the world fashions them, among joyous innocent people of the common sort, is not a spectacle to fire any generous and noble nature with a desire of resembling them. Smiles and careless merriments are more likely to be at its command than any jealous longings, when the exquisite distinctions of rank are punctiliously maintained. Youth, whose sentiments, as we before observed, furnish a great indication of what truth suggests, will generally, as we also remarked on another road, try as much as possible to conceal its being of the number of the few, when born among them, in order to feel itself more unreservedly, in heart at least, one of the unfettered many."

So far the virtues of simplicity, lowliness, joy, and love, are enforced as strictly Catholic. In the present work the author strives to take a lower, a more "common" ground; he is content to set aside (only, however, from time to time, and partially) divine charity, the well-spring of *all* love; he is seeking its lowliest effects, in those human affections which are its most widely diffused and "common" blessing; he considers the world with the eye of a "lover;" in other words, with the feelings which a fresh, warm, innocent, human heart might naturally entertain; and here, taking up his stand against hardness of heart, fastidiousness of taste, and pride—whether of wealth, or station, or personal reserve—he endeavours with the most playful and persuasive sweetness to win us from these last remaining strongholds of exclusiveness. We will not undertake to say that the author has not occasionally laid himself open to misconstruction by a too strict adherence to his plan; by somewhat too carefully limiting his view within the sphere of "*natural*" virtue. Now and then his Catholic readers will miss the high tone to which he,

beyond most writers, has accustomed them. We will give him the benefit of his own apology.

"We hope we shall not deserve the frown of the ingenuous for our innocent intentions; our design being only to imitate the practice of bending a crooked stick as much the other way to straighten it, and if by this verge to the other extreme we can bring the opinionative, confident, and transcendental thinkers but half the way, viz. that discreet, modest equipoise of judgment, and that union of the supernatural with the natural, the unusual with the common, that become the sons of Adam, we shall have compassed what we aimed at."—*Lover's Seat*, p. 68.

As might be supposed, there were some difficulties to be avoided when treating of religion as a common sentiment, a common blessing under whose sweet sanction all innocent natural pleasure might take root unproved; this is true in one sense, and that the sense most in conformity with the author's plan; yet perhaps there should have been a little more caution in some phrases that *seem* to trench upon the ascetic doctrines of the Church. Even while making this admission, we must add that we should be sorry to miss anything of the force and vigour of our author's attack upon the sour fanatical spirit which spoils so many a home, ruins so many a youthful nature;—the spirit of those who, as our author says, "Fretful, suspicious, jealous, can let nothing take its course:"—

"What place is secret to these meddling few  
Whose trade is settling what we all shall do?"—

a spirit, moreover, against which we Catholics shall some day be obliged to make strong protest. But in general, controversy, and what may give rise to it, are avoided in this book, of which it seems truly the purpose to brighten up like a ray of sunshine the daily life and daily scenes around us, showing by many a pretty descriptive touch how little we have need to roam in order to enjoy the sweetest effects of nature; advocating humanity in its full meaning, awakening in our hearts love of our poor neighbours, by sympathy with their goodness, their quaint humour, their genial kindness; entering heartily into their hearty gaiety; delineating with great delicacy the excellence of the common type of the manly and womanly character, unspoiled by pedantry or affected singularity; vindicating the foundation of solid virtue which God has mercifully left us, and of which we seldom think,

(although without it no society could endure for a day,) and deprecating, with playful lightness, an extreme sensitiveness to the evils or miseries of society. By degrees we are thus led to consider the "common mind" in its relation to religion. With admirable skill, while preserving the playful uncontroversial tone of the work, the author shows how the requirements of the human race in its ordinary type—hard-working, kind-hearted, simple-minded—are met by the Catholic religion; how unerringly the instincts of the heart of man, if unperverted, unbewildered by sophistry, would lead it into the one only universal Church. We are sorry not to do more justice to this part of the work, which is truly admirable. One extract will show the idea, although by no means the full beauty with which it is carried out.

"And here one is naturally led to consider how excellent are common thoughts for requiring a religion, that while providing well for the exceptional few, would be fit, in every respect, for the undistinguished many. Now we must remember the fact, that, in the estimation of those few, the many, or majority of our fellow creatures, are not 'respectable.' There is no use in mincing matters; that is the plain truth. They are anything but what is called respectable; they are exactly what is contrary to it in all relations. So, however, extremes may meet in it. The religion invoked by common thoughts must be suitable to the physiological state, to the social position, to the manners, habits, and thoughts of such undistinguished people. For instance, its favours and advantages must be as accessible to the mechanic as to the prince; its doors must open as readily to the fustian jacket as to the gold chain, to the cotton gown as to the robe of velvet. Then they must open at hours when the majority can come, though the 'respectable' may not wish to come. It must have men to administer and conduct it who can be seen and talked to at all hours by pulling a bell, without any fear of the servant to shut the door in the face of the public, represented by some working boy or old labourer; it must be fit for the kind of people that are not too distinguished to do what others do,—though it were carrying a palm-branch in the street—or too wise and absorbed in the beauty of abstract truth to despise a solemn and beautiful rite; it must be fit for ignorant people, who must take much on trust, without forfeiting common sense for doing so; fit for simple people, who can understand a blessing, but not the having to pay for it; fit for busy people, who must rise early and cannot wait till eleven to do what may be required of them in the way of religious observances; fit for hard-worked people who want recreation on a Sunday both to body and mind, and sanction for taking it at

proper hours. All this, and many other things of the same kind, quite unnecessary for 'respectable' people, the common thought of mankind would suggest, as being required in a religion that was to have the suffrages of the common majority composed of persons who have no carriage to come to church in, no dinners in petto, or dainty presents to ensure civil treatment, no fear of being thought low to render any hours or practices self-interdicted, no learning to chose their teachers by,—no rental to pay proctors for a licence,—no time in working-hours to spare from their occupations ; in short, it must be a religion however adapted to the great,—that will be fit for people who are neither rich, nor influential, nor learned, nor idle, nor 'respectable.' For requiring a religion of this kind, it seems to me that common thoughts are best."—p. 270.

Passing easily from this common view of religion to a consideration of that charity which has made it thus common to all hearts and all necessities, our author continues :—

"What is love ? Ask him who lives, replies a poet, what is life ? But if we associate with the few and the distinguished, seeking singularity by the violence and definite clearness of their opinions, parties, and banners, the interval between us and its influence will be wide indeed. Alas ! how often it is so in the world, disdainful of the poor 'Lover's seat !' Hear the complaint of one victim, 'With a spirit ill fitted to sustain such proof,' says a great genius, 'trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have everywhere sought sympathy, and have found only repulse and disappointment.' There are many such forsaken, wrecked intelligences seeking rest, perhaps in the cloud, in the thunder, in the whirlwind, as if fearing to trust, because it seems so common, so suspected as congenial with the air of the 'Lover's Seat,' the still small voice that whispers to us all we sigh after."—p. 334.

This passage introduces a few pages upon the virtue of toleration, not that only which the law enforces, acting the praiseworthy, but somewhat stern personage of a policeman in a brawl, but that indulgent sweetness of spirit, which the patient and deep-hearted will learn from every consideration, whether of divine charity or of charitable prudence. This, with a few poetic sentences of leave-taking, concludes the work, to which we have given a longer notice than our time or space affords, but still far shorter than it merits.

ART. VII.—(1) *The Youthful Martyrs of Rome.* A Christian Drama, adapted from “*Fabiola, or the Church of the Catacombs.*” By the Very Rev. FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A. Formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London : Burns and Lambert. 1856.

(2) *Callista, a Sketch of the Third Century.* London : Burns and Lambert. 1856.

SOUTHEY, in the autobiographical fragment prefixed to his Memoirs, tells us that, when he was a child, he thought it was “the easiest thing in the world to write a play;” for “you know,” said he, “you have only to think what you would say if you were in the place of the characters, and to make them say it.” The rule is an excellent one, but, like many other excellent rules, its difficulty lies in the application. It is not every one who can “think what he would say if he were in the place of the characters.”

In the adaptation of a tale to the dramatic form this difficulty of course does not exist, or at least is found in a far less degree than in original dramatic composition. In the former case the work of invention is in great measure already done; it only remains to change narrative into action, and to make the actors exhibit in their own persons what the novelist has described as their sayings and doings.

There are some writers, too, whose very narrative is itself a drama. Not to speak of mere writers of fiction, Thierry, Lamartine, Thiers, and most of all, Michelet, have introduced into their historical compositions many scenes and sketches which hardly need a touch in order to convert them into drama. The same is true of many other histories and biographies which we could name. As for novels, properly so called, there is hardly one of that countless swarm which unhappily forms the staple of popular modern literature, especially in France, that attains to anything approaching to success, without being reproduced in dramatic form almost before the original sheets are dry from the press.

In works of this ephemeral class, however, the interest lies entirely or principally in the mere story; and the labour of adaptation consists mainly in transforming

the written picture of the novelist or historian into a *tableau vivant*, with suitable accompaniments of scenery and decoration. But it is not so in that higher class of fiction, which ventures beyond those

“bounds

Of less exalted consciousness, through which  
The very multitude is free to range.”

Fiction of this better school, and especially Sacred Fiction in all its varieties, is proverbially full of difficulty. When a writer passes from the things of every day life;—when he places the interest of his story among the deeper sources of feeling, and draws its lesson from the more sacred springs of thought, there needs no common skill to deal with the subject as with the ordinary topics of the novelist; to group together into an outward picture thoughts and motives of which we are hardly conscious even to ourselves, and as it were to bring before the eye in a visible form

“The inward principles that give effect  
To outward argument.”

And the difficulty which has always been felt in creating among ordinary readers a lively and sustained interest in narrative when the subject is purely religious, must be felt in a much higher degree in the attempt to reconstruct such a narrative in the form of a popular drama.

Canon Oakeley, therefore, in his little drama of “The Youthful Martyrs of Rome,” has subjected the story of *Fabiola*, charming as it is in the historical form, to an ordeal even more severe than that which is inevitable in every religious tale of fiction; and it reflects the greatest credit both upon his own skill as a dramatic writer, and on the merit of the original on which he had to work, that, with a subject in many respects so far removed from all the ordinary sources of interest, he has produced a drama not only perfectly natural and effective, but replete with tenderness and high poetic beauty.

The great value of “*Fabiola*,” it is true, consists in the vividness, the completeness, and the truth of the picture which it presents of the early Christian life. What the *Waverley Novels* and their imitators have done for modern and mediæval history, “*Fabiola*” has done with the most perfect success for the history of the early

Church; nor is there a topic in ecclesiastical archæology, doctrinal, disciplinary, liturgical, ascetic, ritual, or domestic, which is not fully illustrated in its pages, and illustrated without the slightest trace of pedantry or affectation of learning. These are merits of the original tale which it is of course impossible to reproduce in the dramatic form, and which indeed would be entirely out of place in such a composition. But Mr. Oakeley has well judged that "*Fabiola*" possesses an interest completely independent of this, and one which it is possible to present in a separate shape, not merely in all its own integrity, but perhaps even with increased effect.

\* The mere story of *Fabiola*, though very different from that of the ordinary novel, is a singularly pleasing one. The author, it is true, by rigorously denying himself the use of that spell over the feelings which a love-story, however slight, is sure to command, has narrowed the sources of interest for common readers. And yet we do not hesitate to say that, even as a mere sketch of life and character, (modified of course by the age and circumstances,) "*Fabiola*" may challenge a comparison even with the most elaborate works of this particular school. While the personages whom it introduces comprise almost every imaginable variety of character, as well of the Pagan as of the Christian society of that age, there is hardly one which does not possess an individuality as distinct and as complete as that of any of the most finished sketches in a tale of modern life.

Now it is upon this phase of "*Fabiola*" that Mr. Oakeley's little drama is founded. The learned reader may therefore miss from it a great deal which charmed and instructed him in the original; but he will find all the interest of the story itself, presented in a most graceful and touching form; and, what is infinitely more important, he will find faithfully preserved all its religious and moral effect, all its chastening and elevating influences—the sublimity of its simple wisdom, the tenderness of its piety, the grandeur of its philosophy, the sweetness and beauty of natural affection with which it overflows.

He will be struck with wonder, indeed, in discovering with how little verbal alteration of those portions of the original which have been preserved, this change of form has been effected. The opening scene—the interview of Pancratius and his mother on his return from school—is



almost a literal transcript of the dialogue in the tale; and where, in other scenes, the language of the original is somewhat modified or condensed, its spirit is uniformly maintained. The conversations of Fabiola with Syra, especially, are rendered with singular skill and felicity, and exhibit in a most favourable light the author's mastery of the art of versification, as well as his complete command of the poetical vocabulary. We shall transcribe one of these scenes—that in which the first flash of the Christian idea of God bursts upon the struggling mind of Fabiola,—as an illustration, not only of the author's happiest manner, but of the general relation which subsists between the drama and the original tale.

“SCENE I. *The garden of FABIOLA's villa.*”

FABIOLA and SYRA in deep mourning. SYRA with a book. FABIOLA draws a manuscript from her casket and hands it to SYRA.

FABIOLA.

Syra, set down your book: here is another  
Of keener relish.

SYRA (*after examining the manuscript*).  
Lady, 'tis a book  
Unmeet for you to hear and me to read.

FABIOLA.

I know it tells of crimes; but what of that?  
To read is not to do: no need to copy  
The ill which in the record serves to feed  
Our entertainment.

SYRA.

True, no need to copy;  
Yet doth the image fill the vacant soul,  
Which what it liketh scarce will disallow.  
So close the will's consent doth tread upon  
The fancy's dream, 'tis hard to love the thought  
And hate the act which is its finish'd work.

FABIOLA.

But crime is act matur'd, not thought conceiv'd;  
An act is substance, thoughts but empty dreams.

SYRA.

Nay, but the mind can act, as doth the body;  
And thought prolong'd is such an act as this:

The mind is all unseen ; its acts unseen,  
 E'en as their origin : the body's acts  
 Are palpable to sense ; yet is the body  
 But the mind's minister, which doth not plan  
 Nor counsel, but obeys its sov'reign's will.  
 Yet who shall answer for the crime ? the body  
 Which is but subject, or the mind which rules ?

FABIOLA.

If thought be born in act, then crime is done,  
 And law takes vengeance ; but if thought lie pent  
 Within the dark recesses of the mind,  
 It dies unseen, unsummon'd, unimpeach'd.  
 What eye shall pierce the caverns of the heart ?  
 Who read its deep imaginings, control  
 Its ample range, or note its errors ?

SYRA (*bowing her head, and with great earnestness*).

God."—pp. 46-7.

Now to Fabiola the name of God cannot suggest any idea beyond that of the gods of the worn out old paganism, whom she had known only to shrink from with loathing, or to laugh at as a fable. She rejoins therefore, with some surprise :

"FABIOLA (*after a pause*).

Syra, dost thou believe in Jupiter,  
 Juno, or Pallas ? think'st thou they can rule  
 Our destinies or shape our ends ?

SYRA.

O lady,

Forbid the thought ! I hate their very names,  
 And loathe the wickedness their tales do feign.  
 'Twas not of such I spake,—those fabled gods  
 Impure, unreal ; but of God, the One  
 And only True, the Living, yet Unseen.

FABIOLA.

How call you Him in your philosophy ?

SYRA.

He hath no name but God : men call Him so,  
 That they may speak of Him ; for nought denotes  
 Whence He originates, or what He is.

FABIOLA.

And what is He ?

SYRA.

Simple as light His nature,  
 One and the same always and every where ;  
 Partless and passionless ; untied to place,  
 Yet in all places intimately present.  
 Before creation was He was, and when  
 All ending endeth, He, unending still,  
 Shall be the same. Power, wisdom, greatness, love,  
 Justice and judgment true, are His by nature,  
 And, like that nature, limitless and free ;  
 Naught is, but by His word ; moves, but His eye  
 Directs it ; ceases, but at His recall.

FABIOLA (*gazing intently upon her*).

Syra, how rapt you are! e'en like some seer  
 Of ancient tale. You look like Agnes now,  
 So wilder'd and amaz'd : you are on fire  
 With the deep glow of Eastern poesy ;  
 Ah, 'tis the land of fancy, and of song!  
 But, Syra, can you dream a God like yours  
 (Not as the deities of human mould,  
 But pure and awful as you deem of Him)  
 Would soil His guileless nature by the touch  
 Of mortal thought, so paltry and so foul,  
 Or stoop from His empyreal throne to toil  
 In the affairs of men ?

SYRA.

Nay, 'tis not toil  
 To Him ; He cannot choose but watch intent  
 With loving providence o'er all His work.  
 Toils the bright sun, or mars his beauteous rays,  
 When to the bed of yonder crystal brook  
 He darts his arrowy light, till weed and pebble  
 Are mirror'd in the deep translucent stream ?  
 See how he paints, not fairest forms alone,—  
 The pearly bubble, or the sparkling drop,—  
 But loathsome creeping-things, that dive below  
 Shunning the gaze of his sequacious beams !  
 Yea, toils the sun, when he pursues his way  
 Sublime ; and with impartial search reveals  
 Things fair and foul ? No ; it were choice to him,  
 And toil reluctant, to restrain his beams,  
 Crippling their potent energies, which work  
 All order'd ends, unbidden and unbound ;

While myriad streams, pour'd o'er the chequer'd earth,  
 Quaff the pure light from that exhaustless fount  
 In like ungrudging plenitude, as though  
 Each were the favour'd haunt of its abundance."—

pp. 48-50.

And then follows the practical consequence which this consciousness of an ever-present God must involve—a consequence intimately affecting the whole moral system of christianity.

"FABIOLA (*after a pause*).

O, what a beauteous dream! Can it be true?  
 It has truth's silver sound. But what a thought!  
 That never, never, have I been alone;  
 Harbour'd one wish of pride, one dream of folly,  
 But He hath known it, who is light itself;  
 'Fore whom the sun is dark, for that the sun  
 Probes but the coarse material husk, while He  
 Enters the secret chambers of the soul.  
 O death, thrice-welcome death, that rids the mind  
 Of this inevitable ceaseless gaze;  
 Syra, go on, your speech doth much affect me:  
 Already on my soul there seems to break  
 Some vision of a new and fairer world.  
 O joy, if to this sleepless Eye be link'd  
 A recompensing Hand! Is it e'en so?  
 Sure He who sees the evil shares the pain,  
 Compassionate, though just. Ah, what a check  
 On wild unbridled hate or baser passion,  
 That stings while it beguiles, to know oneself  
 Beneath an Eye that sees not as men see;  
 But notes the struggle, and repays the cost!  
 But is it so?

SYRA.

Lady, the truth distils  
 In honied accents from your gracious lips.

FABIOLA.

Syra,

You must not flatter whom your truthful voice,  
 So oft hath warn'd. You told me once that slave  
 And mistress are as one. I seem to guess  
 The meaning of your speech, since God beholds  
 Both with an equal eye, save as the one  
 Might pass her fellow in those virtuous acts  
 Which only win His favour. Is it truth?

SYRA.

Yea, it is truth; but less than all the truth."—pp. 50-51.

Now if the reader will turn to the original story, he will find that, with some omissions, the thoughts, the language, almost the very collocation, of this beautiful dialogue are here literally reproduced; and it is a curious example of the strong affinity which, where the subject admits, may subsist between poetry of the highest order and the most unexceptionable prose, that this glorious description of the nature of God, which might take its place among the noblest passages of the *Paradise Lost*, scarcely departs in a single word from the sublime but simple thoughts which come so naturally from the humble Syra in the original tale. So true it is that genuine poetry lies in the thought and the expression, not in the accidents of measure or rhythm; and where, as here, the sublimity is inherent in the subject itself, the poetic form is but a minor element in its constitution. Provided only Truth and Nature underlie the outward forms, whatever they may be, genuine poetry goes straight to the heart, independently of these forms, and sometimes even in despite of them.

Nor has Mr. Oakeley been less happy in the lighter passages of his drama. *Fabiola's* gossip with the slaves over her toilet; the table-talk at Fabius's banquet; the scene in which the blunders of the pompous philosopher Calpurnius, are quizzingly exposed; all are rendered with great humour and fidelity; and the author has had the art to select those points which are best suited for the stage, and which are not only in themselves best adapted to produce a dramatic effect, but best calculated to borrow additional interest from the aid of scenic representation.

If we have been induced to couple with *Fabiola* another volume of the same series, "*Callista*," which is very similar to *Fabiola* in subject, and which confessedly was suggested by it, it is not for the purpose of comparing them with each other. Kindred as they are in subject, they are nevertheless entirely dissimilar both in the treatment and in the plan. *Callista* avowedly is but a sketch. *Fabiola* is an elaborate and highly artistic story. *Fabiola* owes much of its interest to the picturesqueness and variety of the characters which it embraces; if *Callista* deals in sketches of character at all, it is chiefly as individuals, and not as members of a group or as parts of a picture. Considered as portraitures of early Christian life, the two Tales may perhaps be said to be to each other, as Bulwer's "*Last*

Days of Pompeii," considered as a picture of Roman manners, is to the "Gallus" of Professor Becker.

Although "Callista" is published without a name, and was intended to be really anonymous, the secret of the authorship has transpired, and there is no longer any attempt to conceal that it is from the prolific and versatile pen of the accomplished Rector of the Catholic University. To those, indeed, who are familiar even with his more serious writings, there are many things in Callista which in themselves would betray the authorship.

The picture of christian life in Callista is in some sense a supplement to that presented in Fabiola.

The latter is a purely Roman story. Its leading characters, both Pagan and Christian, are Roman. Its scenes are laid either in Rome or in the fashionable Roman watering-place of Baiæ. Many of its incidents are selected with a view to the illustration of Roman life and manners. Callista, on the contrary, is a sketch of the provincial life of the same period, or a little earlier.

The story of Callista is placed, not merely in a remote province of the empire, Africa, but even, as if to make the distinction more complete, in a comparatively obscure town of that province. Nor can we doubt that the author proposed to himself a special purpose in this selection. There is not one among the various churches of the first three centuries, which presents so many marked characteristics as that of Africa. Dean Milman, in the sketch of the African Church which he gives in his "History of Latin Christianity," although he unduly depreciates the part played by Rome in influencing the fate of Christianity in the West, can hardly be said to overstate the energy and activity of the Christian life in Africa. It is remarkable that the earliest Latin preachers whose works have reached us, are both Africans. The most lively picture of the public and private life of the Western Christians that we possess, is drawn from the writings of Tertullian and the letters of St. Cyprian. Every important controversy which agitated the Western Church, either originated in Africa, or at least found its most congenial seat upon that fervid soil. The Re-baptising controversy, one phase of the Paschal controversy, the Donatist controversy, the Pelagian and Semi-Pelagian controversies, are almost exclusively African. Nor did it end here. It was

in Africa that the last struggle of Arianism may be said to have taken place, at the very moment when Christianity itself, in that doomed Church, was almost overwhelmed beneath the advancing torrent of Mahomedanism; and even the little remnant of the African Church, which, retiring before the flood of barbarism, sought refuge in Southern Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean, carried with it the same restless spirit of speculation; and even in its temporary and precarious settlement, contributed to the controversy upon the Three Chapters, the chief element of its activity and endurance in the West.

If, therefore, we except Rome itself and the cities which, from position and association, were almost Roman in manners and in feeling, there is no portion of the Ante-Nicene Church which affords a theme more interesting than Africa; nor is there any part in the history of the African Church more important than the period selected by Dr. Newman for his tale—the close of the lengthened interval of peace which followed the persecution of Maximin—a period in which many adverse principles were in full activity; while the stern dogmatism of Tertullian was still freshly remembered; while the embers of the contest which he had excited were yet smouldering among the people, while the Church was still suffering from the re-action which his violence and excesses had not failed to produce. From all these various sources of interest the story of “Callista” will be found to borrow, at the same time that it supplies in its own incidents abundant illustrations of them all.

Its story is exceedingly slight, perhaps too slight to satisfy the professed novel-reader,—little more, indeed, at times, than a thread whereon to hang together a series of sketches, each of which possesses its own independent interest.

Callista is a fair Greek girl; who, with her brother, has left her beloved fatherland, and settled in the second-rate city of Sicca, where they are both employed, as artists, in the workshop of Jucundus—a sort of good-natured counterpart, both in principles and in profession, of Alexander, the coppersmith of Ephesus; being a manufacturer of statues, amulets, *ex votos*, and other religious ware of the heathen. Jucundus’s brother had been a Christian; and at his death, left two sons, Agellius and Juba, whom he committed to the care of their uncle,



though a pagan ;—their still-surviving mother, being not only of that religion, but being in addition a woman of profligate life, and addicted to those hateful arts of sorcery for which Africa had long been infamous. The character of Juba, the younger of the brothers, is dark and repulsive ; and the chief interest of his connection with the tale consists in the occasion which it affords for the introduction of a highly wrought, though most painful, sketch of the class of *energumens* ;—a class which holds so prominent a part in the early Christian history, and which our modern ideas can with difficulty realize.

The elder brother, Agellius, is the hero of the tale, if it can be said to have a hero. Here is his character.

“Agellius, on the other hand, when a boy of six years old, had insisted on receiving baptism ; had perplexed his father by a manifestation of zeal to which the old man was a stranger, and had made the good bishop lose the *coru-fleet* which was starting for Italy from his importunity to learn the catechism. Baptised he was, confirmed, communicated ; but a boy's nature is variable, and by the time Agellius had reached adolescence, the gracious impulses of his childhood had in some measure faded away, though he still retained his faith in its first keenness and vigour. But he had no one to keep him up to his duty ; no exhortations, no example, no sympathy. His father's friends had taken him up so far as this, that by an extraordinary favour they had got him a lease for some years of the property which Strabo, a veteran soldier, had rented of the imperial government. The care of this small property fell upon him, and another and more serious charge was added to it. The long prosperity of the province had increased the opulence and enlarged the upper class of Sicca. Officials, contractors, and servants of the government had made fortunes, and raised villas in the neighbourhood of the city. Natives of the place, returning from Rome or from provincial service elsewhere, had invested their gains in long leases of state lauds, or of the farms belonging to the imperial *res privata* or privy purse, and had become virtual proprietors of the rich fields or beautiful gardens in which they had played as children. One of such persons, who had had a place in the *officium* of the quaestor, or rather procurator, as he began to be called, was the employer of Agellius. His property adjoined the cottage of the latter ; and, having first employed the youth from recollection of his father, he confided to him the place of under-bailiff from the talents he showed for farm business.

“Such was his position at the early age of twenty-two ; and honourable as it was in itself, and from the mode in which it was obtained, no one would consider it adapted, under the circumstances, to counteract the religious languor and coldness which had grown

upon him. And in truth he did not know where he stood, further than that he was firm in faith, as we have said, and had shrunk, from a boy upwards, from the vice and immorality which was the very atmosphere of Sicca. He might any day be betrayed into some fatal inconsistency, which would either lead him into sin, or oblige him abruptly to retrace his steps, and find a truer and safer position. He was not generally known to be a Christian, at least for certain, though he was seen to keep clear of the established religion. It was not that he hid, so much as that the world did not care to know, what he believed. In that day there were many rites and worships which kept to themselves; many forms of moroseness or misanthropy, as they were considered, which withdrew their votaries from the public ceremonial. The Catholic faith seemed to the multitude to be one of these; it was only in critical times, when some idolatrous act was insisted on by the magistrate, that the specific nature of Christianity was tested and detected. Then at length it was seen to differ from all other religious varieties by that irrational and disgusting obstinacy, as it was felt to be, which had rather suffer torments and lose life than submit to some graceful, or touching, or at least trifling observance which the tradition of ages had sanctioned."—pp. 17-19.

In this undefined or undeveloped state of feeling, Agellius is surprised by the rumoured outbreak of the persecution under Decius. His uncle, Jucundus, whose affections, (as far as is consistent with what is his great concern, the care of his own interests,) are centered in Agellius, is anxious to withdraw him from danger, if not by public compliance with the imperial edict which commanded sacrifice to the gods, at least by some of those private devices, originating in the weakness of the Christians and the corruption of the pagan officials, the first trace of which we discover in this persecution, and which the fervid denunciations of the *libellatici* in the letters and other writings of St. Cyprian have made infamous. With the view of drawing Agellius out of peril, Jucundus encourages the idea of his marriage with the young Greek artist, Callista, towards whom Agellius himself is attracted by a variety of conflicting impulses.

The interview with Callista, in which Agellius ventures to speak his hopes, is described with great tenderness and delicacy. It is the turning-point, both in his own religious destinies and in that of Callista.

The latter, a girl of deep feeling, and long sensible of the hollowness and baseness of the popular creed of paganism, is nevertheless, as yet entirely ignorant of

the Christian system; though a profound conviction of the earnestness and sincerity of its followers had been impressed upon her in youth by her intercourse with a slave, Chione, who had brought her up and had died young in her service. Having formed from this slave, "who was unlike any one Callista had ever seen before or since, who cared for nothing, yet was not morose, or peevish, or hard hearted," her notion of all other Christians, she is bitterly disappointed when she now finds that the thoughts of Agellius in their past intercourse (which had been the source of deep and wide-found interest to herself,) had been all along turned upon what her aching heart feels to be the delusion of earthly love. It is to her a painful blow.

"So," she exclaims with deep disappointment, "the religion of Chione is a dream; now for four years I had hoped it was a reality. All things again are vanity; I had hoped there was something somewhere more than I could see; but there is nothing. Here am I a living breathing woman, with an overflowing heart, with keen affections, with a yearning after some object which may possess me. I cannot exist without something to rest upon. I cannot fall back upon that drear, forlorn state, which philosophers call wisdom, and moralists call virtue. I cannot enrol myself a votary of that cold Moon, whose arrows do but freeze me. I cannot sympathize in that majestic band of sisters whom Rome has placed under the tutelage of Vesta. I must have something to love; love is my life. Why do you come to me, Agellius, with your every-day gallantry? Can you compete with the noble Grecian forms which have passed before my eyes? Is your voice more manly, are its tones more eloquent, than those which have thrilled through my ears since I ceased to be a child? Can you add perfume to the feast by your wit, or pour sunshine over grot and rushing stream by your smile? What can you give me? There was one thing which I thought you *could* have given me, better than anything else; but it is a shadow. You have nothing to give. You have thrown me back upon my dreary, dismal self, and the deep wounds of my memory."—pp. 103-104.

On the other hand, Agellius, touched by this repulse so gentle but yet so decided, and by sentiments which, with all the superior advantages of Christian education, he felt himself but little capable of appreciating, or even understanding, is thrown back upon a painful but earnest self-examination.

In this state of the feelings of both, the imperial edict is proclaimed at Sicca.

The picture of a heathen mob in the first outbreak of its fury is too powerfully graphic to be overlooked.

"As it went forward it gained variety and strength, which the circuit of the Forum could not furnish. The more respectable religious establishments shut their gates, and would have nothing to do with it. The priests of Jupiter, the educational establishments of the Temple of Mercury, the Temple of the Genius of Rome near the Capitol, the hierophants of Isis, the Minerva, the Juno, the Esculapius, viewed the popular rising with terror and disgust; but these were not the popular worships. The vast homestead of Astarte, which in the number and avowed profligacy of its inhabitants rivalled the vaults upon the Forum; the old rites, many and diversified, if separately obscure, which came from Punic times; the new importations from Syria and Phrygia, and a number of other haunts and schools of depravity and crime, did their part in swelling or giving character to the concourse. The hungry and idle rabble, the filthy beggars who fed on the offal of the sacrifices, the drivers and slaughterers of the beasts sacrificed; the tumblers and mountebanks who amused the gaping market-people; dancers, singers, pipers from low taverns and drinking-houses; infamous creatures, young and old, men and boys, half naked and not half sober; brutal blacks, the aboriginal race of the Atlas, with their appetites written on their skulls and features; Canaanites, as they called themselves, from the coast; the wild beast keepers from the amphitheatre; troops of labourers from the fields, to whom the epidemic was a time of Saturnalia; and the degraded company, alas! how numerous and how pitiable, who took their nightly stand in long succession at the doors of their several cells in the deep galleries under the Thermæ; all these, and many others, had their part and place in the procession. There you might see the devilish emblems of idolatry borne aloft by wretches from the great Punic Temple, while frantic forms, ragged and famished, wasted and shameless, leapt and pranced around them. There too was a choir of Bacchanals, ready at a moment with songs as noisy as they were unutterable. And there was the priest of the Punic Saturn, the child-devourer, a sort of Moloch, to whom the martyrdom of Christians was a sacred rite; he and all his attendants in fiery-coloured garments, as became a sanguinary religion. And there, moreover, was a band of fanatics, devotees of Cybele or of the Syrian goddess, if indeed the two rites were distinct. They were bedizened with ribbons and rags of various colours, and smeared over with paint. They had long hair like women, and turbans on their heads. They pushed their way to the head of the procession, being quite worthy of the post of honour, and, seizing the baker's ass, put their goddess on the back of it. Some of them were playing the lute, others clashing cymbals, others danced, others yelled, others rolled their heads, and others flogged themselves. Such was the

character of the frenzied host, which progressed slowly through the streets, while every now and then, when there was an interval in the hubbub, the words 'Christianos ad leones' were thundered out by some ruffian voice, and a thousand others fiercely responded.

"Still no Christian was forthcoming; and it was plain that the rage of the multitude must be discharged in other quarters, if the difficulty continued in satisfying it. At length some one recollected the site of the Christian chapel, when it existed; thither went the multitude, and effected an entrance without delay. It had long been turned to other purposes, and was now a store of casks and leathern bottles. The miserable sacristan had long given up any practical observance of his faith, and remained on the spot a keeper of the premises for the trader who owned them. They found him, and dragged him into the street, and brought him forward to the ass, and to the idol on its back, and bade him worship the one and the other. The poor wretch obeyed; he worshipped the ass, he worshipped the idol, and he worshipped the genius of the emperor; but his persecutors wanted blood; they would not submit to be cheated of their draught; so when they had made him do whatever they exacted, they flung him under the feet of the multitude, who, as they passed on, soon trod all life and breath out of him, and sent him to the powers below, to whom he had just before been making his profession.

"Their next adventure was with a Tertullianist, who stationed himself at his shop-door, displayed the sign of the cross, and walking leisurely forward, seized the idol on the ass's back, broke it over his knee, and flung the portions into the crowd. For a few minutes they stared on him with astonishment, then some women fell upon him with their nails and teeth, and tore the poor fanatic till he fell bleeding and lifeless upon the ground.

"In the higher and better part of the city, which they now approached, lived the widow of a Duumvir, who in his day made a bold profession of Christianity. This well-connected lady was a Christian also, and was sheltered by her great friends from the persecution. She was bringing up a family in great privacy, and with straitened means, and with as much religious strictness as was possible under the circumstances of the place. She kept them from all bad sights and bad company, was careful as to the character of the slaves she placed about them, and taught them all she knew of her religion, which was quite sufficient for their salvation. They had all been baptized, some by herself in default of the proper minister, and, as far as they could show at their tender ages, which lay between thirteen and seven, the three girls and the two boys were advancing in the love of truth and sanctity. Her husband, some years back, when presiding in the Forum, had punished with just severity an act of ungrateful fraud; and the perpetrator had always cherished a malignant hatred of him and his. The moment of gratifying it had now arrived, and he pointed

out to the infuriated rabble the secluded mansion where the Christian household dwelt. He could not offer to them a more acceptable service, and the lady's modest apartment was soon swarming with enemies of her God and His followers. In spite of her heartrending cries and supplications, her children were seized, and when the youngest boy clung to her, the mother was thrown senseless upon the pavement. The whole five were carried off in triumph; it was the greatest success of the day. There was some hesitation how to dispose of them; at last the girls were handed over to the priestesses of Astarte, and the boys to the loathsome votaries of Cybele."—pp. 149-152.

Meanwhile Agellius, stricken down by the sudden fever of that fiery land, is tended during his sickness by a friendly hand; which he learns to be that of the holy bishop Cyprian, for the time driven from his see of Carthage by the fury of the persecution, which had fallen earlier and more heavily upon the Christians of the capital. Callista, on the contrary, is seized by the mob on suspicion of being a Christian, and is brought before the tribunal.

And now the silent influence of divine grace begins to work. She is not a Christian; and, by the interference of her friends, there needs but an external compliance with the edict which orders that all the suspected shall sacrifice, in order to secure her release; but the noble girl, although she is ready to declare that she is not a Christian and that she knows nothing of that religion, refuses to pollute her hands by any positive act of a worship from which her heart recoils. The internal conflict through which she passes, the gradual growth of her convictions, the heaven-sent visit of Cyprian and its divine consolations, the examination before the procurator, and the fearful glories of the closing scene of her martyrdom, are all described with exceeding force and picturesqueness.

Nor is there wanting, to complete the sketch, that touching episode which is seldom absent from the genuine acts of the martyrs of the first three centuries—the rescue of the precious relics from the profane hands of the persecutor. Agellius, who, during the imprisonment of Callista, had recovered from his fever, and under the direction of St. Cyprian had retired to a distant retreat of the Christians in the mountains near Sicca, is the leader of the band.

"Agellius has not been idle while these thoughts pass through his mind. He has stooped down and scooped up such portions of



the sand as are moistened with her blood, and has committed them to a small bag which he has taken out of his bosom. Then without delay, looking round to his attendants, and signing to them, with two of the party he resolutely crossed over to the other side of the corpse, covering it from attack, while his two assistants who were left proceeded quickly to lay hold of it. They had raised it, laid it on the bier, and were setting off by an unusual track across the waste, while Agellius, Aspar, and the third are grappling with some ruffians who had rushed upon them. Few, however, were there as yet to take part against them, but their cries of alarm were bringing others up, and the Christians were in growing danger of being worsted and carried off, when suddenly the soldiers interfered. Under pretence of keeping the peace, they laid about them with their heavy maces; and so it was, the blows took effect on the heads and shoulders of the rabble, with but slight injury to Agellius and his companions. The latter took instant advantage of the diversion, and vanished out of view by the same misleading track which their comrades had already chosen. If they, or the party who had preceded them, came within the range of sight of any goatherds upon the mountains, we must suppose that angels held those heathen eyes that they should not recognize them."—p. 291.

The after history of Agellius is left to the imagination of the reader; and the tale closes with the conjecture that this may be the same Agellius, the bishop who suffered at Sicca in the persecution of Diocletian, and who is recorded to have translated the relics of St. Callista to the high altar of his church, at which he was wont daily to offer the Most Holy Sacrifice.

With this beautiful scene the story ends. The author, with the delicate instinct of true art, shrinks from the attempt to describe the mingled feelings of Agellius. The conflict of earthly love, however pure and tender, with the higher and holier thoughts inspired by such a scene, could but mar its sublimity without heightening its effect.

The mere story of "*Callista*," however, touching as it is, is the least of its merits. It is valuable as a repertory of all that is curious in the antiquities of Africa whether sacred or profane—its topography, its natural history, and its social and domestic usages. The descriptions of the city and environs of Sicca, of the peculiarities of the vintage in Africa, and of the various mysteries of its system of rustic economy, are full of life and beauty. The visitation of the locusts is one of the most painfully graphic pictures in the whole range of descriptive literature.



We shall only add that through all this variety of topics the author never loses sight of the great object to the illustration of which his work is mainly devoted ; and that he has but used these graceful forms, as the vehicle of a profound and thoughtful estimate of the condition of the pagan mind during its conflict with christianity, as well in its own unenlightened isolation, as in its relation to those evidences which intercourse with Christians might supply.

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ART. VIII.—1. *De l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. (Le Correspondant, Novembre, et Decembre.) Paris, 1855.

2. *De l'Avenir Politique de l'Angleterre.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. 8vo. Paris, 1856.

3. *The Political Future of England.* By the Comte de Montalembert, of the French Academy. London : Murray, 1856.

**M.** DE MONTALEMBERT'S Essay, which has attracted a very unusual share of attention in this country, was originally published in two successive numbers of the "Correspondant," a journal which owes most of its reputation to his distinguished name. It was reprinted at Paris in a separate form in the early part of this year, and a second edition, considerably enlarged, soon followed. The English translation was published by Mr. Murray, without any name, but as has since transpired under the revision and superintendence, if not the more direct inspiration, of Mr. Croker. This translation has led to a singularly animated controversy, its correctness, and even its good faith having been vigorously impeached in a series of letters addressed to the Times Newspaper, and still more in an article of one of the monthly journals. Into this controversy we need not enter further than to say, that although some of the charges of suppression made against the translator arose from a mistake as to the edition which he had used as his text, yet many very

serious inaccuracies have been successfully exposed; and the translation has been satisfactorily shown to represent most inadequately the only edition of the original which can now be considered as containing the matured views of the author.

M. de Montalembert has long claimed our respect and sympathies as the unflinching advocate of the Church's rights amid a scoffing senate, and in a state of society upon which rested somewhat of the taint of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the early Empire. We have loved to associate him in our minds with a kindred and distinguished spirit, and thought of him as the Dionoso Cortes of France; dissimilar indeed in details of mode and manifestation, but alike in the noble object which each set before him, and the high qualities of fearlessness, energy, and perseverance with which they aimed at its accomplishment. We have always thought him French to the back-bone, but we have rejoiced to recognize him as Catholic to the fingers' ends, and that in a degree to which few public men, perhaps, care to attain, and which they certainly are slow to exhibit.

When, therefore, we found our old and honoured acquaintance, ceasing for the moment to occupy himself on his accustomed battle-grounds, and crossing the channel to fresh fields and pastures new, we turned with some curiosity to observe what so graphic and energetic a writer would have to say of ourselves. Conscious of our own numerous defects—the “holes in a’ our coats”—we felt some little apprehension at this “chiel amang us takin’ notes,” and what would happen when he came to “prent it.” For here was a devoted Catholic criticizing Protestant England; a legitimist surveying our anomalous and constitutional monarchy; the citizen of an empire whose every department is conducted on the most efficient practical basis, coming behind the scenes of our old routine system, our red tape, sealing wax, and pipe-clay. Here was the subject of a Napoleon, who is almost as great in peace as his greater uncle was both in peace and war, leaving the shores of a state so marvellously consolidated and tranquillized, to witness the jarring factions and conflicting interests which have led through so many avenues of discontent to the great platform of our Crimean blunders. Truly, we anticipated an *exposé* of ourselves, and our one lingering hope might naturally have been

to find that *exposé* as gentle in its mode as the circumstances permitted.

Now we cannot but feel that M. de Montalembert, in his hatred, both of the past democracy and of the existing authority in France, has allowed himself in a commendation of England, which has about it more of zeal than of knowledge; and this, simply because England represents to his mind the *via media* between the stern Scylla of what he believes to be despotic usurpation, and the whirling Charybdis of socialist and infidel anarchy. He is a legitimist, clings to the Bourbons, and probably delights to think that the restoration of Henri V. would show the world an amiable compound of those Stuart and Brunswick types which have combined towards the state of feeling, the present tone of institutions, in his much-lauded England. Such indeed is the key-note with which he opens his performance. After saying that the future of *la vieille Angleterre*, what she is going to become, after having occupied such a position in the world's eye, is now an anxious question to some minds, and an interesting one to all, and that she has long disappointed the expectations, both of absolutists and democrats, by the growth of her power, and the maintenance of her boundless liberty, he thus goes on:

"She has proudly afforded her example to honest men as a refuge against this shameful alternative. Since the time when the liberation of the Continent became an abortion, and was given up, she has been alone in the world. On all sides rises an aspiration of secret impatience from those who say to themselves, When will the world be rid of this incubus? Who will deliver us from this nest of obstinate aristocrats and unready liberals? When will some one break the pride of this people, which defies the rules of logic, and has the temerity at one and the same time, to believe in tradition and in progress, to maintain royalty and exercise liberty, to withstand revolution and escape from despotism?"

"This impatient waiting for the ills of one's neighbour finds instruments of expression of very various kinds. It possesses alike those who advocate the police system practised at Naples, and those who applaud the spoliations committed at Madrid. It has inspired M. Ledru Rollin with his book on the *Decay of England*. It inflames the zeal of all those absolutist writers, who mingle every day with their lugubrious prophecyings, some uncouth sarcasms against British institutions and manners.

"Every man who has still a degree of care for the future in store

for generous ideas and liberal principles in Europe, ought to ask himself whether these predictions are well-founded; whether England will be able to escape the dangers that threaten her, alone survive the shipwreck, and come out triumphantly from the trial; or whether the day is drawing near, when the chorus both of courtiers and of demagogues, of fanatic spirits and servile souls, of the ruined parties and degenerate nations of the continent, shall be able to cry out from afar to that great and conquered people: '*Et tu vulneratus es sicut et nos : nostri similis effectus es.....Quomodo cecidisti de cælo Lucifer, qui vulnerabas gentes ?*' (Isaias xiv. 10, 12.)

No one can fail to see that this striking passage has a double significance; and that the author, while he aims one blow against his old adversary, Socialism, directs another against the present occupant of the Tuilleries. His second arrow, like William Tell's, is reserved for Gesler the tyrant, and he is hardly at the pains to conceal it in his belt. If we are right in this view of his aim throughout, and it seems no rash judgment to entertain it, then we are compelled to think there is something in such an attempt entirely unworthy the honoured name of M. de Montalembert. France in particular, Europe in general, owes so much, under God, to the man whom M. de Montalembert would seem to consider only as a successful corsair, that we are almost tempted to a degree of sorrowful indignation on listening to such an attack, resting as it does on no principle broader than a mere question of dynasty. We do not mean to extol the accommodating Vicar of Bray, who resolved, "whatsoever king should reign," to maintain his own individual comfort and well-being. Nor are we without sympathy for any man who, in an age or a crisis where opposite principles are brought into collision, takes his line according to his conscientious sense of truth, stands by his colours, suffers and makes to suffer, acts the "good hater," or the consistent victim, or, again, if he triumphs, carries out his triumph to its consequences. We could find much to say for Hampden on the one side, or for Strafford on the other, for Calvin firing the faggots of Servetus, or Queen Mary lighting those of Smithfield, for John Grahame of Claverhouse or Balfour of Burley, for Doctor Arnold or Mr. Denison. But in turning over these brilliant but caustic pages we are forced, not without deep pain, to believe that the author has suffered himself to be betrayed by political pique, and on nothing which

in days like ours deserves the name of a broad principle, into an ill-judged and untimely attack upon one whose chief glory consists in his having subdued, if not harmonized, all factions to the common necessity and the common welfare, you see a spectacle which, to our minds, is far less deserving of respect than any of the worthies whom we have named. Louis Napoleon is an adventurer, if you will; so was his great relative and namesake, when he was raised up to throw the ægis of his unrivalled powers over convulsed and bleeding France; so has been many another instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to carry forward purposes of reform, of restoration, perhaps of vengeance, among mankind. But the time is past, as we opine, for mere declamation or vapouring philippic upon people's origin or antecedents. Of all kinds of declamation, that is least likely to strike upon the ear of a busy practical age, which sounds like a flourish of trumpets to announce anything so exploded as the divine right of kings. It comes to men, at best, as a species of harmless antiquarianism: harmless, that is, until it runs a tilt against something else which is working, and working hard, found to succeed and to do good.

Legitimism, at least as the word applies to France, together with all the other political and social ideas attached to it, belongs to an outworn system of things, to an old-world class of ideas. What there ever was, or could be, so attractive to a Catholic mind like that of M. de Montalembert, in the old world which that word represents to us, we fail entirely to see. These Bourbons, whom he would fain re-establish on the ruins of the energetic existing power—what have they done for their country, or for mankind? Their history is chronicled in the infamous and unutterable corruptions of their court, the debased tone of morals and ideas, the deterioration of the clergy, the enslavement of the Church to the throne, the courtly prelates, the worldly abbés, the scandals innumerable, the religious life all dead and gone, the heart of society cankered to its very core: all, in a word, which meets the eye and sickens the sympathies, of the student of French history during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—all that waxed, and swelled, and grew ranker and ranker, higher and higher, till it reeked, till it waved like a gigantic upas-tree of national crime in the eye of heaven, and brought down the vengeance of a revolution that made France a bye-word

among the nations. These are the fountains, and this is the stream, of the tradition on which legitimism in France is fain to rest its claims. Show us a single Bourbon, from the Constable downwards, who would have had "the head to conceive, the heart to dare, and the hand execute" that *coup d'état* which saved Paris, and through Paris, France, and through France a great portion of Europe, from anarchy and bloodshed so short a time ago. Show us, moreover, one among that long line of crowned weaklings, who ever stepped in as *THE* man, at a crisis when evil was to be averted, and good secured and perpetuated, by one firm grasp or one bold blow. Show us but one Bourbon, the exception to his class, who having seated himself, or finding himself seated, on a throne of power, wielded it with anything of the untiring energy for the good of his people, with aught of the abiding sense of the responsibility of rulers to the King of kings, who became so truly the nursing-father of the Church, who wore the cross above his diadem so consistently and unblamed, as Louis Napoleon has hitherto done, and we should thenceforth have some patience with M. de Montalembert's covert attacks against the greatest man of his own country, and his fretful comparisons with our more glorious selves.

Before, however, launching upon the full tide of his encomium of England and the English, he has the candour to acknowledge that there exist among us some few slight defects.

"Yes, in the eyes of the true friends of liberty, of those who refuse to confound her cause with that of revolution, and of such democracy as calls for and accepts the dead-level of despotism, England is undoubtedly not without reproach, and the present may seem an ill-chosen moment for defending her. The intolerable arrogance of the English diplomacy towards the weak, and the English press towards all, has roused the just indignation of a crowd of honest men. Moreover, England for several years past has so changed her attitude, has passed with such suddenness from the extreme of invective to that of adulation, has forgotten so much, dissembled so much, and so greatly sacrificed right and freedom to her ambition, to her fears, and to her interests! She seemed to abdicate so completely the glory of her free institutions before the power of the opposite principle! That has been the finishing stroke to (her credit with) more than one noble heart amongst us."

However, notwithstanding these inconsistencies and



changes, and the aversion they have created, the Count prophesies that England has by no means reached the evening of her days. Her institutions, her freedom of speech, her self-government, are still her glory, and form, it seems, the pledge of her permanence. She is neither absolutist nor socialist; for here again he reverts to those two key-notes of which his whole performance is but a series of ingenious variations. And being neither absolutist nor socialist, in other words, owning neither a red *républic* nor a Louis Napoleon, she will long live (proclaims the seer) to disappoint those who are the one or the other, and who are both—if we understand him aright—watching her from the Continent with equally confident vaticinations, and equally settled desires, of her fall.

We do not now intend to follow M. de Montalembert in detail over the necessarily wide range of subject matter from which he works out these conclusions. He is himself fully aware of the difficulties of treating a subject so many-sided, and in some respects so anomalous, as England. He accordingly prefaces his remarks by a very apposite anecdote. Baron Bulow, he tells us, whose experience and observation during the long period of his residence in London as Prussian minister might be supposed to be considerable, was asked one day by a gentleman of his own country, what was his opinion of ours. "When I had been here three weeks," answered the minister, "I was on the point of writing a book upon England; after three months I thought the task would be a difficult one; and now, after living here three years, it seems to me impossible." We accept M. de Montalembert's anecdote; and cannot escape from the wish, that with his much greater experience of this country he had united somewhat of the German's slowness of induction and self-mistrust. Madame de Staël has said in one of her brilliant prose epigrams, that "to see all and to know all, is the cause of all uncertainty." The witty lady meant, as we apprehend, that (in things human,) in judging of men, motives, historical events, the influences that mould nations, guide their politics, tinge their literature, and stamp their distinctive character, the more we begin to balance one thing against another, and to take in each consideration that presents itself, the less are we able to arrive at an undoubted result. Things do not come out from such a process clean and sheer, with the necessary force of a logical syllogism, or the precision of a problem in



algebra. There is room for much to be said on the other side; many things to embarrass our theory, and threaten even to overturn it. The deeper we go in the investigation of our subject we find lower depths, and a deep still lower, which, if they do not exhaust our patience and the oil in our Davy lamp (*operam et oleum perdidit*), urge us at least to proceed in our researches with cautious and hesitating steps. So says she, who united a large portion of French vivacity with the more Teutonic characteristics of her mind; and she corroborates the patient German thoughtfulness of the minister, whose dictum we have reported. But M. de Montalembert, Frenchman out-and-out, *pur sang*, at least in temperament, dashes at once into his subject, sketches a lively, graphic, and wondrously flattering portrait of ourselves, holds us up to our own admiration and that of Europe, declares for John Bull as a fine, generous, independent, open-hearted, public-spirited individual, who, in spite of some eccentricities and occasional drawbacks to the perfection of his character, glories in unshackled debates, a free press, and a constitution, governs himself without assuming either the red cap or the imperial crown, and thus is equally removed from despotism on the one hand and anarchy on the other.

The British lion could not but wag his tail and look pleased at an eulogy so unexpected from his distinguished visitor:

"Leniter atterens  
Caudam, et recedentis trilingui  
Ore pedes tetigitque crura:"

for it seems to reverse the old fable of the picture in which the artist had represented the lord of the forest as subdued by the hand of man. The noble brute thus unfavourably portrayed, is said to have made the natural remark, that had a lion been the painter, the victory would have been otherwise represented. Whereas here, we have M. de Montalembert, as an amateur portrait-painter, employed upon the lion, and he delineates him with the grandest features, and in the most triumphant attitude! We would fain appropriate all this glorification without reserve; but alas! the *arrière pensée* is too manifest to permit our vanity to do so. We, the British lion aforesaid, are only used as the stalking-horse used to be in bye-gone days of sporting; it is the intervention of our presence that enables this keen

legitimist to blaze away at his connatural enemy. Over our burly shoulder M. le Comte levels his polished rifle against the existing Empire in his own land.

The chapters into which he divides this masked *tirade* are as follows: The causes of the mistakes of many who judge of England. The two democracies. Democracy in England. The chief ground of confidence. The remains of aristocracy existing in England. Testamentary freedom. Parliamentary reform. Parliament. The schools and universities. Catholicity in England. Anglicanism. Certain efforts of English society against the danger that menaces it. Will England remain free when democratized? The qualities which may secure to England her freedom independently of (*en dehors de*) the aristocracy. Publicity in England. England and Spain. Conclusion.

We will just make a few dips into what M. de Montalembert, if he were writing of another, might call his bucket of whitewash for the face of our political edifice.

Let us plunge, for example, into chapter the fifth, which is entitled, "Principal motif de se rassurer," and which contains a good specimen of what we take to be the characteristics of the whole sketch:—Some keenness of observation, a brilliant and specious generalizing from the facts so observed, a felicity of expression which we can but feebly render, an exaggerated laudation of our country, and a relentless contrast, implied where not expressed, to the disadvantage of existing things in the writer's own. He thus opens his chapter:—

"First of all, England, happily for herself, is not given to the veneration of Logic. She has ever reserved to herself the privilege of the most glaring inconsistency, and together with this, the right of not sacrificing her renown, her welfare, her safety, to logic, whether more or less irrefragable. She does not let visionaries, of a violent and absolute turn of mind, lead her astray by their deductions, or overcome her by their conclusions. She has ever brought down to their true worth those false conceited teachers who, to console their dupes and victims, say to them, like the Satan of Dante ;

'Perchance you thought  
I was not a logician so profound !'

"It is here especially that the superior wisdom with which that nation is endowed, shines forth. Having laid down or accepted a principle, it does not allow itself to be led on by that pretext, either to an Utopia or a precipice. It distrusts even, and with

reason, the dominion of theories, which in politics, of all subjects, require cautious treatment; and it may be said that the nation's history is that of a constant struggle against exaggerated deductions from the principles which it has proclaimed or conceded. In the Middle Ages, it accepted, as did all Europe, the religious and feudal character of the royal authority; and it has scrupulously preserved the phraseology of it down to the present day. It is there (in England) and there only, that you still hear phrases which were used in the time of Queen Elizabeth; 'the Queen's realms,' 'the Queen's army,' 'the Queen's ships;' that the highest tribunal is called 'the Queen's Bench,' that the tranquillity of the public streets is expressed by 'the Queen's peace;' that the House of Commons itself, which is in fact the sovereign of the country, in its addresses to the Crown styles itself, 'your faithful Commons.' No one dreams, like our deputies of the left, fifteen years ago, of refusing the title of subjects, in addressing royalty; but neither does any one dream of sacrificing to it either dignity, conscience, or renown.

"While in other countries, lawyers and theologians were deducing from these historic formulas the entire theory of Divine Right, and the omnipotence of royalty, good sense and straight-forwardness have reduced them in England to pure fictions, preserved from reverence to a past from which has been derived an inheritance of great benefits, whose memory was not to be denied, but with a present charge, not exceeding that by which the property was actually saddled by the writ.\* The English have left to royalty the decoration and the *prestige* of power; they have kept the substance of it for themselves. This is certainly better worth the while than taking mere words in payment, or letting oneself be duped by fine theories of which the substance is always evaporating, or which ally themselves in practice with the foulest abuses."

It is impossible to refuse to the following description of the English aristocracy the praises with which we have characterized the preceding extract, while at the same

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\* *Sous bénéfice d'inventaire* : a legal term not easily rendered without some longer periphrasis. "On appelle lettres de bénéfice d'inventaire, des lettres du prince, par lesquelles celui qui les obtient, n'est tenu des dettes d'une succession, que jusqu'à la concurrence de ce qui est porté par l'inventaire. Et on appelle *héritier par bénéfice d'inventaire*, l'héritier qui a obtenu ces sortes de lettres."—Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française.

The wit of this application of an old legal phrase to the subject of which the writer was treating, is sufficiently obvious, and is only one instance out of many of the charm of this peculiar characteristic, attaching certainly to French familiar writing in general, and to the style of M. de Montalembert in particular.

time it seems marked with the same defects. It is accurate in the general outlines; yet here and there occurs a touch of exaggeration, such as converts a faithful sketch into a semi-ideal portrait, by a process as easy as the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. After saying, and with some wit, that within the limits of one constitution there are, in England, two aristocracies, which were once Whig and Tory, but which now, after many shiftings, may be classed as the old school and the new, or the governmental and opposition parties, (for M. de Montalembert is not, we think, very clear in these definitions,) he proceeds:

"This mode of tactics (i. e. governing by the mutual opposition of two forces, ever on the watch to detect one another's errors) would not succeed, if the two great divisions of the English aristocracy remained inaccessible to the talents, the services, and the aspirations which have their rise among the inferior classes of society. Happily, the reverse is the case. Every one is acquainted with, though none have sufficiently extolled, the admirable machinery by which the peerage both opens its ranks and closes them; absorbs into itself the most eminent characters in the political world, in the magistracy, the army, the diplomatic and financial circles, without concern for their origin, whether drawn from among the people to a greater or less degree: and at the same time refunds into the national mass all its collateral branches, which, from the younger grand-children of every English peer onwards, remain blended among their fellow-citizens without any title or mark of distinction. This continual coming and going, which is ever bringing young and vigorous elements into the highest ranks of the aristocracy, and freeing it from elements useless and superfluous, and thus establishes a kind of settled rotation between the nation and the peerage, is the work, not of any individual legislator, but of the social and political instinct of the country. It goes up to the middle ages, as high as the peerage itself. By such means, this great institution has escaped the evils inseparable (everywhere beside) from a powerful aristocracy, as at Venice and in Germany. By this, it has attained to the character of a patriciate of political and national importance; it is not an exclusive caste, entrenched within the narrow limits of its own individuality, and fated to expire from inanition and unproductive pride. Doubtless, here as in every other place, where the human soul is exposed to the temptations of wealth, of luxury, and indolence, there may have grown up a certain exclusive, supercilious, frivolous set, whose influence, too readily adopted, has spread, not indeed in the direction of public affairs, but over intercourse in the world, and the facilities of social life. Every day tends to make this evil disappear.

Besides, at no period have arrogance or disdain on the part of the aristocracy taken the humiliating shapes or exerted the fatal influence which, in other countries, have sown rancours irremediable in the heart of the *bourgeoisie*. The rationale of this is, not only the permanent fusion of the younger members of the peerage with the rest of the nation, of which we have just spoken, but chiefly the habit which the English Lords have, of not placing equality of birth in the first rank of the advantages they seek in their matrimonial alliances. The same plan has often been pursued on the continent, especially in France during the old régime, but never without exciting both complaints and ridicule. The word *mésalliance*, has no equivalent in the English language, any more than the word *parvenu*; and the idea expressed by it is foreign to the habits of the country."

Shades of Almack's! Manes of all the Exclusives who have fretted your little hour on the stage of the highest and most unapproachable London life; ye, the very core of that innermost circle, within whose precincts, not wealth, the most colossal and overwhelming, ungilded by pure *ton*, can venture to tread,—what is your verdict on the statement of this last paragraph? Assuredly, if the terms referred to, and referred to as an argument, are not indigenous to our language, they have been adopted into it with marvellous facility and telling effect from that tongue which stands pre-eminent among the family of modern Europe for expressing social ideas. We imagine that, practically, the terms *parvenu* and *mésalliance* are as completely naturalized into the vocabulary of our fashionable coteries as those of *ennui*, *blasé*, and the fifty others that have been transplanted from the same source, and have taken root so deeply in our own parterres. We do not wish to insist upon the point at any length, and merely notice it in passing, as one instance of the tendency to over-statement, by which M. de Montalembert spoils the effect of so many of his otherwise good passages. What effect it may produce on the other side of the Channel to lay down propositions so sweepingly, he can probably judge far better than ourselves; but as for our own, it is the very last manœuvre by which a writer conciliates confidence in his assertions. The mind of John Bull is somewhat like a sturdy tenpenny nail. You may drive it up to the very head, into almost any conclusion, if you only employ judicious strokes; but hit it only once too hard, and it jumps back altogether.

We opened with no small curiosity, and (we will confess it) with some little anxiety, the chapters on "Catholicism in England," and on "Anglicanism." Our anxiety turned upon the point whether this lively and ingenious writer, who is evidently a good deal struck with the externals of things, and captivated with first-sight views, demonstrations, and "signs of life," would be wholly clear of the fallacy which is now so deeply infecting the Anglican body. A restoration of architecture and mediæval tastes, the laborious, the scrupulous, rebuilding and whitening of the sepulchres of those whom the Anglicans' forefathers killed, would (we feared) be something of a stumbling-block in M. de Montalembert's path. He might be in danger, as perhaps some small section of English Catholics have been more or less in danger, of regarding this embellishing of the prophets' tombs as a re-awakening of the prophetic spirit in the decorators. Carving and gilding might be taken to patch up flaws in theology; and heresy and schism in *ogive* attire, be imagined, like Burke's portrait of Vice, to lose half their evil by losing all their unadorned simplicity. Such were our misgivings, nor can we say that on a perusal of these two chapters they are entirely allayed. We feel, that in his ardent admiration of free institutions, of *self-government*, the exertion of individual energy, and the active practical turn of the English mind, our respected panegyrist has again overstepped himself, in the direction of a sympathy with Anglicanism to which we cannot pretend to follow him. He protests, of course, against being misunderstood; and, equally of course, he says many things as a devout Catholic, which we are glad to hail as satisfactory and safe. But, when he concludes his peroration by announcing, as a corollary drawn from the number of new Protestant churches built of late years in England; "*un culte qui construit n'est pas encore un culte qui tombe*"—we are reminded disagreeably of an expression used by Archdeacon Manning in one of his early charges, to the effect that a church which is busy in rebuilding her altars is not a church in decay. In the lips of the Anglican teacher it was an announcement of unfeigned and loyal trust in the position he then occupied; a loyalty and sincerity which have since, by Divine Grace, and to the unspeakable benefit of the Catholic cause in England, led that revered person to a better and securer ground of con-



fidence. But from the pen of M. de Montalembert, we were not prepared for so startling a parallel in idea and expression. We can only account for it on the theory that his generous affection for England extends also, as according to the old proverb it ought, to England's dog; that the undoubted moral improvement of the Protestant clergy within the present century, induces in him the fond belief, that a tree on which hang such apples, cannot be the utter crab it would otherwise seem; and that, not only is half a loaf better than no bread, and protestantism with energy, better than protestantism in decay, and heresy, with fragments of a creed, better than heresy with none,—but, all things considered, and for the mere experiment of the thing, and since no better alternative presents itself, he would like just once to see the race well run, with fair stage and no favour, between the imperfect, illogical, independent, self-trusting, and self-governing Anglicans, and their orthodox, but too submissive rivals, who surround the throne of an Imperial despot. “Not that I love Rome less, but that I hate Cæsar more.”

M. de Montalembert is too fervent a Catholic for us to fear that any such remarks as these could be misinterpreted; too good a Christian to take them in bad part if his eye should ever chance to rest upon them; and too ardent an admirer of the British freedom of speech not to recognize a “chip of the old block,” in any strictures upon what he has so fearlessly given to the public both of England and of France.

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ART. IX.—*History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain.*  
By W. H. PRESCOTT. Vols. I. and II. London: Richard Bentley, 1855.

**MR. PRESCOTT**, by his history of Ferdinand and Isabella, has already earned for himself a high reputation in connexion with Spanish History. There is, however, a wide and splendid interval between the time at which his former history ends, and that at which his present



work commences. The brief reign of Philip the Fair, and of Johanna, might be passed over with but little notice; but the regency of Cardinal Ximenes and the empire of Charles V.,—two names than which few more illustrious have appeared in the world's history,—furnish an ample theme for the pen of the most ambitious historian. The reason assigned for this omission, is the existence of Robertson's History of Charles V. The Scotchman, however, had neither the materials nor the industry, nor the impartiality which would qualify him for a faithful narrator of facts. His glittering falsehoods, scandalous mis-quotations, gross ignorance, and shameless perversion of facts, have been ably exposed by several Protestant writers,\* and when Prescott himself comes into contact with him, he charges him with relating a great many things which are "certainly not found in the authorities cited at the bottom of his page."†

We are sorry, however, to be obliged to declare that, with all his industry and research, and these are undoubted, Mr. Prescott lacks the impartiality which is the very first and most essential requisite in the man who would write the history of that most eventful period which witnessed the rise and progress of the Reformation. He repeatedly asserts that Philip was a false and deceitful man in all his actions, personal as well as political,—that he held it as an axiom that the end justifies the means, and he endeavours to measure all the actions of the Spanish king by this most fallacious standard. When Queen Mary of England, to whom Philip was then married, began, like all the other sovereigns, to persecute those who differed from her own religious belief, Alphonso de Castro, a Spanish friar, inveighed bitterly against these proceedings, denouncing them as repugnant to the true spirit of Christianity, which was that of charity and forgiveness, and which enjoined its ministers not to take vengeance on the sinner, but to enlighten him as to his errors, and to bring him to repentance. This bold appeal had its effect, even in that season of excitement, and for a few weeks the arm of persecution seemed to be palsied. Philip was at this time in England, and the

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\* See amongst others Maitland's excellent work, "The Dark Ages."

† History of Philip II., vol. i. p. 249, note.

friar, who was his own confessor, would not have dared to have preached contrary to the wishes of his master; but yet Mr. Prescott will not give Philip credit for humanity on this occasion, but suspects that "if the friar did indeed act in obedience to Philip," he was influenced by some mean or unworthy motive. He even so far forgets himself as to arraign Philip's character on the authority of a disgraced secretary, Lorenzo Perez, and of the lying manifesto published by the Prince of Orange, when a price was set upon his head by his sovereign. We are not, therefore, much surprised that a most important aspect of the religious and political movements of the sixteenth century, which has been strongly dwelt on by many Protestant historians,\* has entirely escaped Mr. Prescott's observation. It has never "been dreamt of in his philosophy." He does not think it any advantage that the Catholic Church and sovereigns were in peaceable possession of their respective authorities, and that the sectaries and reformers of the sixteenth century were commonly rebels against both. The heretics who justified their revolt, on the ground that every man had a divine right to judge for himself in matters of religion, no sooner got the power than they became the most fierce and fanatical persecutors. Absolute government he regards as essentially evil, at all events when the prince is a Christian, for he seems to have some tenderness for Turkish despots. As this form of government prevailed almost universally in Europe in the sixteenth century, every scoundrel whom ambition, poverty, or crime, drove into rebellion, is at once transformed into a patriot, who deserves and receives the warmest sympathy of the historian. If he is caught and beheaded, we are invited to execrate the tyrant, and to drop a tear over the grave of the martyr.

We are neither the idolators nor sycophants of arbitrary power; theoretically we think a popular form of government incomparably the best, but we are not blind to the tyranny of a mob, any more than to that of a king, and we think the hellish rage of the merciless iconoclasts of the Netherlands, in the reign of Philip the Second, far more inexcusable than the pitiless tribunals set up by Alba, to punish rebellion and to uphold the authority of the lawful sovereign of the country. Perhaps it is natural for an American, who must

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\* See Sir James McIntosh's *Hist. of England*, vol. ii. *passim*.

sometimes witness the violence of the multitude in his own country, to look with tenderness upon the excesses of savage mobs which tore down the cross, the images, and the altars, in the Catholic churches, broke the consecrated vessels, and cast down the sacred host to be trampled on,—which broke into the convents, pillaged them, and after treating the inmates in a way so brutal that it may not be written, cast them out without a home, and almost naked on the world. We beg very respectfully to suggest that there may sometimes be quite as great abuses, and quite as little personal liberty in a republic as in a despotic government, and that in the Netherlands in particular the rebels who rose against their legitimate sovereign and the established religion were treated with less inhumanity, than their supporters experienced at the hands of the revoltors, whenever the latter got them in their power.

Few monarchs have been the objects of such high eulogy from one party, and of such fierce invective from another, as Philip the Second. It will be obvious, from what we have already stated, that in our opinion Mr. Prescott does not hold the balance even between them. The present volumes, which contain only the earlier portion of Philip's reign, bring down the history merely to the commencement of the revolt in the Netherlands. Nevertheless, the author shows plainly that he is prepared to go heart and soul with the Protestant party. As on this subject we shall have to controvert many of his opinions, and possibly many of his statements, and some of his documents,—we shall not touch upon the revolt in the Netherlands until the remainder of the work shall have been published. We shall therefore briefly discuss the other parts of the history, copying as far as possible Mr. Prescott's language. His style is much improved in these volumes, with the exception, however, of the notes, which are obviously written in imitation of the sneering tone of Gibbon's notes, without being redeemed by the wit of the author of the *Decline and Fall*.

Philip II. was born at Valladolid, May 21, 1527. His father was the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and his mother the Empress Isabella, daughter of Emanuel the Great, of Portugal. He was baptized on the 25th of June, by Tavera, Bishop of Toledo, and on the 19th of April, 1528, when but eleven months old, he was recognized amid the greatest enthusiasm and splendour, by the cortes

at Madrid, as the rightful heir to the sovereignty. His education was chiefly entrusted to the care of his mother, who was in every way eminently qualified for the task. He showed a decided taste for science, especially mathematics, made considerable progress in sculpture and painting, and the noblest monuments in Spain are the fruits of his genius in the science of architecture. In modern languages he never attained the same proficiency as his father, who spoke five of them fluently; but Philip could write Latin with ease and correctness, he understood Greek and Italian, and spoke French intelligibly, if not elegantly. He also learned to fence, to ride, to take his part at the tilts and tournaments, and to excel in all other chivalrous exercises.

The persons who assisted Isabella in the education of her sons were Juan Martinez Siliceo, professor in the college of Salamanca, and Don Juan de Zuniga, commendador mayor of Castile. Unfortunately for Philip, his mother died when he was only twelve years old. The emperor, who loved his wife tenderly, was at Madrid when he heard of her illness. "He posted in all haste to Toledo, where the queen then was, but arrived only in time to embrace her cold remains. The desolate monarch abandoned himself to an agony of grief, and was with difficulty withdrawn from the apartment by his attendants, to indulge his solitary regrets in the neighbouring monastery of La Sista." Isabella well deserved to be mourned by her husband. She possessed many high and generous qualities united with all those feminine virtues and graces which adorn a wife and a mother. The palace under her rule became a school of industry. Instead of wasting her leisure hours in frivolous pleasures, she might be seen busily employed with her maidens, in the elegant labours of the loom; and, like her ancestor, the good queen Isabella the Catholic, she sent more than one piece of tapestry, worked by her own hands, to adorn the altars of Jerusalem. These excellent qualities were enhanced by manners so attractive, that her effigy was struck on a medal, with a device of the three graces on the reverse side, bearing the motto, *Has habet et superat*. She was but thirty-six years old when she died, and the emperor was only forty. He never married again, and it is stated that it was during the period of mental depression consequent upon her death that the idea first entered his

mind of resigning his vast empire to his son and of retiring from the world.

Philip first took command of an army when only fourteen years old. The Dauphin, at the head of a French army, had made a descent upon Roussillon. Charles resolved to send his own son, though a mere boy, to encounter the son of the French monarch, but he was attended by generals who had been trained to arms by the great emperor himself. Philip accordingly posted to Valladolid, where he quickly mustered a considerable force and descended rapidly to the coast. The Dauphin, however, did not wait for his approach, but breaking up his camp, without striking a blow, hastily retreated across the mountains. Philip entered the town in triumph, and the promptness and fortunate result of the enterprise furnished a favourable augury for the future. Charles, whose wars soon after obliged him to leave the country, appointed Philip regent of Spain, who discharged the duties of his high office with a moderation and ability rarely found in one so young.

The Emperor had for some time past desired that his son should marry. Philip, who was heir to the most powerful monarchy in the world, was regarded as the best match in Europe. The Emperor first meditated an alliance for him with Margaret, daughter of Francis I., but Philip's inclination was turned to an alliance with Portugal. The father yielded to the wishes of his son, and in December, 1542, Philip was betrothed to the Infanta Mary, daughter of John III. and of Catherine, the Emperor's sister. She was consequently cousin-german to Philip. At the same time Johanna, Charles's youngest daughter, was affianced to the eldest son of John III. and heir to the crown. Charles had another daughter, Mary, who afterwards became Empress of Germany.

As the Infanta of Portugal, who was five months younger than Philip, was more than sixteen, it was resolved that the marriage should take place immediately. She accordingly quitted her father's palace in Lisbon, in October, 1543, and set out for Salamanca, where the marriage ceremony was to take place, attended by the Archbishop of Lisbon and a numerous\* train of nobles. She was of the middle size, with a good figure, and was distinguished by a graceful carriage and a pleasing expression

of countenance. Her dress was of cloth of silver, embroidered with flowers of gold. She wore a cape or Castilian mantle of violet-coloured velvet, figured with gold, and a hat of the same materials, surmounted by a white and azure plume. She was mounted on a mule which had a silver saddle and housings of rich brocade.

Philip was about the middle height, and, like his father, was extremely well made. He had a fair and even delicate complexion. His hair and beard were of a light yellow. His eyes were blue—his nose thin and aquiline. His figure was athletic though somewhat slight, and his countenance, though sombre, and tinged with a shade of melancholy, was noble and so beautiful, as to be remarked upon by those who came near him. So impatient was the young Prince to see his destined bride, that he sallied out with a few attendants from the city of Salamanca disguised as huntsmen, and mingled unknown among the crowd which met her several miles from the city. In this way he accompanied the procession for five hours. On the evening after Mary's arrival, November 12th, she was married to Philip, and on the 19th the new married pair transferred their residence to Valladolid. In less than two years, July 8th, 1545, she gave birth to a son, the celebrated Don Carlos. She survived this event only a few days. Her remains were first deposited in the Cathedral of Granada, and were afterwards removed by her husband to the Escorial after he had finished that magnificent mausoleum.

In 1548, Philip, having resigned the regency of Spain to his cousin and brother-in-law Maximilian, proceeded to Brussels, where the Emperor occupied a part of the palace in which his sister, the regent Mary, held her court. The object of the Emperor was to introduce his son to his future subjects, the inhabitants of the Netherlands, and to instruct him in the science of government. Whilst he remained in Brussels, he spent some time each day in his father's cabinet, and afterwards attended by a splendid retinue, made a journey through the country. He was everywhere received with acclamation. A splendid tourney was held at Brussels in honour of the Prince who won a brilliant ruby, which was the prize of the *lança de las damas*—the ladies lance. The Prince ran the first course in the tourney. His antagonist was the Count Mansfeldt, a Flemish captain of great renown. At the appointed



signal, the two knights spurred against each other and met in the centre of the lists with a shock that shivered their lances to the very grasp. Both knights reeled in their saddles, but neither lost his seat. The arena resounded with the plaudits of the spectators, not the less hearty that one of the combatants was the heir apparent. In 1551, Philip returned to Spain, and resumed the government of the kingdom.

In 1553, by the death of her brother Edward the Sixth, Mary Tudor became Queen of England. The study of original documents and authorities, had long since led Mr. Tytler to take a highly favourable view of Mary's character. Prescott seems to be of the same opinion, but thinks himself obliged to qualify his praise by a good deal of the usual protestant declamation against "bloody Mary," whom he contrasts in this respect with the far more "bloody Elizabeth." However, here is her portrait from the pen of the Venetian minister.

"She was about thirty-six years of age at the time of her accession. In stature, she was rather less than the middle size,—not large, as was the case with both her father and mother—and exceedingly well made. 'The portraits of her,' says Micheli, 'show that in her youth she must have been not only good-looking, but even handsome, though her countenance, when he saw her, exhibited traces of early trouble and disease.' But whatever she had lost in personal attractions, was fully made up by those of the mind. She was quick of apprehension, and, like her younger sister Elizabeth, was mistress of several languages, three of which the French, Latin, and Spanish, she could speak; the last with fluency... Her spirit was lofty and magnanimous, never discomposed by danger, showing in all things a blood truly royal."\*

Mr. Prescott admits that she proved herself to be devout and sincerely pious. When her ministers told her the crown was too much impoverished to admit of the restoration of the Church property, the high-minded Queen replied,

"'I would rather lose ten crowns than place my soul in peril.' There is no doubt that Elizabeth had given Mary great cause of uneasiness. She was shown to be privy to the rebellion under Wyatt, and yet perhaps, the only act in which she openly resisted

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\* Vol. I. p. 63.



the will of her husband, was by refusing to compel her sister to accept the hand of Philibert, Duke of Savoy. Yet this act would have relieved her of the presence of her rival, and by it Elizabeth would have forfeited her independent possession of the crown—perhaps the possession of it altogether. It may be doubted whether Elizabeth, under similar circumstances, would have shown the like tenderness to her successor.”\*

The heroic spirit manifested by Mary during the rebellion which was raised against her, on account of her intended marriage with the Prince of Spain, is known to every one. She triumphed over her enemies by her own courage and constancy, and the people who admired the intrepid conduct of their Queen, received Philip with the greatest enthusiasm on his arrival in England. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp in the ancient city of Winchester, on the 25th of July, 1554. Previous to the ceremony an instrument was read which had been executed by the emperor Charles V. By this he ceded to his son his entire right and sovereignty over the kingdom of Naples and the duchy of Milan, that the rank of the parties might thus be equal, and that Mary, instead of marrying a subject might wed a sovereign prince. Philip conducted himself whilst in England like a wise prince and a good husband, and he retained the deepest hold on his wife's heart until it ceased to beat. His stay in the country, though brief, was signalized by the reconciliation of England with the Holy See, and her readmission into the communion of the Catholic Church.

In the following year the Emperor astonished all Europe by summoning his son to Flanders, in order that he might resign his sceptre into his hands. Although the subject was one which would seem to admit of no delay on Philip's part, yet so distressed was Mary by the prospect of separation, that her husband postponed his departure for several weeks. He did not leave her until, moved by the necessity of the case, she agreed to his departure. With a heavy heart she accompanied him as far as Greenwich, where Philip taking an affectionate farewell of his wife, and commending her and her concerns to the care of Cardinal Pole, set out for the continent, attended by a splendid train of Castilian and English nobles. He reached Brussels in the latter part of September, 1555.

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\* Vol. I. p. 67.

The Emperor was only fifty-five years old when he resigned the sceptre to Philip, and we have already seen that from the period of the death of the Empress Isabella, he had resolved to resign his crown, and to retire to some religious retreat, where he might prepare his soul for heaven; and that he only waited for the death of his afflicted mother, who required his constant care and attention, in order to carry it into execution. Johanna at length died, and the Emperor immediately summoned his son to relieve him of the cares of empire. The ceremony of abdication with regard to the sovereignty of the Netherlands took place at Brussels on October 25, 1555. It was conducted with great pomp, and in the midst of a brilliant assembly. The impressive appearance of the Emperor was increased by his black dress, for he was in mourning for his mother. He wore a single ornament, the superb collar of the Golden Fleece, which hung from his neck. He was attended by his two sisters, Eleanor, widow of Francis I. of France, and Mary, Queen Dowager of Hungary, who had filled the office of regent of the Low Countries for nearly twenty years, and who now welcomed the hour when she was permitted to resign the burden of sovereignty to her nephew, and to withdraw, like her imperial brother, into private life. Charles delivered an affecting address to his people. He said it was now forty years since he had been intrusted with the sceptre of the Netherlands, and that he was soon after called to take charge of a still more extensive empire both in Spain and in Germany. He had ever been mindful of the dear land of his birth, but above all, of the great interests of Christianity. His first object had been to maintain these inviolate against the infidel, but in this he had been thwarted partly by the jealousy of neighbouring powers, and partly by the factions of the heretical princes of Germany. In the performance of his great work he had never consulted his ease. His expeditions in war and in peace, to France, England, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Flanders, had amounted to no less than forty. Four times he had crossed the Spanish seas, and eight times the Mediterranean. However, he had long since come to the resolution to resign the sceptre, and had only been deterred from taking this step by the situation of his unfortunate parent, and the inexperience of his son. These causes no longer existed, and he now carried his long-cherished design into execution. They had all been dutiful and

loving subjects to him, and such, he doubted not, they would prove to his successor. Above all things he besought them to maintain the purity of the faith. If any one, in these licentious times, had admitted doubts into his bosom, let such doubts be extirpated at once. "I know well," he concluded, "that in my long administration I have fallen into many errors, and committed some wrongs. But it was from ignorance; and if there be any here whom I have wronged, they will believe that it was not intended, and grant me their forgiveness." While the Emperor was speaking, a breathless silence pervaded the whole audience. Charles had ever been dear to the people of the Netherlands—the land of his birth. They took a national pride in his achievements, and felt that his glory reflected a peculiar lustre on themselves. As they now gazed for the last time on that revered form, and listened to the parting admonitions from his lips, they were deeply affected, and not a dry eye was to be seen in the assembly. Philip would have thrown himself at his father's feet, but Charles, raising his son, tenderly embraced him, whilst the tears flowed fast down his cheeks. Every one, even the most stoical, was touched by this affecting scene, "and nothing," says one who was present, "was to be heard throughout the hall but sobs and ill-suppressed moans." Charles, exhausted by his efforts, and deadly pale, sank back upon his seat, while with feeble accents he exclaimed, as he gazed on his people, "God bless you! God bless you!"\*

On the 16th of the following January (1556) he resigned the crown of Spain, and its vast dependencies in the New World. There remained now to Charles only his sceptre, and this he wished to transfer at once to his brother, Ferdinand. But this he consented to defer for some time longer at the request of Ferdinand himself, who wished to prepare the minds of the electoral college for this unexpected transfer of the empire. But Charles, though he consented to retain the mere title of emperor for a short time, would not retain any of the power or responsibility of sovereignty. These passed immediately and entirely to the hands of Ferdinand, and the most powerful prince of Europe descended at once to the rank of a private

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\* Vol. i. p. 10, and following.

gentleman. Having taken an affectionate farewell of Philip, whose affairs detained him in Flanders, Charles, accompanied by his two sisters, embarked at Flushing on the 13th of September. On the 28th he landed at Laredo, in Biscay. Charles was everywhere greeted on the road like a sovereign returning to his dominions. The nobles and common people thronged around him, the towns were illuminated, and the bells rang merrily to give him welcome. He endeavoured as far as possible to prevent these demonstrations. At Valladolid, where his daughter, the Regent Johanna was holding her court, preparations were made for receiving him in a manner suited to his former rank. But he positively declined these honours, reserving them for his two sisters, the dowager queens of France and Hungary, who accordingly made their entrance into the capital in great state, on the day following that on which their royal brother had entered it with the simplicity of a private citizen.

The place Charles had chosen for his retreat was the monastery of Yuste, in the province of Estremadura, not many miles from Placentia. The convent was tenanted by monks of the strict order of St. Jerome. It lay in a wild romantic country, embosomed among hills that stretch along the northern confines of Estremadura. The building, which was of great antiquity, had been surrounded by its inmates with cultivated gardens, and with groves of orange, lemon, and myrtle, whose fragrance was tempered with the refreshing coolness of the waters that gushed forth in abundance from the rocky sides of the hills. It was a delicious retreat, and by its calm seclusion, and the character of its scenery, was well suited to withdraw the mind from the turmoil of the world, and dispose it to serious meditation. Here the monarch dedicated his soul in peace to God. He did not lose any portion of that strong natural affection for his family and his friends, which even the most gigantic schemes of ambition were unable to eradicate from the heart of the great Emperor. He still loved his friends and sympathized with them, but for himself he had no wish but to be with Christ. On being told that his end was approaching, he received the intelligence not merely with composure but with cheerfulness. It was, he said, what he had long desired. He ordered a portrait of his wife to be brought to him, and dwelt a long while on its beautiful features, "as if he were

implored her to prepare a place for him in the celestial mansions to which she had gone. He then passed to the contemplation of another picture, the celebrated "Gloria" of Titian, on which he gazed so long and with such rapt attention, that his physician feared the effects of such excitement on his nerves.

On the 19th of September, 1558, Charles received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. He preferred to have it in the form adopted by the friars, which comprehending a litany, the seven penitential psalms, and sundry other passages of Scripture, was much longer and more exhausting than the ordinary form. His strength, however, did not fail him, and on the following morning he desired to receive the communion as he had frequently done during his illness. On his confessor representing that after the Sacrament of Extreme Unction this was unnecessary, he answered, "Perhaps so, but it is good provision for the long journey I am to set out upon." Exhausted as he was he knelt a full quarter of an hour in his bed offering thanks to God for His mercies, and expressing the deepest contrition for his sins, with an earnestness of manner that touched the hearts of all present. On the 21st of September, St. Matthew's day, about two hours after midnight, the great Emperor feeling that his hour had come exclaimed, "Now is the time." The holy taper was placed lighted in his right hand, and with his left he clasped a crucifix. It was the same that his wife had held in her dying hour. As he was unable to hold it, it had been laid upon his breast, but at his request it was held up before his eyes by the Archbishop of Toledo. Charles fixed his gaze long and earnestly on the sacred symbol, to him the memento of earthly love as well as of heavenly. The Archbishop was repeating the psalm *De Profundis*, "Out of the depths I have cried to Thee, O Lord," when the dying man making a feeble effort to embrace the crucifix, exclaimed in tones so audible as to be heard in the adjoining room, "Ay Jesus," and sinking back on the pillow, expired without a struggle. He had always prayed, perhaps fearing the hereditary taint of insanity, that he might die in the possession of his faculties. This prayer was heard.\*

By the abdication of his father Philip became master of the most widely extended and powerful monarchy in Europe. He was King of Spain, Naples, and Sicily, Duke of Milan, Lord of Frenche Compté and the Low Countries, and titular King of England, which enabled him eventually to direct the counsels of that country to his own purposes. In Africa, he possessed the Cape de Verd Islands and the Canaries, as well as Tunis, Oran, and some other important places on the Barbary coast. He owned the Philippines and Spice Islands in Asia. In America besides his possessions in the West Indies, he was master of the rich empires of Mexico and Peru, and claimed a right to a boundless extent of country, that offered an inexhaustible field for the cupidity and enterprise of the Spanish adventurer. Thus the dominions of Philip stretched over every quarter of the globe. The flag of Castile was seen in the remotest latitudes—on the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the far-off Indian seas,—passing from port to port, and uniting by commercial intercourse the widely scattered members of his vast colonial empire. The Spanish army was the best in Europe. It consisted of veterans who had been formed under the eye of Charles V., and of his generals, who had fought on the renowned fields of Pavia and of Muhlberg, or who in the new world had climbed the Andes with Almagro and Pizarro, and helped those bold chiefs to overthrow the dynasty of the Incas. The navy of Spain and Flanders combined far exceeded that of any other power in the number and size of its vessels; and if its supremacy might be contested by England on the “narrow seas,” it rode the undisputed mistress of the ocean. The wealth and resources of the country were almost inexhaustible. Over all this vast and flourishing empire Philip ruled with absolute authority.\* He possessed large experience, great capacity and unwearied diligence in the cabinet. His history is indeed the history of Europe during the latter half of the sixteenth century, and from his closet at Madrid he not only governed his own vast dominions, but exercised moreover a weighty influence on the destinies and government of neighbouring nations. He was at the head of the Catholics, and often single-handed, but always powerfully opposed himself to

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\* Vol. 1. chap. 5.



that torrent of innovation which threatened to sweep away all the landmarks of ancient Christianity in its mad and reckless progress. Yet strange to say, he was scarcely seated on the throne when he found himself at war with Pope Paul IV., who leagued himself with the French for the purpose of driving the Spaniards out of Italy. But the celebrated Duke of Alva, who had been appointed to the government of Naples, as the fittest man to meet the impending storm, baffled the French, though led on by the famous Duke of Guise, and in two victorious campaigns made himself master of nearly the whole of the Papal territories. Rome itself only escaped capture by an accident. Yet so unwilling was Philip to be at war with the Pope, that as Alva remarked, the treaty which followed seemed to have been dictated by the vanquished instead of the victor. All places taken from the territory of the Church were restored, the Spanish troops were immediately withdrawn, the French were allowed a free passage back to their own country; and Alva, who entered Rome on the 27th of September, 1557, had to ask pardon on his knees in order to get absolution for having borne arms against the Church. Paul, however, paid the Duke the distinguished honour of giving him a seat at his own table; and sent the Duchess the consecrated golden rose, reserved for royal persons and illustrious champions of the Church.

Henry II. of France, having by sending an army across the Alps broken the truce which had been concluded between that country and Spain by Charles V. before he abdicated the throne, Philip commenced preparations which would enable him not merely to defend the frontiers of the Netherlands, but moreover to carry the war into the enemy's country. In March 1557 he paid a second visit to England, where he was received in the most affectionate manner by the Queen. She had put up with affronts more than once from the French ambassador in her own court; and her throne had been menaced by repeated conspiracies, which if not organized, had been secretly encouraged by France. The attempted insurrection of Stafford, who crossed over at this time from the shores of France, was the crowning injury, and Philip had the satisfaction to see a herald dispatched to declare war against the French King in the presence of his court. But the state of his affairs imperatively demanded Philip's presence in



the Netherlands, and after a residence of less than four months in London, he bade a final adieu to his disconsolate Queen, who only survived until the 17th of November, 1558.

Philip on his return to Brussels caused a gallant army to be assembled. It consisted of 35,000 foot and 12,000 horse, and a good train of battering artillery; and was shortly after reinforced by 8,000 English under the Earl of Pembroke. The chief command was conferred on the illustrious Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, who having been stripped of his dominions by the French, was at this time Regent of the Netherlands. The campaign was as glorious to Philip as it was disastrous to France. The French army under the command of the constable Montmorency, was literally cut to pieces in the battle of St. Quentin, which was fought on the 10th of August—St. Lawrence's Day—1557. The French were utterly routed. No one thought of fighting, or even of self-defence. They only thought of flight. The slaughter was dreadful. The best blood of France flowed like water. Amongst the slain was Jean de Bourbon, Count d'Eugghien, a prince of the blood. The number of prisoners amounted to 6,000 of whom 600 were persons of condition. One of these was the commander-in-chief Montmorency. More than eighty standards, with all the artillery, ammunition-waggons and baggage, fell into the hands of the victors. France had not experienced such a defeat since the battle of Agincourt. King Philip regretted that he had not been present at the battle, but on his arrival at the camp shortly afterwards he was received with all the honours of a victor; with flourishes of trumpets, salvos of artillery, and the loud shouts of the soldiery. The Duke of Savoy wished to march direct to Paris, but Philip was more moderate, and contented himself with storming St. Quentin, and making himself master of some important places on the frontiers of Picardy. This campaign convinced the nations of Europe that the sceptre of the great Emperor had passed into no feeble hands, and it raised the Spanish monarchy to the first place amongst the nations of Europe.

The French in the following January, (1558) under the Duke of Guise, captured Calais after a short siege. The fortifications had been allowed to get into a state of decay, and the conquest of the last of the English possessions on

the continent was effected without much difficulty. The loss caused the deepest sensation through all parts of England, and broke the queen's heart. The exultation was unbounded all over France. It was now resolved to carry the war into Flanders. Guise ordered Marshal Termes to march from Calais into the Low Countries at the head of 5,000 foot and 1,500 horse, and such additional levies as could be hastily raised, and proposed to join him there with his own troops. The French, under Termes, committed the most frightful excesses. They stormed the town of Dunkirk and gave it up to pillage, and everywhere acted with a hardened licentiousness which was unknown even in the wars of that period. The Duke of Savoy ordered Count Egmont to muster such forces as he could, and to intercept the retreat of the French until he should come up himself and chastise them. The people were so excited against the French, that they flocked to Egmont's standard from all quarters, and he was soon enabled to occupy the great road by which De Termes had penetrated into Flanders. The French commander saw that no time was to be lost. He immediately commenced his retreat, and pointing towards Calais, said, "There is your home, and you must beat the enemy before you can gain it." The armies met at Gravelines on the Aa, and after a desperate battle the French were as completely routed as at St. Quentin. Two thousand of them were left dead on the field, and three thousand were made prisoners, amongst whom was Marshal Termes himself. All the baggage, ammunition, and rich spoil, which had been carried off from Dunkirk and other parts of the Netherlands, fell into the hands of the victors. Many who did not fall by the sword perished in the waters of the Aa, others were drowned in the ocean, and no less than fifteen hundred of those who escaped from the field, are said to have been killed by the peasantry who occupied the passes, and thus took bloody revenge for the injuries inflicted on their country.

Henry II. was induced by these repeated defeats to sue for peace. The congress, consisting of the representatives of Spain, England, and France, met at Cercamps, near Cambray, October 15, 1558. Had Mary lived she would certainly have consented to no peace which would not include the restitution of Calais. But she died in a month.

after the assembling of the congress, and Elizabeth became Queen of England. One of her first acts was to acquaint Philip with her accession to the crown, and to express a hope that they should continue to maintain "the same friendly relations as their ancestors had done, and, if possible, more friendly." Philip had on more than one occasion interposed his good offices with Mary on behalf of Elizabeth, and he now thought of retaining his hold on England by offering his hand to the new Queen. The proposal was fettered with such conditions as proves that he was by no means very anxious to succeed in his suit. However, Elizabeth received the proposal in the most gracious manner, and declared that should she be induced to marry, there was no man she would prefer to him. But the parliament of England, under the auspices of Elizabeth, soon entered on those measures which ended in the subversion of the Catholic religion. Philip immediately took measures to inform Elizabeth, that unless she openly disavowed the proceedings of parliament, the marriage could not take place. Elizabeth, when pressed on the matter by Feria, the Spanish ambassador, told him that she had great scruples about applying to the Pope for the dispensation which Philip required her to obtain, and shortly after declared in parliament that she had no other purpose than to live and die a maid. Philip had now no interest in the restoration of Calais, which was the only obstacle to the conclusion of peace. The English queen was accordingly obliged to conclude a treaty with France, by which she virtually abandoned Calais. This treaty was signed on the 2nd of April, 1559, and that between France and Spain, by the provisions of which Philip received more than two hundred towns in return for the five places he held in Picardy, and his allies, of Savoy, Mantua and Genoa, were reinstated in their territories, was executed on the following day.

The result of this negotiation heightened the reputation which Philip had gained by his success in the field. To cement the peace between France and Spain, it had been at first arranged that the hand of Henry's daughter, Elizabeth, should be given to Carlos, the son and heir of Philip; but the French negotiators preferred Philip's own hand to that of his son, and to this proposal the Spanish plenipotentiaries consented. Elizabeth of England was so piqued by this intelligence, that she said to Feria, "Your

master must have been much in love with me, not to be able to wait four months." The ambassador threw the blame on the queen. "Not so," she replied, "I never gave your king a decided answer." But whatever may have been Elizabeth's inclinations, it was now too late to think of the matter, for in June 1559, the Duke of Alva came to Paris as Philip's representative, and the marriage was performed in the Church of St. Mary on the 24th of June. It was during the tournaments which followed the wedding that Henry was slain by the young Count of Montgomery, a Scotch noble, and the captain of his guard. Montgomery directed his lance with such force against the helmet of the king, that the visor gave way. The lance splintered; a fragment struck the king with such violence on the temple as to lay bare the eye, and to wound him mortally. He lingered in great agony for ten days, and expired on the 9th of July, in the forty-second year of his age, and thirteenth of his reign. In consequence of this sad event, Philip's young Queen Elizabeth, or as she is called by the Spaniards, Isabella, did not leave France until January 1560. She was met upon the borders of Navarre by the Duke of Infantado, and a splendid train of the Spanish nobility, by whom she was conducted to Guadalagara in New Castile, where the marriage was again solemnized. She entered the town dressed in ermine, and rode a milk white palfrey, which she managed with an easy grace that delighted the multitude. On entering the court the Regent Johanna came down to receive her sister-in-law, and after an affectionate salutation, conducted her to the saloon, where Philip attended by his son, was awaiting his bride. Elizabeth was in her fifteenth year and Philip in his thirty-fourth. She was the most beautiful, the best and most beloved sovereign that ever reigned in Spain, with the exception of Isabella the Catholic. She was well made, and tall of stature. Her eyes were dark, and her luxuriant tresses of the same dark colour, shaded features that were delicately fair. In her own country she was called "the olive branch of Peace," intimating the sweetness of her disposition, and the Spaniards no less fondly styled her, *Isabel de la Paz*—"Isabella of the Peace."

From Guadalagara Philip and Isabella proceeded to Toledo, where preparations were made for their reception in a style worthy of the ancient capital of the Visigoths. The general jubilee lasted for some weeks, but the festi-

vities of the court were suddenly terminated by the illness of Isabella, who was attacked by small-pox. Fortunately she escaped with her beauty as well as her life; but this early warning served to wean her from the world, and enabled her to say, when informed only a few years afterwards that she must die in the flower of her youth, "In heaven I have always trusted; nor am I so wedded to the pomps and glories of the world, that I cannot now willingly resign them." She was at the time of decease but twenty-three years old. On the evening of the second of October, 1568, she confessed, partook of the sacrament, and received extreme unction. On the following morning, before day-break, she had her last and most affecting interview with the king, in the course of which she earnestly commended to him her two daughters and principal attendants, and besought him to live in amity with her brother the King of France, and to maintain peace. She then sent for the French ambassador, and said to him, "You see me in the act of quitting this vain world, to pass to a more pleasant kingdom, there, as I hope, to be for ever with my God. Tell my mother, the queen, and the king, my brother, to bear my death with patience, and that no happiness on earth has ever made me so content as the prospect now does of approaching my Creator. I shall soon be in a better situation to do them service, and to implore God to take them and my brothers under His holy protection. Beseech them in my name to watch over their kingdom, that an end may be put to the heresies which have spread there. And I will pray Heaven, in its mercy, to grant that they may take my death with patience, and hold me for happy." Shortly after her death she was delivered of a daughter, which lived to be baptised, and was buried in the same coffin with her.

After the peace of Cateau-Cambresis, Spain was at peace with her Christian neighbours, but she was engaged in perpetual hostilities with the Moslems. The following account of some Turkish institutions may serve as a useful introduction to the brief notice which we are about to take of their wars with Philip.

"The most remarkable of the Turkish institutions," (says Mr. Prescott, vol. ii. pp. 269-270,) "the one which may be said to have formed the keystone of the system, was that relating to the Christian population of the empire. Once in five years a general conscription was made, by means of which all the children of Christian parents who had reached the age of seven, and gave promise of

excellence in mind or body, were taken from their homes and brought to the capital. They were then removed to different quarters, and placed in seminaries where they might receive such instruction as would fit them for the duties of life. Those giving greatest promise of strength and endurance were sent to places prepared for them in Asia Minor. Here they were subjected to a severe training, to abstinence, to privations of every kind, and to the strict discipline which should fit them for the profession of a soldier. From this body was formed the famous corps of the janizaries.

"Another portion were placed in schools in the capital, or the neighbouring cities, where, under the eye of the Sultan, as it were, they were taught various manly accomplishments, with such a smattering of science as Turkish, or rather Arabian, scholarship could supply. When their education was finished, some went into the Sultan's body-guard, where a splendid provision was made for their maintenance. Others intended for civil life, entered on a career which might lead to the highest offices in the state.

"As all these classes of Christian youths were taken from their parents at that tender age when the doctrines of their own faith could hardly have taken root in their minds, they were, without difficulty, won over to the faith of the Koran; which was further commended to their choice as the religion of the state, the only one which opened to them the path of preferment. Thus, set apart from the rest of the community, and cherished by royal favour, the new converts, as they rallied round the throne of their sovereign, became more staunch in their devotion to his interests, as well as to the interests of the religion they had adopted, than even the Turks themselves."

By far the most important of these classes was the Janizaries who were the strength and the hope of the Turkish armies. Nor was the power of Turkey less formidable by sea than by land. Her fleet rode undisputed mistress of the Levant, and sweeping over the Mediterranean combined with the corsairs of the Barbary coast, and made frequent descents on the coasts of Italy and Spain. From these ravages France alone bought exemption by an alliance with the Turks which scandalized Christendom.

"The northern coast of Africa," (says Prescott, pp. 273-275.) "at this time was occupied by various races, who, however they may have differed in other respects, all united in obedience to the Koran. Among them was a large infusion of Moors descended from the Arab tribes who had once occupied the south of Spain, and who, on its reconquest by the Christians, had fled that country



rather than renounce the religion of their fathers. Many even of the Moors then living were among the victims of this religious persecution : and they looked with longing eyes on the beautiful land of their inheritance, and with feeling of unquenchable hatred on the Spaniards who had deprived them of it.

"The African shore was studded with towns,—some of them, like Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli, having a large extent of territory adjacent,—which owned the sway of some Moslem chief, who ruled them in sovereign state ; or, it might be, acknowledging, for the sake of protection, a qualified allegiance to the Sultan. These rude chiefs, profiting by their maritime position, followed the dreadful trade of the corsair. Issuing from their strongholds, they fell on the unprotected merchantmen, or, descending on the opposite coasts of Andalusia and Valencia, sacked the villages, and swept off the wretched inhabitants into slavery.

"The Castilian government did what it could for the protection of its subjects. Fortified posts were established along the shores. Watch-towers were raised on the heights, to give notice of the approach of an enemy. A fleet of galleys, kept constantly on duty, rode off the coasts to intercept the corsairs. The war was occasionally carried into the enemy's country. Expeditions were fitted out, to sweep the Barbary shores, or to batter down the strongholds of the pirates. Other states, whose territories bordered on the Mediterranean, joined in these expeditions ; among them, Tuscany, Rome, Naples, Sicily,—the two last the dependencies of Spain,—and above all, Genoa, whose hardy seamen did good service in these maritime wars. To these should be added the knights of St. John, whose little island of Malta, with its iron defences, boldly bidding defiance to the enemy, was thrown into the very jaws, as it were, of the African coast. Pledged by their vows to perpetual war with the infidel, these brave knights, thus stationed on the outposts of Christendom, were the first to sound the alarm of an invasion, as they were foremost to repel it.

"The Mediterranean, in that day, presented a very different spectacle from what it shows at present,—swarming, as it does, with the commerce of many a distant land, and its shores glittering with towns and villages, that echo to the sounds of peaceful and protected industry. Long tracts of deserted territory might then be seen on its borders, with the blackened ruins of many a hamlet, proclaiming too plainly the recent presence of the corsair. The condition of the peasantry of the south of Spain, in that day, was not unlike that of our New England ancestors, whose rural labours might, at any time, be broken by the war-whoop of the savage, as he burst on the peaceful settlement, sweeping off its wretched inmates—those whom he did not massacre—to captivity in the wilderness. The trader, instead of pushing out to sea, crept timidly along the shore, under the protecting wings of its fortresses, fearful lest the fierce enemy might dart on him unawares, and bear



him off to the dungeons of Africa. Or, if he ventured out into the open deep, it was under a convoy of well-armed galleys, or, armed to the teeth himself, prepared for war.

"Scarcely a day passed without some conflict between Christian and Moslem on the Mediterranean waters. Not unfrequently, instead of a Moor, the command was intrusted to some Christian renegade, who having renounced his country and his religion for the roving life of a corsair, felt, like most apostates, a keener hatred than even its natural enemies for the land he had abjured. In these encounters, there were often displayed, on both sides, such deeds of heroism as, had they been performed on a wider theatre of action, would have covered the actors with immortal glory. By this perpetual warfare a race of hardy and experienced seamen was formed, in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean; and more than one name rose to eminence for martial science as well as valour, with which it would not be easy to find a parallel in other quarters of Christendom. Such were the Dorias of Genoa,—a family to whom the ocean seemed their native element, and whose brilliant achievements on its waters through successive generations, shed an undying lustre on the arms of the republic."

Among the African corsairs the name of Dragut was particularly distinguished. Having made himself master of Tripoli, he rendered his name terrible throughout the Mediterranean and all along its coasts. An expedition which Philip, aided by the different Italian powers, fitted out against him in 1559, had a most disastrous issue. It was first shattered by storms, and finally defeated and destroyed by the Ottoman fleet, commanded by the Turkish admiral, Piali. In consequence of this disaster, and the utter wreck of a Spanish fleet in 1562, the Mahommedans conceived the design of depriving Spain of all her possessions on the Barbary coast.

"The Barbary Moors," says Prescott, "encouraged by the losses of the Spanish navy, thought this a favourable time for recovering their ancient possessions on the coast. Hassem, the Dey of Algiers, in particular, a warlike prince, who had been engaged in more than one successful encounter with the Christians, set on foot an expedition against the territories of Oran and Mazarquivir. The government of these places was intrusted, at that time, to Don Alonzode Cordova, Count of Alcaudete. In this post he had succeeded his father, a gallant soldier, who, five years before, had been slain in battle by this very Hassem, the lord of Algiers. Eight thousand Spaniards had fallen with him on the field, or had been made prisoners of war. Such were the sad auspices under which

the reign of Philip the Second began, in his wars with the Moslems.

"Oran at this time was garrisoned by seventeen hundred men, and twenty-seven pieces of artillery were mounted on its walls. Its fortifications were in good repair; but it was in no condition to stand a siege by so formidable a force as that which Hassem was mustering in Algiers. The Count of Alcaudete, the governor, a soldier worthy of the illustrious stock from which he sprang, lost no time in placing both Oran and Mazarquivir in the best state of defence which his means allowed, and in acquainting Philip with the peril in which he stood. Meanwhile the Algerine chief was going briskly forward with his preparations. Besides his own vassals, he summoned to his aid the petty princes of the neighbouring country; and in a short time he had assembled a host in which Moors, Arabs, and Turks, were promiscuously mingled, and which, in the various estimates of the Spaniards, rose from fifty to a hundred thousand men.

"Little reliance can be placed on the numerical estimates of the Spaniards in their wars with the infidel. The gross exaggeration of the numbers brought by the enemy into the field, and the numbers he was sure to leave there, with the corresponding diminution of their own in both particulars, would seem to infer that, in these religious wars they thought some miracle was necessary to show that Heaven was on their side, the greater the miracle, the greater the glory. This hyperbolical tone, characteristic of the old Spaniard, and said to have been imported from the East, is particularly visible in the accounts of their struggles with the Spanish Arabs, where large masses were brought into the field on both sides, and where the reports of a battle took, indeed, the colouring of an Arabian tale. The same taint of exaggeration, though somewhat mitigated, continued to a much later period, and may be observed, in the reports of the contests with the Moslems, whether Turks or Moors, in the sixteenth century.

"On the fifteenth of March, 1563, Hassem left Algiers, at the head of his somewhat miscellaneous array, sending his battering train of artillery round by water, to meet him at the port of Mazarquivir. He proposed to begin by the siege of this place, which, while it would afford a convenient harbour for his navy, would, by its commanding position, facilitate the conquest of Oran. Leaving a strong body of men, therefore, for the investment of the latter, he continued his march on Mazarquivir, situated at only two leagues distance. The defence of this place was intrusted by Alcaudete to his brother, Don Martin de Cordova. Its fortifications were in good condition, and garnished with near thirty pieces of artillery. It was garrisoned by five hundred men, was well provided with ammunition, and was victualled for a two months' siege. It was also protected by a detached fort, called St. Michael, built by the Count of Alcaudete, and from its commanding position, now destined to

be the first object of attack. The fort was occupied by a few hundred Spaniards, who, as it was of great moment to gain time for the arrival of succours from Spain, were ordered to maintain it to the last extremity.

"Hassem was not long in opening trenches. Impatient, however, of the delay of his fleet, which was detained by the weather, he determined not to wait for the artillery, but to attempt to carry the fort by escalade. In this attempt, though conducted with spirit, he met with so decided a repulse, that he abandoned the project of further operations till the arrival of his ships. No sooner did this take place, than landing his heavy guns, he got them into position as speedily as possible, and opened a lively cannonade on the walls of the fortress. The walls were of no great strength. A breach was speedily made; and Hassem gave orders for the assault. No sooner was the signal given, than Moor, Turk, Arab,—the various races in whose veins glowed the hot blood of the south,—sprang impetuously forward. In vain the leading files as they came on, were swept away by the artillery of the fortress, while the guns of Marzarquivir did equal execution on their flank. The tide rushed on, with an enthusiasm that overleaped every obstacle. Each man seemed emulous of his comrade, as if desirous to show the superiority of his own tribe, or race. The ditch, choked up with the debris of the rampart, and the fascines that had been thrown into it, was speedily crossed; and while some sprang fearlessly into the breach, others endeavoured to scale the walls. But everywhere they were met by men as fresh for action as themselves, and possessed of a spirit as intrepid. The battle raged along the parapet, and in the breach, where the struggle was deadliest. It was the old battle, so often fought, of the Crescent and the Cross, the fiery African, and the cool indomitable European. Arquebuse and pike, sabre and scimitar, clashed fearfully against each other; while high above the din rose the war-cries of "Allah!" and "St. Jago!" showing the creeds and countries of the combatants. At one time it seemed as if the enthusiasm of the Moslems would prevail: and twice the standard of the Crescent was planted on the walls. But it was speedily torn down by the garrison, and the bold adventurers who had planted it thrown headlong into the moat.

"Meanwhile, an incessant fire of musketry was kept up from the ramparts, and hand grenades, mingled with barrels of burning pitch, were hurled down on the heads of the assailants, whose confusion was increased as their sight was blinded by the clouds of smoke which rose from the fascines, that had taken fire in the ditch. But, although their efforts began to slacken, they were soon encouraged by fresh detachments sent to their support by Hassem, and the fight was renewed with redoubled fury. These efforts, however, proved equally ineffectual. The Moors were driven back on all points; and giving way before the invincible courage of the Spaniards, they withdrew in such disorder across

the fosse, now bridged over with the bodies of the slain, that, if the garrison had been strong enough in numbers, they might have followed the foe to his trenches, and inflicted such a blow as would at once have terminated the siege. As it was, the loss of the enemy was fearful; while that of the Spaniards, screened by their defences, was comparatively light. Yet a hundred lives of the former, so overwhelming were their numbers, were of less account than a single life among the latter. The heads of fifty Turks, who had fallen in the breach or in the ditch, were cut off, as we are told, by the garrison, and sent, as the grisly trophies of their victory, to Oran, showing the feelings of bitter hatred—perhaps of fear—with which this people was regarded by the Christians.

“The Moorish chief, chafing under this loss, re-opened his fire on the fortress with greater fury than ever. He then renewed the assault, but with no better success. A third and a fourth time he returned to the attack, but in vain. In vain, too, Hassem madly tore off his turban, and brandishing his scimitar with imprecations on his men, drove them forward to the fight. There was no lack of spirit in his followers, who poured out their blood like water. But it could not shake the constancy of the Spaniards, which seemed even to grow stronger as their situation became more desperate; and as their defences were swept away, they threw themselves on their knees, and from behind the ruins still poured down their volleys of musketry on the assailants.

“Yet they could not have maintained their ground so long, but for a seasonable reinforcement received from Mazarquivir. But, however high the spirit, there is a limit to the powers of endurance; and the strength of the garrison was rapidly giving way under incessant vigils and want of food. Their fortifications, moreover, pierced through and through by the enemy's shot, were no longer tenable; and a mine, which Hassem was now prepared to run under the ramparts, would complete the work of destruction. They had obeyed their orders, and stood to their defence gallantly to the last; and they now obtained leave to abandon the fort. On the seventh of May, after having sustained eight assaults and a siege of three weeks, from a host so superior to them in numbers, the garrison marched out of the fortress of St. Michael. Under cover of the guns of Mazarquivir, they succeeded in rejoining their comrades there with little loss, and were gladly welcomed by their commander, Don Martin de Córdoba, who rendered them the honour due to their heroic conduct. That same day Hassem took possession of the fortress. He found only a heap of ruins.

“The Moorish prince, stung with mortification at the price he had paid for his victory, and anxious, moreover, to anticipate the arrival of succours from Spain, now eagerly pressed forward the siege of Mazarquivir. With the assistance of his squadron, the place was closely invested by sea and land. Batteries of heavy guns were raised on opposite sides of the castle; and for ten days

they thundered, without interruption, on its devoted walls. When these had been so far shaken as to afford an opening to the besiegers, Hassem, willing to spare the further sacrifice of his men, sent a summons to Don Martin to surrender, intimating at the same time, that the works were in too ruinous a condition to be defended. To this the Spaniard coolly replied, that, 'if they were in such a condition, Hassem might come and take them.'

"On the signal from their chief, the Moors moved rapidly forward to the attack, and were soon brought face to face with their enemy. A bloody conflict followed, in the breach and on the ramparts. It continued more than five hours. The assailants found they had men of the same metal to deal with as before, and with defences yet stronger than those they had encountered in the fortress of St. Michael. Here again the ardour of the African proved no match for the cool and steady courage of the European; and Hassem's forces, repulsed on every quarter, withdrew in so mangled a condition to their trenches, that he was in no state for several days to renew the assault."—Pp. 285-291.

Repeated assaults were made, but always without success. Still the garrison was daily losing its bravest defenders, and famine began to show itself in its most hideous forms. The spirits of the garrison would have sunk but for the hopes of assistance from Spain. These hopes were not disappointed, for on the 8th of June, 1563, the sentinels on the ramparts descried, in the rays of the morning sun, the Spanish fleet, like a dark speck on the distant waters. They embraced one another like men rescued from a terrible fate, and with swelling hearts offered up thanks to the Almighty for their deliverance. Soon the cannon of Mazarquivir proclaimed the glad tidings to the garrison of Oran who replied from their battlements in thunders which carried dismay to the hearts of the besiegers. Hassem instantly razed the siege, destroyed his guns and disentangled himself of everything which could retard his retreat. King Philip followed up his success and became master of many important places on the Barbary coast.

Mr. Prescott's present volumes conclude with the tragic history of Don Carlos, son of Philip, and his first Queen, Mary of Portugal. He shows that there is not the slightest foundation for the popular romance regarding the loves of this young prince and Philip's third queen, Isabella of Valois, and that no shadow of suspicion respecting his most virtuous and beloved consort ever entered into the king's thoughts. In fact, the poor young

man got his skull fractured, and this, along with his excesses, drove him mad. He declared that he would kill his father, and was ultimately obliged to be confined on account of excesses, for which if he were not mad this would have been a very inadequate punishment. He died resigned and penitent, on the day predicted by himself—the vigil of St. James, (24th July,) 1568. The record of his trial has not yet been discovered, and as we hope it may be found before Mr. Prescott's next volumes shall appear, we reserve until that time a closer examination of his history.

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ART. X.—*Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P., &c.* Published by the Trustees of his Papers, Lord Mahon, [now Earl Stanhope,) and the Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, M.P. Part I. The Roman Catholic Question, 1828-9. London: Murray, 1856.

ON the 8th of May, 1828, Mr. Peel spoke and voted against Sir Francis Burdett's resolution, that "it was expedient to consider the state of the laws affecting the Roman Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland." Before a year had passed, on the fifth of the following March, he himself brought in a bill for the total and absolute repeal of those laws.

The particulars of this sudden and complete change of policy were but partially revealed at the time, and have long been a subject of curious speculation as well to the friends as to the enemies of this distinguished statesman. The volume now before us contains the secret history of its origin and progress, drawn up by his own hand; carefully fortified not only by official papers, but by his confidential correspondence with most of the leading men engaged in the settlement of the question; and committed by his last will to the trustees of his papers, Lord Mahon and Mr. Cardwell, to be used according to their judgment for the posthumous vindication of his fame.

Mr. Peel's change of policy on the Catholic question



was not an ordinary political conversion. He had long been the recognized champion of Protestant ascendancy. The punning *sobriquet* of "*Orange Peel*," which he had earned in Ireland, was hardly an exaggeration of the popular estimate of his principles. In every discussion of Catholic claims which took place in parliament, he had appeared as an active and prominent adversary. His speech in the celebrated debate of 1817 had become the text-book of his party. The great Protestant University had acknowledged his services by selecting him as its representative. On the death of Lord Liverpool, in 1827, he had refused to act with Canning's ministry avowedly upon these grounds; and one of the most painful results of the course which he afterwards adopted on the Catholic question, was the imputation of treachery towards that great man to which this refusal exposed him. In a word, to adopt the avowal with which he himself opens these interesting Memoirs, "from the part he had uniformly taken upon the Catholic question—from the confidence reposed in him on that account—from his position in the Government—from his position in Parliament as the representative of the university of Oxford—the interest which he calls by the comprehensive name of the Protestant interest, had an especial claim upon his devotion and his faithful service." His seeming desertion of that interest might indeed well be judged, not a conversion but an apostasy.

Yet Mr. Peel was not alone in the change. Not to speak of those who, almost equally with him committed by their antecedents to an opposite policy, now acted directly in conjunction with him in the carrying of the measure, the revolution of opinion in the whole body of the legislature, and especially in the upper House of Parliament, was equally extraordinary. The same Peers who had repeatedly refused to consider the question; who had sent it back undiscussed, even when it had come to them with all the weight of a vote of the Commons; who had rejected summarily the very limited scheme of relief proposed by Canning in 1822; now as summarily enacted by a majority of one hundred and five, and almost without the ordinary formalities of discussion, the total emancipation of the body to whom they had long refused even a pittance of relief. The case of Lord Anglesey in itself might mark an era. It might well be called an eventful time, when the same peer who, in recording his vote against



concession in 1826, had declared from his place in parliament that the clamour of the Catholic Association should be silenced by the roar of artillery, and had professed his readiness to trample the leaders of the sedition under the hoofs of his own regiment of hussars, was, within two short years, dismissed from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland, for encouraging a Catholic archbishop to persevere in the assertion of those very claims which he had himself so fiercely and contemptuously ignored!

Many of our readers are old enough to remember this exciting time. Some of them may even have had a share in the incidents by which it was accompanied. At all events there are few Catholics who are not at least familiar with the main outlines of this memorable passage in the history of our body. For all alike these Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel, although plainly apologetic in their character, and chiefly intended as a personal vindication, must possess the deepest interest in relation to ourselves.

Sir Robert's narrative commences immediately after the dissolution, in January, 1828, of the short-lived administration of Lord Ripon, who had succeeded Canning in the premiership; and the first document which the volume contains is a letter of the Duke of Wellington, dated January the 9th, communicating to Mr. Peel the King's wishes that the Duke should form a "Government composed of persons of both opinions on the Roman Catholic question;" and selected indiscriminately from among his late and former servants, "with the single exception of Lord Grey." The Duke, in inviting Peel to assist "in the execution of this interesting commission," adds that the "King said that it was to be understood that the Roman Catholic Question was not to be made a Cabinet Question; and that there was to be a Protestant Lord Chancellor, a Protestant Lord Lieutenant, and a Protestant Lord Chancellor in Ireland."

The account of the formation of the Wellington ministry, (which was popularly known at the time as the "Fighting Cabinet,") is a curious chapter in the annals of cabinet-making; and there seems little reason to doubt the truth and sincerity of the writer, when he states that it was not without great reluctance he obeyed the summons to take a share in the task. He avows that he foresaw great difficulty in the conduct of public

affairs, from the position of men and of parties in reference to the Catholic question.

On the one hand, he was satisfied from the vote of the preceding session, in which the measure of concession had, in a house which numbered five hundred and forty-eight members, been negatived by a majority of only four, that the attempt to form a Government on the principle of resistance to the Catholic claims was perfectly hopeless. On the other hand, the schism which had taken place among the members of Lord Liverpool's administration at the accession of Canning, rendered it extremely difficult to reunite in a permanent and efficient cabinet a party recently broken up by a division which partook so largely of a personal character.

It must be confessed that Mr. Peel's conduct in reference to these delicate negotiations appears to great advantage in this correspondence. His letters written at the time furnish a complete answer to the malevolent imputation with which he was subsequently assailed. Far from urging forward his own personal pretensions, he placed himself entirely at the disposal of the Duke; and expressed his readiness to "decline all offers of office for himself," if such a proceeding could in any way facilitate the progress of the arrangement.

But the real difficulty in the way of such an administration was "the position of parties in reference to the Catholic claims." It was met at the very outset, by the menacing aspect of affairs in Ireland. An Act had been passed in 1825 for the suppression of the Catholic Association. As had been predicted at the time of its enactment—a prediction which Mr. Joy, in a very interesting "Opinion," (cited at p. 47,) declares he had himself volunteered, when the draft of the bill was submitted for his consideration—this Act had proved utterly ineffective. In the same language which Mr. Macaulay ascribes to one of James's Irish judges regarding the Act of Settlement, O'Connell publicly boasted that he "had driven a coach and six through it;" and it is amusing to read in Mr. Joy's grave legal document the enumeration of the various devices—some of them full of genuine Irish humour—by which it was successfully contrived to evade the most stringent provisions of the law. Now this Act, ineffective as it was, was about to expire when the new ministry entered upon office; and the first Irish question which

their cabinet had to consider was the expediency of re-enacting it.

The correspondence on this subject is highly illustrative of the state of Ireland as it presented itself to an English statesman. It eventuated in the abandonment of the intention of pursuing the repressive policy, at least in this particular form.

But the interest of this, and of all similar details of legislation, was speedily swallowed up in that of the great crisis which was now rapidly hurrying on.

The first actual trial to which the strength of the Duke's Government was subjected, was on Lord John Russell's motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; which forms the subject of a lengthened correspondence (pp. 64—98) with the Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Lloyd, who had been Peel's tutor in the university. The Government opposed Lord John Russell's motion with all the weight of their influence and authority, but were defeated by a majority of forty-four. Soon after followed Sir Francis Burdett's motion on the Catholic question, which was brought forward on the 8th of May. It was affirmed in a committee of the whole House by a majority of six, the numbers being 272 to 266.

The majority thus obtained was the first which had been recorded in that parliament from the time of its election in 1825. Inconsiderable as this majority may now seem, it is memorable as the last step in the slow and toilsome advance of the Catholic community towards political freedom. In the twenty years which immediately preceded, five several parliaments had been elected;—in 1807, in 1812, in 1818, in 1820, and in 1826. In each of these parliaments, (with the exception of the parliament in 1818,) a majority had been recorded in favour of Catholic claims; and even in the short parliament of 1818, the motion had been lost but by two voices. The parliament of 1820 had, in two different sessions, actually sent up a bill to the Lords removing the disabilities of the Catholics. The parliament of 1825 itself had in the previous session stopt short on the very threshold of concession, the motion having been lost by four votes.

Furthermore, the discussion thus successfully terminated had been marked by two characteristics which could not fail to strike a thoughtful mind. Of the several members who had opposed it, there had not been one who had the boldness

to affirm in his speech the possibility of the question's remaining as it then stood, or to conceal or deny the great progress which it had made both in and out of parliament. A still more significant fact is noticed by Peel ;—that, in this debate many of the younger members, who had previously taken the anti-Catholic side, followed the example of Mr. Brownlow, and frankly admitted their change of opinion ; while it very rarely, if ever, happened that *the list of speakers against concession was reinforced by a young member of even ordinary ability.* As regarded the prominent leaders of the opposite parties, who took part in this decisive debate, the literary and political eminence was almost exclusively with our friends. The Catholic ranks could boast the distinguished names of Brougham, Mackintosh, Lord Francis Egerton, Burdett, Brownlow, Lamb, Grant, North, and Huskisson. On the opposite side the only historical name is that of Peel himself ; and the other speakers, Inglis, Wetherell, Tindal, Leslie, Foster, &c., have no claim to be remembered at all, beyond that which is supplied by the dogged and unflinching perseverance with which they continued to cling to the shadow of ascendancy though the substance had utterly and hopelessly departed for ever.

The vote on Sir Francis Burdett's motion appeared so decisive, that Peel's first resolve was to retire from office, as he had desired and intended to do in 1825. He could no longer remain Minister for the Home Department and leader of the House of Commons, "being in a minority upon the most important of domestic questions." But, just at this critical moment, there occurred one of those embarrassing party complications, which, in a nicely-balanced state of parties, so often interfere with the free action of individual members. A few days after Sir Francis Burdett's majority, the sudden secession of Mr. Huskisson, Lords Dudley and Palmerston, Mr. Lamb, and the other members of the Canning party, placed the Government of the Duke of Wellington in such danger, and rendered the prospect of constructing, by a new combination of parties, any other efficient administration so utterly hopeless, that Peel was induced not to insist of retiring from office, at a moment when other members of the Government were withdrawing, upon grounds which were not only totally distinct from his, but with which he had no sympathy. He resolved therefore to remain in his office :

and to this resolution and its results we can hardly hesitate to ascribe the abrupt and immediate precipitation of the crisis of the Catholic Question.

Among the offices vacated in consequence of the secession of Mr. Huskisson and his friends was that of President of the Board of Trade. It was assigned to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, member of the county of Clare, who was thus compelled to offer himself to his constituents for re-election. We need hardly allude to the events which followed.

Even before the decisive events, Peel had already taken steps to lay before the Duke of Wellington the grave apprehensions which were subsequently suggested to his mind by the late division, and which the steps, taken by the friends of Catholic claims in the Lords, and especially by Lord Lansdowne, had contributed to increase. It seems clear from his account of these communications, and from the course taken both by the Duke and by the Chancellor (Lord Lyndhurst) in the debate on Lord Lansdowne's motion, that even before the result of the Clare election was known, the idea of concession had begun to present itself to their minds as if not immediately pressing, at least eventually inevitable.

But whatever may have been these speculations, the Clare election effectually resolved them.

It is somewhat remarkable that Sir Robert Peel, while he justly attaches so much importance to this event, which is indeed the turning-point in the history of Protestant ascendancy, yet does not allude to the circumstances in which the contest originated. At one of the aggregate meetings of the Catholics, held soon after the formation of the Duke of Wellington's ministry, it had been resolved to oppose the election of every candidate who should refuse to pledge himself against the Wellington administration. Quite recently, however, after the success of the measure of Lord John Russell for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, an effort was made to induce the Catholic body to forego this opposition, in gratitude for the more kindly spirit which the Duke had manifested in that debate. A letter to this effect was even addressed to O'Connell by Lord John Russell himself; and O'Connell actually proposed in the Association that the advice should be adopted. His motion, however, was violently opposed; and, after a long and stormy debate, he was

obliged to propose an amendment, by which the Association still remained pledged to its hostility to the obnoxious ministry.

The first occasion which offered for its exhibition was the vacancy in Clare; and it was also, from the character and antecedents of the candidate, the severest ordeal to which the power of the Association could well have been subjected. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, from his local influence and connections, might reasonably calculate on the support of the entire proprietary of the county. His hereditary claims to popularity were deservedly great. His father had thrown up the Prime Sergeantcy in 1799, in order to oppose the Union; and his undeviating devotion to the cause of Catholic Emancipation through the years of struggle which succeeded, had confirmed the hold upon the affections of the people which this disinterested patriotism had secured. This claim too was, at the time of the election, if possible, heightened by the fact that he was then, at the close of this honourable career, upon a sick bed, from which he never hoped to rise. In addition to these hereditary merits, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald might confidently appeal to those which his own personal services to the Catholic cause had established. He had been a friend of Emancipation from his youth. In every division which had taken place upon the question in parliament he had uniformly voted in its favour. In the very last debate—that which had precipitated the existing crisis—he had spoken warmly and well in its defence. He had conciliated the good will of some of the bishops by his liberal conduct in reference to the College of Maynooth, and other subjects of importance to Catholic interests. His personal character, too, both as a landlord and as a gentleman, was beyond exception; he had used his parliamentary patronage with great perseverance in favour of his local connexions; and his personal manners and deportment had always been such as to secure for him the warm friendship of many, and the respect of all the inhabitants of his native county. In a word, he had every claim hereditary, personal, and local, upon the popular party in his candidature for the representation of the county of Clare. His one damning sin in their eyes was, that he presented himself as a member of the Peel-Wellington Administration.

The general history of the contest is too well known to



need repetition here. After failing in the first project of engaging as the popular candidate a Protestant gentleman of the county, the well-known Major Macnamara, the idea of putting forward a Catholic, (which had been suggested many years before by the celebrated Catholic leader, John Keogh,) was suddenly revived. By many it was deemed madness. Some of the oldest friends of Catholics earnestly opposed it. Many influential Catholics, including several of the bishops, declared it impolitic and mischievous. But O'Connell resolved to stake all upon this single cast. He made the experiment in his own person. The result has long been history.

It is curious to follow the progress of events in the private correspondence now for the first time disclosed, and to see, at this interval, the feelings with which it was watched by those who had such an interest at stake. One of Peel's letters of caution to his friend as to the conduct which he should observe under the provocation which might naturally be anticipated in such a contest, contrasts very amusingly with his own proceedings in a case not very dissimilar.

"I shall be glad to hear from you when you have had some little experience of the county of Clare.

"Disregard entirely all personalities, whether proceeding from O'Connell or others of his stamp.

"It really is quite unnecessary for a gentleman and a Minister of the Crown to notice the low slang of a county election.

"It gives a vast advantage over the gentlemen of a county if they are to place themselves on a level with every blackguard who wantonly attempts to provoke them.

"*File an information against Mr. O'This, or Mr. Mac That*, and every real gentleman will applaud the true courage of doing so. No one will misunderstand it."—p. 108.

At first, it would seem, no opposition to Mr. Fitzgerald's return was anticipated; but the hurried and anxious letters which rapidly succeed each other, show how soon this hope was dissipated; how apprehension grew into anxiety, and anxiety deepened into despair; till at last the exhausted candidate is glad to welcome even defeat itself, as a release from the painful and harassing struggle to which he had been doomed. Mr. Fitzgerald's letter at the close of the contest is a most striking paper. It presents in a few sentences the whole explanation of the policy which followed. If the volume did not contain a single



document beside, this one letter would remain, as at once the explanation and the defence of the apostasy of the great champion of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland.

"Ennis, July 5, 1828 (at night).

"MY DEAR PEEL,

"The election, thank God, is over, and I do feel happy in its being terminated, notwithstanding its results.

"I have polled all the gentry and all the fifty-pound freeholders—the gentry to a man.

"Of others I have polled a few tenants of———only, my own, and not much besides what adhered to me in that way.

"All the great interests broke down, and the desertion has been universal. Such a scene as we have had! Such a tremendous prospect as it opens to us!

"My aim has been from the beginning to preserve good temper, and to keep down the feelings of my excited friends.

"The conduct of the priests has passed all that you could picture to yourself.

"The Sheriff declared the numbers to-night. To go on would have been idle. I have kept on for five days, and it was a hopeless contest from the first. Everything was against me. Indeed I do not understand how I have not been beaten by a greater majority.

"The sheriff has made a special Return, and you will say a strange one; but it will force Parliament instantly to take it up. It states that I was proposed, being a Protestant, as a fit person to represent the county in Parliament; that Mr. O'Connell, a Roman Catholic, was also proposed; that he, O'Connell, had declared before the Sheriff that he was a Roman Catholic, and intended to continue a Roman Catholic.

"It states that a protest was made by the electors against his return; as well as the certificate that he was called to the Bar as a Roman Catholic.

"It states the numbers for each candidate—and thus it leaves the Return.

"I shall see you soon, I trust. I shall be able to get away from here, I hope, on Monday. I must have a day's rest, and one day to settle my accounts, and, as far as I can, arrange respecting them.

"I care not for anything since I have terminated the contest. For the degradation of the county I feel deeply, and the organization exhibited is so complete and so formidable that no man can contemplate without alarm what is to follow in this wretched country."—p. 113-5.

Well might Peel observe that "this letter of Mr. Fitzgerald is especially worthy of remark. He says, 'I have polled all the gentry, and all the fifty-pound freeholders—the gentry to a man.' But he adds, 'All the great inte-

rests (of the county) broke down, and the desertion has been universal. Such a scene as we have had! Such a tremendous prospect as it opens to us!"

Well might he repeat the startling confession, "a tremendous prospect indeed!" It was not alone this single triumph of the popular power, considered simply as a defeat of the ministerial candidate. It was not even this single triumph of the Catholic claims, in the new and menacing form which they had assumed. It was the unknown but lowering future which lay behind it all. The picture of this future is drawn with a powerful pencil in the pages before us.

"A prospect tremendous indeed!

"Can there be a doubt that the example of the county would not have been all-powerful in the case of every future election in Ireland for those counties in which a Roman Catholic constituency preponderated?

"It is true that Mr. O'Connell was the most formidable competitor whom Mr. Fitzgerald could have encountered; it is possible that that which took place in Clare would not have taken place had any other man than Mr. O'Connell been the candidate; but he must be blind indeed to the natural progress of events, and to the influence of example in times of public excitement on the feelings and passions of men, who could cherish the delusive hope that the instrument of political power shivered to atoms in the county of Clare could still be wielded with effect in Cork or Galway.

"The Clare election supplied the manifest proof of an abnormal and unhealthy condition of the public mind in Ireland—the manifest proof that the sense of a common grievance and the sympathies of a common interest were beginning to loosen the ties which connect different classes of men in friendly relations to each other—to weaken the force of local and personal attachments, and to unite the scattered elements of society into a homogeneous and disciplined mass, yielding willing obedience to the assumed authority of superior intelligence hostile to the law and to the Government which administered it.

"There is a wide distinction (though it is not willingly recognised by a heated party) between the hasty concession to unprincipled agitation, and provident precautions against the explosion of public feeling gradually acquiring the strength which will make it irresistible.

"'Concede nothing to agitation' is the ready cry of those who are not responsible—the vigour of those decisions is often proportionate to their own personal immunity from danger, and to their imperfect knowledge of the true state of affairs.

"A prudent Minister, before he determines against all concession

—against any yielding or compromise of former opinions—must well consider what it is that he has to resist, and what are his powers of resistance. His task would be an easy one if it were sufficient to resolve that he would yield nothing to violence or to the menace of physical force.

“In this case of the Clare election, and of its natural consequences, what was the evil to be apprehended? Not force—not violence—not any act of which law could take cognizance. The real danger was in the peaceable and legitimate exercise of a franchise according to the will and conscience of the holder.

“In such an exercise of that franchise, not merely permitted, but encouraged and approved by constitutional law, was involved a revolution in the electoral system of Ireland—the transfer of political power, so far as it was connected with representation, from one party to another.

“The actual transfer was the least of the evil; the process by which it was to be effected—the repetition in each county of the scenes of the Clare election—the fifty-pound freeholders, the gentry to a man, polling one way, their alienated tenantry another—‘all the great interests of the county broken down’—the ‘universal desertion’ (I am quoting the expressions of Mr. Fitzgerald)—the agitator and the priest laughing to scorn the baffled landlord—the local heavings and throes of society on every casual vacancy in a county—the universal convulsion at a General Election—this was the danger to be apprehended—these were the evils to be ‘resisted.’

“What was the power of resistance?

“‘Alter the law, remodel the franchise,’ was the ready, the improvident response.

“If it had been desired to increase the strength of a formidable confederacy, and, by rallying round it the sympathies of good men and of powerful parties in Great Britain, to ensure for it a signal triumph—to extinguish the hope of effecting an amicable adjustment of the Catholic question, and of applying a corrective to the real evils and abuses of the elective franchise—the best way to attain these pernicious ends would have been to propose to Parliament, on the part of the Government, the abrupt extinction of the forty-shilling franchise in Ireland, together with the continued maintenance of civil disability.

“I well know that there are those upon whom such considerations as these to which I have been adverting will make but a faint impression. Their answer to all such appeals is the short, in their opinion the conclusive, declaration, ‘The Protestant Constitution in Church and State must be maintained at all hazards and by any means: the maintenance of it is a question of principle, and every concession or compromise is the sacrifice of principle to a low and vulgar expediency.’

“This is easily said—but how was Ireland to be governed? How was the Protestant Constitution in Church and State to be main-

tained in that part of the empire? Again I can anticipate the reply:—"By the overwhelming sense of the people of Great Britain—by the application, if necessary, of physical force for the maintenance of authority—by the employment of the organised strength of Government, the police, and the military, to enforce obedience to the law."

"Is there in that reply any solution of the real difficulty? The overwhelming sense of the people in Great Britain was no aid to the executive Government in the daily practical administration of the law in Ireland.

"If there were seditious libels to be punished, or illegal confederacies, dangerous to the public peace, to be suppressed, the offenders could only be corrected and checked through the intervention of an Irish jury, little disposed, if fairly selected, to defer, in the time of political excitement, to the authority of English opinion. But the real difficulty to be surmounted was not the violation of the law—the real difficulty was in the novel exercise of constitutional franchises—in the application of powers recognised and protected by the law—the power of speech—the power of meeting in public assemblies—the systematic and not unlawful application of all these powers to one definite purpose, namely, the organisation of a force which professed to be a moral force, but had for its objects to encroach step by step on the functions of regular government, to paralyse its authority, and to acquire a strength which might ultimately render irresistible the demand for civil equality."—p. 115-119.

It is plain that, from this moment, this far-sighted statesman looked upon concession as inevitable; and although during the session, beyond the representations to the Duke already recorded, he took no immediate steps to urge his views upon the cabinet, he no longer hesitated as to the course to be pursued. Anticipating from that posterity to which these Memoirs are addressed the possible taunt with which in life he had been so often assailed—of having yielded through pusillanimity to the first appearance of danger, he has been careful to bring together, in confirmation of his own estimate of its magnitude, (which, as that of a civilian, might possibly seem exaggerated by his fears,) the long correspondence of the tried and fearless veteran, Lord Anglesey, during his Lieutenancy, laying before the English ministry, day after day, and week after week, the symptoms of peril, as they waxed and waned during that eventful season. There is a shrewd lesson for the professional agitator in the details of this correspondence, which lays bare, with curious fidelity, the unavowed principles and

motives by which the most fearless and sagacious statesmen, under an impulse of fear or of expediency, may occasionally be quickened into activity.

But whatever judgment may be formed as to the reality or imminence of the peril before which he gave way, certain it is that Peel's estimate of it was fully shared by the great Duke himself.

At the close of the session of 1828, Sir Robert came to the resolution to retire from office; but "not without previously placing on record his opinion that the public interests required that the principle on which the then existing and preceding Governments had been formed should no longer be adhered to; that the Catholic Question should cease to be an open question; that the whole condition of Ireland, political and social, should be taken into consideration by the Cabinet, precisely in the same manner in which every other question of grave importance was considered, and with the same power to offer advice upon it to the Sovereign."

He resolved, further, to record his own decided opinion that it was safer to enter at once upon the consideration of the Catholic Question with a view to its adjustment, than to pursue longer the perilous policy of resistance. And he undertook to render in his private capacity the most unreserved and zealous assistance to the Government from which he was thus retiring, in carrying out the concessions which he felt it his duty to advise.

With these views he entered into communications with the Duke of Wellington in the beginning of August, the result of which was, that the Duke submitted to the King without delay a Memorandum upon the State of Ireland, and drew up a Memorandum upon the Catholic Question, which, together with several other papers, he submitted to the Lord Chancellor and to Mr. Peel.

It is much to be regretted that, as the latter returned these papers without taking copies, the chain of the correspondence, otherwise complete, is wanting in one most important and interesting link. It would be very curious to know what were the precise details of the first scheme of concession which originated with the Duke.

A few of them we gather from the observations made upon them in a Memorandum subsequently drawn up by Peel.

The Duke proposed to limit the number of offices and of

seats in parliament open to Catholics; to make the suspension of the law which excludes Catholics from parliament temporary, and revocable year by year at the will of parliament; and to confine the elective franchise to persons contributing at least £5 a year to the local charges. Lord Lyndhurst proposed in addition that, even thus limited, the measure should be passed only for seven years, being left open for reconsideration at the expiration of that period. And a still more singular feature of the Wellington scheme was that it required the officiating clergy of the Catholic Church to obtain a royal license to officiate, before they should enter upon their ministry. It appears, too, to have been the intention of the Duke, that this should be accompanied by a state provision for at least the Irish clergy.

The absence of more precise information, on the rest of these particulars, is the more to be regretted, because the contrast with their pettiness and illiberality, not to allude to their more odious characteristics, would enable us better to appreciate the loftier and more farseeing statesmanship which pervades every detail of the measure proposed by Peel. It is plain from these Memoirs, that we are indebted to him for whatever of liberality characterized the measure in the form in which it was submitted to the legislature; and it is impossible for his worst enemy to deny him this justice at least, that, when the necessity for concession became fully manifest to his judgment, he flung all the pettiness of party to the winds, and resolved that the concession should be as graceful and as complete as he conceived to be compatible with the safety of the constitution. It is equally impossible to deny that his personal conduct, whether in relation to the party with which he had acted, or to the Government of which he was a member, or lastly, to the University which he had so long represented, was marked by a sense of honour which is not merely beyond all impeachment, but even, in the opinion of many of his friends, almost bordered upon the chivalrous.

As soon as he received from the Duke of Wellington the Memorandum and other papers already referred to, he hastened (August 11, 1828) to explain to him, as head of the administration, his feelings as to his own position in relation to the contemplated measure. After declaring in the most decided manner his full conviction of the urgent and indispensable necessity of such a settlement of the

question, he turned to what was strictly personal to himself.

"I must at the same time express a very strong opinion that it would not conduce to the satisfactory adjustment of the question, that the charge of it in the House of Commons should be committed to my hands.

"I put all personal feelings out of the question. They are, or ought to be, very subordinate considerations in matters of such moment, and I give the best proof that I disregard them by avowing that I am quite ready to commit myself to the support of the principle of a measure of ample concession and relief, and to use every effort to promote the final arrangement of it.

"But my support will be more useful if I give it (with the cordiality with which it shall be given) out of office.

"Any authority which I may possess as tending to reconcile the Protestants to the measure would be increased by my retirement.

"I have been too deeply committed on the question—have expressed too strong opinions in respect to it—too much jealousy and distrust of the Roman Catholics—too much apprehension as to the immediate and remote consequences of yielding to their claims—to make it advantageous for the King's service that I should be the individual to originate the measure.

"It may be right to decline negotiation or consultation with the Roman Catholics, but the more you can conciliate them by the mode of proposing the measure the better; the more of good will and of satisfaction that you can extract from it, the greater is the prospect that the adjustment will be a permanent one.

"The very same measures, whether of concession to the Roman Catholics or of security for the Protestants—proposed by one who has taken so decided a part in opposition to the question as I have—would be regarded in a very different light by the Roman Catholics from that in which such measures would appear to them if proposed by a person less adverse to concession than I have been."

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"Every consideration of private feelings and individual interest must be disregarded. From a very strong sense of what is best for the success of the measure, I relieve you from all difficulties with respect to myself.

"I do not merely volunteer my retirement at whatever may be the most convenient time; I do not merely give you the promise that out of office (be the sacrifices that I foresee, private and public, what they may) I will cordially co-operate with you in the settlement of this question, and cordially support your government; but I add to this my decided and deliberate opinion, that it will tend to the satisfactory adjustment of the question if the originating of it in the House of Commons, and the general superintendence of its progress, be committed to other hands than mine."—p. 184-7.



Sir Robert, after an interval of twenty years, recurs with justifiable pride to this letter, as his best defence against the paltry malice with which his motives were impeached at the time, and with which his good name has since been perseveringly pursued. He declares that he still reads it with the full testimony of his own heart and conscience to the perfect sincerity of the advice which he then gave and the declarations which he then made, no less than to the fact that the letter was written with a clear foresight of the penalties to which the course he resolved to take would expose him—the rage of party—the rejection by the university of Oxford—the alienation of private friends—the interruption of family affections.

“Other penalties,” he continues, “such as the loss of office and of Royal favour, I would not condescend to notice, if they were not the heaviest in the estimation of vulgar and lowminded men, incapable of appreciating higher motives of public conduct.

“My judgment may be erroneous. From the deep interest I have in the result (though now only so far as future fame is concerned), it cannot be impartial; yet surely I do not err in believing that when the various circumstances on which my decision was taken are calmly and dispassionately considered—the state of political parties—the recent discussions in Parliament—the result of the Clare election, and the prospects which it opened—the earnest representations and emphatic warnings of the chief Governor of Ireland—the evil, rapidly increasing, of divided councils in the Cabinet, and of conflicting decisions in the two Houses of Parliament—the necessity for some systematic and vigorous course of policy in respect to Ireland—the impossibility, even if it were wise, that that policy should be one of coercion—surely I do not err in believing that I shall not hereafter be condemned for having needlessly and precipitately, still less for having dishonestly and treacherously counselled the attempt to adjust the long litigated question that had for so many years precluded the cordial co-operation of public men, and had left Ireland the arena for fierce political conflicts, annually renewed without the means of authoritative interposition on the part of the Crown.”—p. 188-9.

At the time while the cabinet was thus silently preparing the way for the course of concession, with which alone they became more and more convinced the crisis could safely be met, there were not wanting fiery or insidious counsellors to stimulate the old spirit of party; and either to urge on the old policy of repression, or to suggest, as a substitute for its worn out machinery, the surer influences of

corruption. There is a most remarkable letter of the once notorious Mr. Leslie Foster, addressed to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, which exhibits in a very curious way all the characteristics of the advocates of both these causes. At one time the writer is loud in his exultation at the success of the Brunswick associations. The "Evening Mail," he says, contains no less than twenty columns of Brunswick resolutions. The clubs are daily strengthening,—even in Limerick five hundred new members have been added in one day. Every one is struck by the altered tone of the Catholics,—they are astounded by the extent of the reaction. "If the Government," he earnestly exclaims, "are disposed to deal with the Irish question, what a power the Brunswickers afford them!" And he adds his firm conviction, that, "let the Parliament do what they may, the Catholics will not rebel. Their leaders are deeply convinced of the utter and immediate ruin that would be the result of any insurrectionary movement; and in every rank among them, down to the lowest, there is a due fear of the power of England, the facilities of steam invasion, the character of the Duke, and not least, perhaps above all, *the readiness of the Ulster Protestants for battle.*" At another time it occurs to him to advise the more gentle expedient of abolishing all forty shilling franchises, admitting Catholic lawyers to the Bench, and Catholics generally to non-political offices. But, throughout the whole, he never loses sight of the necessity of a "really Protestant Government in Ireland." He holds out every assurance that such a Government, by promoting Catholic merit, (that is, in his view, subserviency,) but exhibiting sternness towards those who dared to claim equality, would lead to the same sort of quiet in Ireland which had existed among the Catholics of England. What a world of significance in the following pregnant paragraph of this curious letter!

"I should expect marked results from silencing the Catholic Bar, which the opening professional hopes would certainly effect. The subservience of their Barristers while they have a hope of personal promotion is as remarkable as the extent of popular influence which they acquire when their hope is afterwards abandoned—you would never have another O'Connell or Sheil. Had the Bar been thus silenced a few years ago, what agitation would ever have existed? No other profession or calling has produced an agitator of any real influence."—p. 267-8.

In the midst of these conflicting schemes, and in the face of the obstinate clinging to ascendancy in which they all originated, Peel never seems, from the first, to have wavered from the first principle with which he had started when once he made up his mind as to the necessity of concession, viz., that such concession must have for its basis EQUALITY OF CIVIL PRIVILEGE. His clear and statesmanlike mind perceived at a glance that, the course of concession once begun, every attempt to stop short of this goal, could but have the effect of putting off the day of its attainment; and that, while such temporary expedients could not give anything of the real security which they were intended to effect, they would deprive the concession of half its moral value, by taking from it all its gracefulness, and would convert into an incentive to further agitation, what, of its own nature, should lay the foundation of complete and permanent tranquillity.

At the same time, therefore, with the letter already referred to, he transmitted to the Duke his own "Memorandum." It is dated August 11, 1828, and sets out with the declaration, that, in the mind of the writer, whenever it is once determined that an attempt should be made to settle the Catholic question, there can be but one opinion,—that the settlement should be, if possible, a complete one,—that partial concessions would be of no use; they would but give power to the Catholics without giving them satisfaction.

The Memorandum proceeds, accordingly, to consider the subject in all its bearings, and especially addresses itself to three points.

*First*, The footing on which Roman Catholics should be placed with regard to the enjoyment of civil privileges.

*Secondly*, What arrangement shall be made with respect to the elective franchise in Ireland?

*Thirdly*, What shall be the future relation of the Roman Catholic Church to the state?

On the first of these questions his observations are full of that clear practical wisdom which was the great characteristic of his mind. They are in the main such as might have been expected from his full recognition of the great principle of equality. He insists on the necessity of throwing open to Catholics, not only all civil offices, with two or three not unreasonable excep-

tions, but also the Parliament itself. He rejects, as unconstitutional, the Duke's suggestion of the merely annual suspension of the laws which exclude Catholics from parliament, or any other condition which would make the tenure of a seat in parliament for a catholic, "other than the usual tenure—the duration of a parliament." He is against any over-nice intermeddling with the oaths to be required from Catholics, as implying suspicions, against which, even if they were well founded, the modification of the oath would supply very imperfect precaution. He is clearly opposed, in like manner, to any restriction by positive enactments of the rights of Catholic members to vote upon particular questions relating to the Protestant Establishment. But there is one form of restriction, that, as to the number of Catholics admissible to parliament, upon which his speculations are not a little curious.

"There is a question, however, connected with this branch of the subject, which will deserve great consideration.

"Shall there be any limitation upon the number of Roman Catholics entitled to sit in Parliament at the same time? or shall there be—as has been proposed lately—any restriction upon the rights of individual Roman Catholic members of Parliament with respect to voting upon particular questions relating to the Established Church?

"I do not conceive that a limitation of the number of Roman Catholics sitting at the same time in Parliament would infringe the great principle of equality of civil privilege.

"You limit the number of Members sitting for Ireland and for Scotland, and you have a right to limit the number representing a particular class if you see sufficient reason for the limitation.

"I think, of the two proposals above mentioned, the limitation of numbers is much less open to objection than the other, by which the discretion of a Member of Parliament it to be fettered, or rather taken away on certain and not very definite questions.

"With respect to the House of Lords, no limitation would probably in any event be necessary. You know the present number of Roman Catholic Peers.

"Conversions to the Roman Catholic faith are not much to be apprehended, and the Crown can prevent an increase to the number by the refusal to create a Roman Catholic Peer.

"In the House of Commons, however, you might have, and in my opinion you very soon would have, a very considerable number of Roman Catholic Members. If the spirit of party should continue in Ireland after the concessions to the Roman Catholics had been made—if there still should remain, as I think it probable there will,

separate interests and separate views—make what regulation you will as to the elective franchise, you must calculate on the ultimate return of many Roman Catholic members.

“You may strike off the lower class of voters in counties, but in a great part of Ireland the majority of the voters under any constitution of the right of voting will remain Roman Catholics.

“If you strike off the indigent voter, you increase the influence of the class above them; a class perhaps a little more independent of the priest, but also more independent of the landlord.

“It must be recollected also, and it is generally forgotten in calculating the probable numbers of Roman Catholic Members, that there are other places besides Irish counties and Irish boroughs that may return Roman Catholics to Parliament.

“Why not the Duke of Norfolk acquire as large a borough influence as Lord Darlington or Lord Hertford?

“I very much doubt whether a Roman Catholic Peer or Commoner of great wealth would not have stronger motives for increasing such an influence than the Protestant.

“The party struggling for advancement—for equality, not only of privilege but of power—is more active than the party in possession; and the existing state of the elective franchise in England would admit of a larger return of Roman Catholics for the boroughs of England than would be proportionate to their relative wealth, or influence, or numbers.

“It may be urged on the other hand, that you take no precaution against the return of an undue number of Presbyterians, or Dissenters of any description; that any combination of Roman Catholic Members to advance Roman Catholic interests would be met by a much more powerful counter combination; and that the Crown might exercise the same influence over Roman Catholics to withdraw them from any dangerous confederacy which it exercises over other individuals and parties.

“Still the actual limitation of Members might be very useful as a security satisfactory to the Protestant feelings; and any security, compatible with the great object of permanently settling the question, that would abate the uneasiness and apprehension of the Protestants, ought to be favourably considered.

“On this ground, no security that has been proposed by the advocates of the Roman Catholic claims ought to be lightly rejected.”—p. 191-4.

The concluding sentence may perhaps be thought to throw light upon the belief entertained at the time of the passing of the Relief Act, that the restrictive clauses which were introduced, were not seriously intended as practical limitations of the privileges of the enfranchised Catholics, but were meant in the language of the time as “sops to the Cerberus of Ascendancy.” As regards

one of these restrictions, which has occasionally been a source of scruple to a few Catholic members of Parliament—the clause in the Catholic oath relating to the Protestant Church, as by law established—it appears clear that the insertion of such a clause was, in Peel's opinion, at once impolitic and of no practical utility.

His speculation as to the effect of Catholic Emancipation on the House of Lords, will hardly be read now without a smile. On the one hand the fifteen eventful years through which the religious world of England has just passed, are a curious commentary on the confidence with which he anticipates, that among the peers "conversions to the Roman Catholic faith, are not much to be apprehended;" and on the other the details of Catholic emancipation were hardly finally adjusted, when the sweeping measure of Reform, by which it was succeeded, put an end for ever to such discussion, as whether "the Duke of Norfolk might not acquire as large a borough influence as Lord Darlington, or Lord Hertford. With all his forethought the great statesman was but ill prepared for so rapid and so complete a change.

Peel's views upon the third question, however, viz., the "future relation of the Roman Catholic religion to the state," will be read with some interest.

"I have before observed, and I repeat, that here is the great difficulty of the question; and it ought to be well considered as a point preliminary to all others in reference to this branch of the subject.

"Whether it would be better to leave the Roman Catholic religion on the footing that it stands at present, tolerated, connived at, but not encouraged by the State, or to give it a partial establishment and that degree of sanction and authority which must be inevitably given by the payment of its ministers by the State.

"So far as the Roman Catholics are concerned, you are, I conceive, at perfect liberty to leave the Roman Catholic religion as you find it. It may be policy to act otherwise, but there is no ground for complaint if you do not.

"Those subjects of the King who are not of the established religion may have a very urgent claim for the equality of civil privileges, but they can have no claim of right that the ministers of their religion should be paid by the State.

"The admission of any such claim on the part of the Roman Catholics would produce similar claims on the part of Dissenters in this country, who contribute in like manner to the support of their own religion, and that of the established religion also; and



even suppose you distinctly deny the claim of right, the consequences of the precedent must be well considered.

"If you pay 300,000*l.* a-year for the support of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland, will not the Protestant Dissenter of England remonstrate against being made to contribute his share towards the support of two Churches, unless you take the case of his Church also into consideration?"

"Will there not be among the religious classes of the community a very great repugnance, founded on higher motives than the unwillingness to be taxed, against contributing in any manner to the propagation or maintenance of the doctrines of the Church of Rome? The very designation of our own faith is derived from protestation against those doctrines, and very great caution must be used to prevent the excitement of a religious feeling—more difficult to combat than political apprehensions or anticipations.

"But every part of this subject is full of difficulties—I will not say insurmountable difficulties—but I refer to them to show the absolute necessity of very extended and minute consideration.

"If the State undertakes to pay the Roman Catholic priest, will you allow him, or not, to receive dues, Easter offerings, &c. &c., from his parishioners?"

"Can you effectually prevent him, considering the influence he possesses, from receiving such payments?"

"If he receives them in addition to his stipend, will not his condition be better than that of the minister of the Established Church in many of the parishes of Ireland?"

"But suppose you effectually prevent him from receiving any such payments, you will then provide by law that there shall be a gratuitous administration in Ireland of the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church—of baptism, marriage, &c. &c.

"The possible effect of this on the lower classes of Protestants and in all cases of intermarriage between Protestant and Roman Catholic must not be overlooked. The nonpayment of any fee may be a very powerful stimulus to the conversion of a labouring man.

"Supposing, however, that it were conceded that the political advantages of providing for the Roman Catholic priesthood are such that every difficulty above referred to must be surmounted, I think some much more extensive arrangement than the mere grant of licences to officiate by the Crown would be requisite.

"I am referring to the suggestion in the Memorandum of the Duke of Wellington.

"I doubt whether the mere grant of a licence would not soon degenerate into a form—a nominal power, never to be exercised, giving no real control to the Crown, but investing the person licensed with a sanction and authority derived from the Crown.

"Could the licence ever be refused, except in some most notorious case of unfitness?"—p. 196-9.



These discussions and intentions of the chiefs of the ministry, nevertheless, remained a profound secret, confined to the Duke, the Chancellor, and the Home Secretary. The great difficulty in the way of the contemplated concession, lay in the decided hostility of the King. As far back as 1824 he had written to Peel, in that solemn cant of which he was an accomplished master, that "the sentiments of the King upon Catholic Emancipation were those of his revered and excellent father, and that, from these sentiments the King never can, and never will deviate;" and even after the representations of the Duke, his determination appeared unaltered. The autumn passed in anxious watching of the course of events, and the correspondence with Lord Anglesey during this period is very interesting. Unfortunately, however, the reader who may have expected to gratify his curiosity with the secret history of Lord Anglesey's dismissal from office, in the January of 1829, will find himself disappointed. The Memoir is almost silent on the subject of this dismissal; and the correspondence, far from containing any further papers of interest on this subject, does not even include Lord Anglesey's celebrated letter to the Primate, or the other letters to which it gave occasion.

It is plain, nevertheless, that even at the time when Lord Anglesey was recalled, the great question still remained undecided. The Duke's letter of December 30, 1828, still speaks of it as a doubtful problem, whether "we are to concede," and the difficulty of replacing Lord Anglesey was for the time a serious embarrassment. Very early in January, however, they came to the final resolve; and, as a first step, the Duke waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Durham, in the hope that he could obtain their sanction, under the difficult circumstances which had arisen, for that measure of concession which now appeared a matter of absolute necessity, and that this sanction would remove the hostility of the King. But both prelates declared their unalterable resolve to offer a "decided opposition to the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities."

Such, therefore, was the position of affairs within a few weeks of the opening of that memorable session which was pregnant with so many important events. Its embarrassments are briefly but forcibly described in the Memoir.

"I now feared that the difficulties were almost insuperable.

"There was the declared opinion of the King—the declared opinion of the House of Lords—the declared opinion of the Church—unfavourable to the measures we were disposed to recommend.

"What I chiefly apprehended was this—that the King, hearing the result of the Duke's conference with the Bishops, would make some public and formal declaration of his resolution to maintain, as a matter of conscience and religious obligation, the excluding laws; and would thus take a position in reference to the Catholic Question similar to that in which his father had stood, which it might be almost impossible for His Majesty, however urgent the necessity, hereafter to abandon.

"Up to this period I had cherished the hope that the Duke of Wellington might be enabled to overcome the difficulties which were opposed to his undertaking, and that I might be allowed to retire from office, and in a private station to lend every assistance in my power during the progress of the contemplated measures through Parliament. I had proposed my retirement from office much more from a sincere belief that by the sacrifice of office my co-operation with the Duke of Wellington would be the more effectual, than from any other consideration. All that had passed since my letter to the Duke of the 11th of August, 1828, had confirmed the impression on my mind that the whole state of Ireland must be considered by the Cabinet—that the Catholic Question must be adjusted without further delay; and, above all, I felt convinced that any insuperable impediment suddenly interposed in the way of that adjustment—such, for instance, as a fixed and publicly-declared resolution of hostility on the part of the Sovereign—would be most injurious to the public welfare, and might preclude the hope of any future settlement—peaceful settlement at least—of the question at issue between Great Britain and Ireland. I could not but perceive, in the course of constant intercourse with him, that the Duke of Wellington began to despair of success. It had been his constant desire to consult my wishes as to the retirement from office, and to avail himself of the offer of my zealous and cordial co-operation in a private capacity. He well knew that there would be nothing in the resignation of office half so painful to my feelings as the separation from him at a period of serious difficulty. From the moment of his appointment to the chief place in the Government not a day had passed without the most unreserved communication personally or in writing—not a point had arisen on which (as my correspondence with the Duke will amply testify) there had not been the most complete and cordial concurrence of opinion.

"The period was at hand, on account of the near approach of the meeting of Parliament, when a formal proposal must be made to the King in respect to the position of his Government and the consideration of the state of Ireland. I was firmly convinced that if the Duke of Wellington should fail in procuring the King's con-

sent to the proposal so to be submitted to His Majesty, no other public man could succeed in procuring that assent, and in prevailing over the opposition to be encountered in the House of Lords. It may perhaps have been thought by some that the high and established character of Earl Grey—his great abilities and great political experience—would have enabled him to surmount these various difficulties. In addition to those high qualifications, Earl Grey had the advantage of having been the strenuous and consistent advocate of the Roman Catholic cause—the advantage also of having stood aloof from the administrations of Mr. Canning and Lord Ripon, and of having strong claims on the esteem and respect of all parties, without being fettered by the trammels of any. I had, however, the strongest reasons for the conviction that Lord Grey could not have succeeded in an undertaking which, in the supposed case of his accession to power, would have been abandoned as hopeless by the Duke of Wellington, and abandoned on the ground that the Sovereign would not adopt the advice of his servants in respect of the consideration of the Catholic Question.

“Being convinced that the Catholic Question must be settled, and without delay—being resolved that no act of mine should obstruct or retard its settlement—impressed with the strongest feelings of attachment to the Duke of Wellington—of admiration of his upright conduct and intentions as Prime Minister—of deep interest in the success of an undertaking on which he had entered from the purest motives and the highest sense of public duty—I determined not to insist upon retirement from office, but to make to the Duke the voluntary offer of that official co-operation, should he consider it indispensable, which he scrupled, from the influence of kind and considerate feelings, to require from me.”—278-81.

In pursuance of this resolve he wrote a long explanatory letter to the Duke of Wellington. This paper accompanied by his own earnest and respectful representations, the Duke at once laid before the King; and on the 17th of January, Peel formally consented to remain in office, and to take charge of the measure of relief which might be resolved upon. The united representations of the leading members of his ministry extorted from the King a reluctant permission to consider in cabinet the whole state of Ireland, and to offer their advice to him with regard to it. That he was still far from being convinced, is plain from the manner in which he received Peel's letter already alluded to. Lord Bathurst, in writing to Peel, says that this letter “is what the King seemed to admit it to be, a good statement;” and he adds with somewhat of archness, that he himself “*would call it an argumentative one, if his gracious Master had not denied it to be such.*”

It was now the 17th January, and Parliament was to meet on February 6th. The measure, therefore, was urged on with all the characteristic energy of the Duke, and all the practical precision of his fellow labourer. The arrangement of details fell entirely upon the latter; he explains with great frankness the principles upon which his views were finally settled.

"My advice to the Cabinet was not to risk the failure of the two great measures, the relief from civil disabilities, and the regulation of the Elective Franchise, by attempting too much, by uniting with them measures for defining the relation of the Roman Catholic Religion to the State, or for making a pecuniary provision for the ministers of that religion.

"I was not insensible to the vast importance of these latter measures. I entertained no objection to them in point of principle; but there was, in my opinion, very great danger that the whole attempt might fail, if the opposition which we should have to encounter, on grounds rather political than religious, were strengthened by an opposition on purely religious grounds as to the endowment of the Roman Catholic faith.

"Any delay in the progress of the political measures beyond that necessary for fair deliberation and discussion was greatly to be deprecated; but the appeal for delay would have been irresistible if we had proposed for simultaneous consideration a series of measures of such vast importance (and, as it would have been contended in argument, so intimately connected and interwoven) as the suppression of the Association, the repeal of civil disability, the regulation of the Elective Franchise, together with measures for endowing the Roman Catholic clergy, for providing the pecuniary means of that endowment, and defining the conditions on which it should be holden.

"Various opinions were of course expressed even among those who concurred in the main object we had in view, namely, the establishment of civil equality between Protestant and Roman Catholic, as to the mode in which we effected that object, and as to our policy in accompanying, or in omitting to accompany, the main enactment with collateral measures.

"Some thought the preliminary suppression of the Association a needless parade of vigour; some blamed us for dismissing from offices of trust and for prosecuting the agitators in Ireland, for declining any sort of amicable concert and communication with the Roman Catholic party, and for refusing to Mr. O'Connell the benefit of his recent election for the county of Clare.

"Others thought that the establishment of relations with the Church of Rome, or at least the endowment of the ministers of that Church, ought to have been proposed by us, if not as an

essential condition, at least as a concomitant, of Emancipation, to which the Government attached equal importance. It would be useless now to discuss the validity of these several objections to the course we pursued.

"For any error of this kind, either of omission or of commission, I must assume my full share of responsibility. But before too severe a judgment is pronounced upon such errors, the great difficulties with which we had to contend in accomplishing the main object ought not to be overlooked. We were about to forfeit the confidence, and encounter the hostility, of a very great portion of our own party. We had no claim upon the confidence or good will of the Roman Catholic party. The principle of concession had been affirmed by the House of Commons, on the last discussion, by the very smallest majority—276 to 272. It had been negatived in the House of Lords by a majority of 44. The King was hostile, the Church was hostile, a majority probably of the people of Great Britain was hostile, to concession. It was not, as was imputed, from paltry jealousy or personal pique, that we resolved not to permit Mr. O'Connell to take his seat for Clare on an election which had taken place previously to the passing of the Relief Act. It was not from insensibility to the importance of establishing some bond of connection between the Roman Catholic Clergy and the State, that a provision for their maintenance formed no part of our plan. The refusal in the one case, and the omission in the other, were deliberate acts, determined on in the sincere belief that in different degrees and for different reasons they were important to the ultimate success of our undertaking."—p. 306-8.

The coming concession was distinctly announced, and even partially described in the memorable Speech from the Throne, 1829. As a preliminary to the consideration of the subject, a bill was introduced by Mr. Peel for the suppression of the Association. This bill passed rapidly through all its stages under his guidance, and was read a third time on the 17th February; but it was practically anticipated by the voluntary dissolution of that body.

The Memoir, as might be expected, enters at some length into the subject of the author's resignation of his seat for the University, and of his second candidature, in which he was defeated by a majority of 146 by the late Sir Robert Harry Inglis. His conduct in this affair went far to disarm the hostility of all but the lowest partisans. He was supported by the *elite* of the University. A memorandum endorsed upon one of the papers connected with the election, records with pardonable pride, that though he "polled 146 votes less than Sir Robert Inglis, he had twice as many first-class men, fourteen out of twenty professors,

and twenty-four out of twenty-eight prizemen, the twenty-four prizemen having gained twenty-eight prizes." Both candidates were members of Christ Church College. In this College Peel had thirty-nine first class men, Sir Robert Inglis, only eight.

The election terminated on the last day of February. On the next day Peel was put in nomination for Westbury, a convenient borough of which Sir Manasseh Lopes was patron. Even here Protestant feeling was so much excited, that the patron himself suffered severely in person from the many missiles levelled at him in the court-house during the election. Fortunately for Mr. Peel, the ceremony was not very long protracted. Hardly had the return been announced by the officer, when a Protestant candidate arrived in a coach and four from London; and Peel himself pleasantly confesses it to be highly probable, that, if this gentleman had arrived a few hours earlier, he himself would have fared no better at Westbury than he had done at Oxford.

He resumed his seat on the 3rd of March; and on the same day gave notice that, on the 5th, he would call the attention of the House to that part of the Speech from the Throne which related to the Catholic Question.

But a fresh and still more menacing embarrassment now arose, the account of which is so extremely curious, that even at the risk of seeming to exceed in quotation we shall insert it here.

"On the evening of Tuesday, the 3rd of March, the King commanded the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, and myself to attend His Majesty at Windsor at an early hour on the following day. We went there accordingly, and on our arrival were ushered into the presence of the King, who received us with his usual kindness and cordiality.

"He was grave, and apparently labouring under some anxiety and uneasiness.

"His Majesty said that we must be fully aware that it had caused him the greatest pain to give his assent to the proposition made to him by his Cabinet that they should be at liberty to offer their collective advice on the Catholic Question, and still greater pain to feel that he had no alternative but to act upon the advice which he had received.

"His Majesty then observed, that as the question was about to be brought forward in Parliament, he wished to have a previous personal conference with those of his Ministers whom he had summoned on this occasion to attend him, and whom he must regard as chiefly responsible for the advice tendered to him. He said that



he desired to receive from us a more complete and detailed explanation of the manner in which we proposed to effect the object we had in view.

"Upon this requisition from His Majesty, being probably most familiar with the details of the measure which I had to submit to the House of Commons on the following day, I proceeded to explain them to the King. I observed to His Majesty that the chief impediment to the enjoyment of complete civil privileges by his Roman Catholic subjects was the obligation to make the Declaration against Transubstantiation and to take the Oath of Supremacy as qualifications for such privileges—that we proposed to repeal altogether the Declaration against Transubstantiation, and to modify in the case of the Roman Catholics that part of the Oath of Supremacy which relates to the spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction and superiority of the Pope.

"On this reference to the Oath of Supremacy, the King seemed much surprised, and said rapidly and earnestly, 'What is this? you surely do not mean to alter the ancient Oath of Supremacy!' He appealed to each of his Ministers on this point. We explained to His Majesty that we proposed that to all his subjects, excepting the Roman Catholics, the Oath should be administered in its present form, and that the Roman Catholic should be required to declare on Oath his belief that no foreign Prince or Prelate hath any temporal or civil jurisdiction, power, or superiority, or pre-eminence, directly or indirectly, within this realm. We added, that if the Roman Catholic was still required, before his admission to office or to Parliament, to declare his belief that no foreign Prelate hath or ought to have any spiritual or ecclesiastical jurisdiction, power, or pre-eminence within the realm, the measure of relief would be unavailing; that an effectual impediment to the enjoyment of civil privileges would remain unremoved.

"The King observed, that be that as it might, he could not possibly consent to any alteration of the ancient oath of Supremacy—that he was exceedingly sorry that there had been any misunderstanding on so essential a point—that he did not blame us on account of that misunderstanding—that he did not mean to imply that in the explanation which we had previously given to him in writing there had been any concealment or reserve on this point: still the undoubted fact was that he had given his sanction to our proceedings under misapprehension with regard to one particular point, and that a most important one, namely, the alteration of the Oath of Supremacy; and he felt assured that our opinions would be in concurrence with his own—that a sanction so given ought not to be binding upon the Sovereign, and that His Majesty had no alternative but to retract his consent, if the measure to which it had been given under an erroneous impression were *bona fide* disapproved of by his deliberate and conscientious judgment.



"In answer to this appeal we expressed our deep concern that there had been any misunderstanding on so important a matter, but our entire acquiescence in the King's opinion that His Majesty ought not to be bound by a consent unwarily given to important public measures under a misapprehension of their real character and import. After a short lapse of time, His Majesty then said, 'But after this explanation of my feelings what course do you propose to take as my Ministers?' He observed that notice had been given of proceedings in the House of Commons for the following day; and addressing himself particularly to me, who had charge of those proceedings, said, 'Now, Mr. Peel, tell me what course you propose to take to-morrow.' I replied that with all deference and respect for His Majesty, I could not have a moment's hesitation as to my course—that the Speech from the Throne had justified the universal expectation that the Government intended to propose measures for the complete relief of the Roman Catholics from civil incapacities—that I had vacated the seat for Oxford on the assumption that such measures would be proposed—that the consent of the House of Commons had been given to the Bill for the Suppression of the Roman Catholic Association, if not on the express assurance, at least with the full understanding, that the measure of coercion would be immediately followed by the measure of relief—that I must therefore entreat His Majesty at once to accept my resignation of office, and to permit me on the following day to inform the House of Commons that unforeseen impediments, which would be hereafter explained, prevented the King's servants from proposing to Parliament the measures that had been announced—that I no longer held the seals of the Home Department, and that it was my painful duty to withdraw the notice which had been given in my name.

"The King put a similar question to the Duke of Wellington, who replied that he desired to be permitted by His Majesty to retire from office, and to make to the House of Lords an announcement to the same effect with that which I wished to make to the House of Commons.

"The Chancellor intimated his entire acquiescence in the course which the Duke of Wellington and I proposed to pursue.

"His Majesty was pleased to express his deep regret that we could not remain in his service consistently with our sense of honour and public duty. His Majesty said moreover that he could not be surprised at our decision, or blame us for the conclusion at which we had arrived.

"Our interview with His Majesty lasted for the long period of five hours: there was unintermitted conversation during the whole time, but nothing material passed excepting that the purport of which I have faithfully reported. At the close of the interview the King took leave of us with great composure and great kindness, gave to each of us a salute on each cheek, and accepted our

resignation of office, frequently expressing his sincere regret at the necessity which compelled us to retire from his service."—pp. 343-347.

After this summary proceeding the Duke and Mr. Peel returned to town to a cabinet dinner at Lord Bathurst's, where they electrified their colleagues with the intelligence that they were no longer members of the Government. Late at night, however, the King revoked his acceptance of their resignation; and, after a full authorization to use even the royal name if necessary, they resumed office on the following day.

The rest need hardly be told; and it only remains to subjoin the manly and touching appeal with which the Memoir closes. The writer leaves the question of the policy or impolicy of the measure to the judgment of posterity. His appeal is only on behalf of his own memory in connexion with it.

"Of my own motives and intentions I may be allowed to speak.

"Pusillanimity—the want of moral courage—would have prompted a very different course from that which I pursued. If I had been swayed by any unworthy fears—the fear of obloquy—the fear of responsibility—the fear of Parliamentary conflict—I might have concealed my real opinion—might have sheltered myself under the dishonest plea of a false consistency, and have gained the hollow applause which is lavished upon those who inflexibly adhere to an opinion once pronounced, though altered circumstances may justify and demand the modification or abandonment of it.

"If I have been stimulated by personal ambition—that sort of ambition, I mean, which is content with the lead of a political party, and the possession of official power—I might have encouraged and deferred to the scruples of the Sovereign, and might have appealed to the religious feelings of the country to rally round the Throne for the maintenance of the Protestant religion, and the protection of the Royal conscience.

"From the imputation of other motives still more unworthy, the documents I now produce will, I trust, suffice to protect my memory. I can with truth affirm, as I do solemnly affirm in the presence of Almighty God, 'to whom all hearts be open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid,' that in advising and promoting the measures of 1829 I was swayed by no fear except the fear of public calamity, and that I acted throughout on a deep conviction that those measures were not only conducive to the general welfare, but that they had become imperatively necessary

in order to avert from interests which had a special claim upon my support—the interests of the Church and of institutions connected with the Church—an imminent and increasing danger.

“It may be that I was unconsciously influenced by motives less perfectly pure and disinterested—by the secret satisfaction of being,

*‘—when the waves went high,*

*A daring pilot in extremity.’*

But at any rate it was no ignoble ambition which prompted me to bear the brunt of a desperate conflict, and at the same time to submit to the sacrifice of everything dear to a public man, excepting the approval of his own conscience, and the hope of ultimate justice.”—pp. 364-366.

It is hard to refuse to sympathize with an avowal so open and so direct from the heart. It is still more difficult to do so, when we carry our thoughts back to the angry and excited period, the still painful recollections of which no doubt inspired the tone of indignant earnestness which characterizes this appeal—when we recall the charges of “imbecility, pusillanimity, and irreligion” from which even men like Southey could not forbear; when we see what was done under the most honourable motives openly described as “a deceiving of friends and a betrayal of the constitution;” above all, when we recollect that the very plea of necessity, by which alone the ministry sought to vindicate their change of policy, was broadly stigmatized as a plea of their own creation—a plea arising out of a danger, the growth of which they had themselves knowingly, wilfully, and even treacherously, tolerated, or rather fostered.

And yet while, viewing his conduct under these relations, it would be ungracious and ungenerous to withhold our sympathy from one who, with a full knowledge of the obloquy to which he exposed himself, had the courage to brave it in our cause, we doubt whether there be any Catholic who, with all his admiration, and gratitude for the author of these Memoirs, will not rise from their perusal with a feeling of vague disappointment, if not of absolute regret. It cannot fail to strike him painfully that, although there is not, from the beginning to the end of the volume, an unfriendly sentiment or a disrespectful phrase in reference to the Catholic Church, yet neither is there a single word or phrase from which it would be possible to

*infer, that the course taken by Mr. Peel on the Catholic Question arose from a higher motive than that of political expediency, or perhaps it might better be said, of political necessity. Not a word occurs—whether in his correspondence at the time, or in the observations and communications by which it is now accompanied, or in the general narrative in which the course of events is reviewed—from which can be construed into a retraction of those opinions on the abstract justice of the case which he had professed throughout his earlier career;—not a word of real sympathy with the Catholic struggle for equality, or of regret, much less of indignation, at the long course of intolerant exclusion of which they had been the victims. The author of this Memoir never once rises beyond the level of a politician, we had almost said a partisan; nor is there a single principle brought forward, whether in the many discussions which took place between him and his colleagues, or in the various state papers submitted to the King, to the cabinet, or to his private friends, which could be dignified with the name of political philosophy. In no phase of his life does Sir Robert Peel appear more unmistakeably as THE STATESMAN OF EXPEDIENCY, than in the records which he himself has left of the settlement of the Catholic Question.*

But, on the other hand, it is only due in justice as well as in gratitude, to confess, that, having once, from whatever motive, taken a decided course on this momentous topic, his after conduct was marked by the highest principles of honour and by the most graceful and generous frankness. If his papers exhibit no evidence of avowed sympathy with Catholics, neither do they bear a trace of secret hostility, or what would be worse, of insidious friendship. If there be in them no show of a desire to favour, yet neither is there any show of a disposition to undermine. Sir Robert Peel had the good sense and the manliness to abandon the petty devices, by which, under the name of *securities*, former legislators, even those most favourable to Catholics, had sought to mar the benefit which they offered, and to fetter the liberty which they conferred. There is abundant evidence that the few restrictive provisions by which his measure of relief was accompanied, were meant to remain a dead letter; and were rather intended to disarm the opposition of the antagonists of Catholic liberties, than to restrict

*these liberties, or to limit the fulness of their exercise. If his measure of concession was tardy, it was, when it came at last, generous, graceful, comprehensive, beyond the dreams of former emancipators, and we may add, beyond the hopes of many among the most sanguine of Catholics themselves.*

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ART. XI.—1. *On the Study of Words: Lectures addressed (originally) to the pupils at the Diocesan training school, Winchester.* By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B. D. Sixth Edition. London: Parkers, 1855.

2. *English Past and Present. Five Lectures.* By R. C. TRENCH, B. D. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: Parkers, 1855.

3. *A Dictionary of the English Language.* By NOAH WEBSTER, L.L.D. Second Edition. London: Ingram, Cook and Co., 1852.

MORE than once in our earlier numbers, we had occasion to complain of a peculiar phenomenon in English literature, the anti-catholic spirit which seems, by some fatality, to pervade it. It is not merely when a man like Mr. Macaulay steps into the chair of Hume; and, knowing, that to be a popular, and a selling, writer, he must take the popular side, and sacrifice that quality which bears so justly the epithet of "sacred" to brilliant success; it is not when noble lords put themselves on the Cumming platform to address religious associations, that poor Catholicity, made as blatantly helpless as the scape-goat in Mr. Hunt's picture, becomes the victim of propitiation of what is pleasantly called "the religious public." But there is a sort of pungent saline impregnation of our literary atmosphere, which, as in the country near the Dead Sea dry-salts everything, or incrustates it with its natron, and makes it barren of all that is savoury, green, or beautiful to unvitiated tastes. Geography, astronomy, physics, natural history, biography, romance, novels; classics, grammar, down to the A, B, C, especially those elemen-

tary systems, or "educational serieses," of them which proceed from the pens of "emerited" ladies, or country parsons, are ingeniously made the vehicle, in a potatory, not a rotatory, sense, of as ugly tasting black-doses, as ever proceeded from the stores of a workhouse apotheca. A mannal of geography will tell the child, that the Popish religion is professed in such a country, and that, consequently, it is in a state of irreclaimable barbarism or imbecility, and presents a frightful contrast to happy, free, and bible-reading England. A book of natural philosophy would be incomplete without at least a note on the Inquisition, *a propos of Galileo*; an elementary treatise on history would call St. Thomas a traitor, and give us a date somewhere between St. Peter and Gregory XVI, when for the first time the Popes claimed arrogantly supremacy; and, as we shall see just now, the letters of the alphabet themselves are marshalled in formal array against the Church. O puffs itself quite round, at the very mention of popery, K lifts its foot, ignominiously to kick at it; P puts its one arm as kimbo, and turns scornfully away, indignant at being twice called for, by spirits when they "rap out" its name; L puts out its leg to trip up its heels; while S raises itself like a cobra on its tapering extremity, and sibilates most vernacularly at it. The vowels would seem to join together in discordant concord, making a hideous hue and cry at its mention, each bellowing or screaming out with its own sound, whether deprecatory or amazed, incredulous or derisive.

Does this seem exaggerated? Let the impartial reader peruse the volumes before us, written by an able, and we believe, amiable man, "the Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, B.D., Vicar of Itchenstoke, Hants; examining chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Oxford, and professor of Divinity, King's College, London;" consequently by five cumulative and climactic titles a theologian, and expected to know what he talks about, when he treats of religion; further, author of many poems, and a translator of Calderon, likely therefore to have in him a spirit of gentleness and peace; and in addition, we understand not unfamiliar with St. Teresa and other Spanish spiritual writers, whom we should deem it impossible for any one of mind, of candour, and of devotional heart to know, without raising his estimate of the Catholic religion, above the stuff

and chaff which it appears to be on the Exeter Hall threshing-floor.

Yet the said reader will find this writer to all appearances unable to take up so innocent a subject as the words of the English language, without discovering in it a controversial theme. He positively makes human speech a protest against popery, and reads in its periods only sentences of condemnation upon it. And this wretched narrowness of spirit naturally generates unfairness in other points, begets national antipathies, ungenerous dealings with other countries, and almost spiteful treatment of their parts of speech. *What is the origin of this?*

The late excellent Passionist, the saintly Father Dominick, was on one occasion adverting in a sermon to a disturbance attempted to be made at an earlier Mass. Describing the actors in it, he said: "They were not men, and they were not boys:—they were *chaps*." This class, or middle state of souls, is an object, just now, of peculiar care in the religious world. Young men's societies, Church of England young men's associations, early-closing, sabbath, Sunday-school, and other societies, are the great field of clerical cultivation, the experimental farm, on which much is being laid out, but the fruit of which is yet to be seen. Do we object to this great attention to the intermediate state between boyhood and manhood? Certainly not, if it be genuine, solidly moral, and groundedly religious. But we have very little confidence in it, as given now, beyond believing in its power to make them *chaps*.

The gentlemen who lecture to the future Hitchcocks and Kennards mistake bigotry for religion, and intolerance for morality. They see before them a body of youth, with only a smattering of better knowledge, and a very light, highly soluble, and intensely friable salt of wisdom about them; exposed to the furies of individual temptation, from passions in their first strength, and to the allurements of external seductions in their first novelty.

They are to be taught to walk between vice in ranks, flanking each side of their avenue through life; they are to be trained to push through wickedness marshalled in squadrons in front of them. They are to be nerved to hold the helm of conscience and of rectitude steady and unflinching, as they dash through breakers, boil in the surf, almost touch sunken rocks on either side, cut



through whirlpools, graze cliffs, and break away from pirate-junks hemming round. Every police report that they read in their Sunday paper tells of confidential clerk who has been for years cheating his confiding master, till he was stupid enough to forge his signature to a check; of the warehouseman who has been robbing his employer wholesale, of bales and packages, till he was betrayed by at last requiring a cart early in the morning near the premises, to carry off the spoil; of the shopman who has been able to frequent Ascott and Newmarket by the pilfering of the till in small but daily sums, till a companion had caught him, through the clumsiness into which familiarity had betrayed him; in fine, of the countless dishonesties, thefts, swindlings, falsifications of accounts, breaches of confidence, treacheries, basenesses which are hourly brought to light, in the conduct of the very class so cultivated by our pious educators—forming as distinct a body of new characteristic delinquencies as child-murder, or wife-bruising. For one detected, he thinks—perhaps knows—thousands escape: any of the detected might have done, with common prudence. It is a brink on which he stands; shall he plunge in?

Such are the *educandi*; young men who are to be made and kept on principle honest, honourable, faithful, incorruptible; industrious, assiduous, generous; domestic, good husbands perhaps, or good fathers one day, now certainly good children, affectionate, respectful, docile; charitable, humble, meek, kind-hearted to the poor; sober, temperate, self-denying, chaste, pure, modest; guarded in speech, not given to lying, detraction, murmuring, or loose conversation; in fine, sincerely religious, full of faith, devout, blameless before God and man. Less than this, surely, cannot be the aim, though not always attained, of a Christian education. And how is this catalogue of virtues to be imprinted on the soul? How is a young man to be made all this? It really would appear, as if the fanatical theory of the age was this. "Make your young men two things—Sabbath-mongers and Popery-haters, and you will have them all that you can desire." That is, either these two qualities necessarily comprise all those high, but practical and necessary virtues, or (and this, if honestly spoken out, is the really attained conclusion,) they supersede them all. In other words, the tendency of this young-men's education movement comes to this,

the teaching of a canting and whining hypocrisy, the whitening of the sepulchre till it shine again, the smoothing of the face with pumice-stone, till it absorb its hardness. It is the making *chaps* of them.

The temptation to lecture to this class is undoubtedly very great. It is an easy thing. They do not know much; nor that much accurately; and it is easy to communicate a good deal that is new and interesting. Then, if the sole morality required be that of antipathies—the teaching of what it is good to hate, this portion costs little enough.

We do not wish to fling Mr. Trench's lectures to his young men in training schools, into the heap of common-place trash, which composes the bulk of young-men lectures, &c. They contain much valuable matter for thought; they are the work of a learned man, who has deeply, and attentively studied his subject; and no one will read them, without collecting much information, and knowing more than he did before. But all these points of praise, and many more that could be added, only made us deplore that he should have followed the beaten track, when any advantage, however undue, could be taken of his subject, to "have a fling" at Catholics. Words with him are stones, often hard ones "*dura verba*," which are good to build up a language with; good to perpetuate monumentally a high-born thought; good to prop up and support tottering or sinking ideas; good to wall round, for protection and defence, national traditions, principles, and feelings. But then they are equally good to pick up on the way side, as you go along the road paved by them, to pelt an unfortunate Papist that comes in sight. Fortunately we are not in the position of Sir Roger Lestranger's frogs, who told "the chaps" that were stoning them, that what was sport to their own youthful natures was death to their amphibious existence. But we may not unjustly remonstrate, that what is clap-trap with the youthful audience, may be calumny of a very ancient Church. We have indeed very little doubt, that if cheers were permitted to interrupt the professional lecturer, they were never so vociferous, or so hearty, as when it was made clear to the pupils of "London University," or of the "Winchester training-school," that the very stones to which we have alluded, rise up in judgment against Rome, Popery, and the Catholic Hierarchy. Single words prove them to be irreligious, construction alien, their very composition wicked.

A whole course of anti-catholic theology, an irrefragable code of national religion may be constructed, one would conclude, from what Mrs. Malaprop so prized over every other gift, her "parts of speech."

However, let us justify our censures by examples; and we will begin with one of the most glaring instances, from "the study of words."

"And not less, where a perversion of the moral sense has found place, words preserve oftentimes a record of this perversion. We have a signal example of this, even as it is a notable evidence of the manner in which moral contagion, spreading from heart and manners, invades the popular language in the use, or rather misuse of the word 'religion,' during all the ages of Papal domination in Europe. Probably many of you are aware that in those times a 'religious' person did not mean any one who felt and allowed the bonds that bound him to God and to his fellow-men, but one who had taken peculiar vows upon him, a member of one of the monkish orders; a 'religious' house did not mean, nor does it now mean in the Church of Rome, a Christian household, ordered in the fear of God, but an house in which these persons were gathered together according to the rule of some man, Benedict, or Dominic, or some other. A 'religion' meant not a service of God, but an order of monkery; and taking the monastic vows was termed going to a 'religion.' Now what an awful light does this one word so used throw on the entire state of mind and habits of thought in those ages! That there was 'religion,' and nothing else was deserving of the name! And 'religious' was a title which might not be given to parents and children, husbands and wives, men and women fulfilling faithfully and holily in the world the moral duties of their stations, but only to those who had devised self-chosen service for themselves."—P. 11.

It would be difficult to imagine more fallacies of reasoning, or grosser perversions of fact, than are amassed in this paragraph. To have any truth or logic in it, Mr. Trench must be supposed to maintain that a word cannot have two meanings, one more restricted, the other more general, one describing a species or subdivision of what the other signification expresses more widely. Thus, to take common instances, Mr. Trench must be understood to assert that if, in common speech we mention "the throne," restricting it thus to the royal seat, we deny that there is such a thing as an episcopal "throne," or if an admiral or banker is said to take "the chair," in an Exeter Hall meeting, this implies that all else sat on stools, and not on chairs. If Mr. Trench in his poetry sings of the

"evening star," he means that there is only one star that appears at evening; or if he refer to "the Apostle," he expects his hearers to understand him to deny the apostleship of all except St. Paul. Or, again, if he preach upon "the Sacrament," he must be interpreted as rejecting Baptism; or if he warn his young men against falling into "vice," he must be understood to restrict all viciousness or wickedness to one class of sins.

There is in fact no principle more obvious in the history and logic of words, than the very opposite to Mr. Trench's, adopted for the nonce. Nothing is more plain or more easily demonstrable, than this, that innumerable words, besides their ordinary meaning possess one sense *Kar'εξοχη*, a peculiar one which intensifies, but does not supersede, the current and every day meaning. Yet Mr. Trench's whole reasoning is based on this, that if a word, such as "religion," came to mean the higher and more excellent practice of religion, or "religious," a person who devoted himself to its observance, these adaptations *ipso facto* destroyed, and cancelled from the language the common use of these words, as applied to ordinary religiousness. As a *principle* this is absurd.

Now let us take it as a fact. Mr. Trench is actually bold enough to say, that "during all the ages of Papal domination in Europe," nothing else was "religion" and nothing else was deserving of the name, except "an order of monkery;" and "'religious' was a title which might not be given to parents and children, husbands and wives, men and women fulfilling faithfully and holily in the world the several duties of their stations, &c." Truly, was it so? The only pretension to a proof which Mr. Trench advances is a decree of the fourth council of Lateran, where "Religio" is used for the monastic state. But no one denies that it was used in this sense. The question is, whether it was thus used exclusively, so as to lead to his dreadful consequences, about holy men and women in the world not being then considered to practise "religion," or be persons of "religious" lives. Surely *this* was the point to be proved. The charge is so like the old hackneyed one of Mosheim, Robertson, and others, based on misquotations of St. Eligius's homily, that we would ask Mr. Trench to read Maitland's "Dark Ages," on the subject. (p. 100.) We say the matter is the same in substance, that is, that during the ages of

Papal domination, there was no idea of holiness or "religiousness" in the world, but this was exclusively the attribute of the monastic state—of "monkery" as Mr. Trench elegantly calls it. Fie! for a scholar, a clergyman, and a gentleman, to stoop to such a word, when teaching young men propriety of speech! In what an awful condition must not "the state of mind and habits of thought" have been during those ages, when the idea of religion, or its precepts, or its virtues did not exist, save in connection with the monastic state, was unknown to people living in the world! And yet these were the ages which produced, and canonized, Kings like SS. Edward and Louis, and Stephen, Emperors like Henry, Bishops like St. Edmund, St. Charles, St. Francis, and countless holy men and women who were fathers and mothers, husbands and wives in the world, without embracing the "religious state." How shocking the tone of mind, which these persons entertained, of course believing themselves not to possess a particle of "religion," and being held by all who knew them for thoroughly "irreligious" people!

Mr. Maitland however, has thoroughly overthrown this vulgar and unjust idea, that the standard of religion in the world was one whit lower during the "dark ages," than it is now in the parish of Ithenstoke, under Mr. Trench's enlightened instructions. "The good Christian" was taught as earnestly as he can be now to "love chastity, avoid lewdness and drunkenness, maintain humility, and detest pride,...renounce envy, have charity among themselves, and always think of the future world, and of eternal blessedness, and labour rather for the soul than for the body." (P. 111.) What "awful light" does not such a passage as this throw on "the habits of thought" of the men, who denounce him who uttered it as not believing that husband and wives could have any "religion" in his time. The preacher however provokingly goes on. "It is not enough, most dearly beloved, for you to have received the name of Christians, if you do not do Christian works. To be called a Christian profits him who always retains in his mind, and fulfils in his actions the commands of Christ; that is who does not commit theft, does not bear false witness, who neither tells lies, nor swears falsely, who does not commit adultery, who does not hate anybody, but loves all men

as himself, who does not render evil to his enemies, but rather prays for them, who does not stir up strife, but restores peace between those who are at variance." Further, "He is a good Christian who puts faith in no charms or diabolical inventions, but *places all his hope in Christ alone*; who receives strangers with joy, even as if it were Christ himself....who, according to his means, gives alms to the poor; who comes frequently to the church... who lives chastely himself, and teaches his sons and neighbours to live chastely and in the fear of God... Moreover, teach and chastise those children for whom you are sponsors, that they may always live with the fear of God." (P. 112.) Pretty well this, from one who was not himself in "religion," and believed habitually that when his hearers had observed all these commandments, and practised these virtues, they would be still held by their church, their pastors, their neighbours, and themselves, to be only at best—not religious people. For either such must have been their habit of thought, that is their conviction; or else Mr. Trench is delivering mischievous and calumnious trash to the pupils whom he instructs.

If it be sheer nonsense to talk about there having been no idea of "religion" during so many ages, out of regular communities, it is no less so to maintain that the restricted application of the word superseded its wider signification. As a matter of fact this is untrue. In sooth, we may ask the question, does it so now? For whatever Mr. Trench may say of "the ages of Papal domination in Europe," we must abide by the same reasoning now. "Religio" and "Religious" are used by the Council of Trent, as well as by every theologian down to the dreaded St. Alphonsus, in the same sense as by the Council of Lateran, or the scholastics; and if the specific meaning of these words at any time necessarily threw "an awful light" upon its religious habit of mind, and extinguished their generic sense, the same must be the case now. And therefore we may as justly conclude, that since we speak of "religious" nurses in the Crimea, and as the French use no other word for a nun but *religieuse*, the same reasoning must hold good of our times, wherever papal domination, that is the pope's supremacy, is admitted. Moreover, he deliberately extends his charge to our times. However let us put Mr. Trench's assertion to the test of the facts.

He will no doubt allow St. Thomas to be a fair exponent



of the doctrine taught in the Catholic Church during the ages alluded to. Well then, we refer him to the *Sec. Sec.* qu. 81. Here the Angelic Doctor has laid down the whole doctrine on "Religion," most clearly and distinctly, so as to have given the track, and laid down the principles, that have been followed by every Catholic theologian since. He divides the subject into eight articles, in which he may be said fairly to exhaust the subject. Religion is the bond by which we are tied, (*religamur*) to God, or the choice (*relectio*) which we again make of God, after having lost Him by sin. Either way, "*religio proprie importat ordinem ad Deum.*" "For He it is to whom we should principally be tied, as to an unfailing principle, to whom also our choice should be especially directed, as to our last end" (Art. i.) Assuredly this is a sounder meaning of "religion" than Mr. Trench proposes, "a service of God," and he must allow us Catholics to claim and hold it. St. Thomas then observes that "religion has two classes of acts; some are proper and immediate, which it *elicits*, (we are obliged to use the scholastic term) or spontaneously performs, by which man is directed (*ordinatur*) to God alone, such as sacrifice, adoration, &c." Other acts it has, which it produces, through the virtues which it *commands*, directing them to the reverence due to God; "that is performing them in honour and to the glory, of God. And thus it is said to be an act of religion, by way of *command*,"\* to visit orphans and widows, which is an act *elicited* by mercy." The holy doctor proceeds in the following articles to prove, that religion is a virtue, a single or individual virtue, one distinct from all others, not a theological one, (because God is its end, not its object,) but the very first of moral virtues, that it has exterior acts, and that in some respects identical with, it is specifically distinct from, holiness.

We should be glad to learn whether in any Anglican, or

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\* The reader familiar with scholastic language will understand these expressions. To the uninitiated it may be sufficient to explain that according to St. Thomas, the acts directly inspired by religion, as worship, prayer, are its *actus elicit*, those suggested to be done for God, being fruits of other virtues, are its *actus imperati*, being the *eliciti* of the particular virtue. Thus to serve the poor for God's sake, is an *actus imperatus* (or commanded) of religion, but *elicitus* or spontaneous, of mercy.



otherwise Protestant divine, there is to be found as clear, as full, and as practical a treatise on religion, or as distinct an explanation of its name and offices, as in this ultra-Catholic Doctor of the time when the Papal domination was most flourishing, a Dominican to boot, and member consequently of a monastic order. But let us not lose sight of our modern theologian; for as St. Thomas is observed to have confuted by anticipation all gross errors, so will he be found to have almost foreseen and confounded even the minor attempts to annoy the Church. He not only tramples out the serpents of heresy, and the scorpions of infidelity, in their unhatched eggs, but he flaps away beforehand the teasing flies, which buzz about, and light here and there on her outward form, glad to stain any portion of her white garment, or leave a freckle on her spotless countenance.

Well, in the first place, the lecturer says, that "religion" in St. Thomas's days meant only "an order of monkery." "That then was religion, *and nothing else was deserving of the name.*" And yet, throughout this standard treatise on religion, written at that very time, there is not one sentence to show that religion is this, or that such is, not the exclusive meaning, but the meaning at all of the word. Now, good reader, whose testimony will you take? St. Thomas's, writing at the time, or the Vicar of Ichenstoke's? The former writes a treatise on "religion," and never once intimates that it means, the monastic state; the other assures you the word, at that time, bore no other meaning.

Further, Mr. Trench assures us that a "religious house" does not mean a household, "ordered in the fear of God." We shall revert to the term "religious house" later; but as to the "fear of God," St. Thomas most explicitly shows how "religion," as he understood it, necessarily includes the *donum timoris*, "the gift of fear." (Art. ii.)

Finally, while he never uses the word "religion," as according to Mr. Trench he *ought* to have exclusively done, the holy Father answers the very objection that "religious men" signified not merely persons in the state of grace, *in statu salutis*, but those who "bound themselves by certain vows and observances, and obedience to men." The answer to this objection is just what we have given, that though the word "religious" has

been especially applied to the latter, this does not exclude its application to the former. "Dicendum quod quamvis religiosi dici possint communiter omnes qui Deum colunt, specialiter tamen religiosi dicuntur, *qui totam vitam suam divino cultui dedicant, a mundanis negotiis se abstrahentes.*" Who will deny the propriety of the distinction?\*

But our lecturer does not confine his assertion to the days of St. Thomas; the expression in our extract, "nor does it now mean," implies that the awful state of mind attributed to the ages of Papal domination, belongs no less to ours. Let us see.

The definition of St. Thomas forms the basis of ordinary instruction on this subject among Catholics. We will not suppose Mr. Trench capable of assuring his readers, that every Catholic divine, when he writes a treatise, to be found in every theological course, "De Religione," or, "De Vera Religione," means thereby, "On the monastic state," or that the chapter, "De virtute Religionis," signifies "On the virtue of the regular life." Yet this would be a necessary consequence of his reasoning. Well then, to take a very recent example (and we are writing where we have no great command of books,) Cardinal Gousset, in his first volume of Dogmatic theology, has a treatise, "De la religion," in which, after referring to the passage of St. Thomas for his definition, he calls it, "la raison des devoirs que nous avons a remplir envers Dieu:" and "la société de l'homme avec Dieu." And he thus enumerates the duties which this "Religion" imposes on us. "Elle nous oblige d'honorer Dieu par le foi, l'espérance, l'amour, l'adoration, l'esprit de sacrifice, la reconnaissance, la prière, et l'observation de ses lois." (Pp. 226, 227.) This is all a very shocking picture of what "religion" means among Catholics, is it not? Then how clearly does it exclude parents and others living holily in the world, when according to the same Cardinal of the Roman Church; "C'est la religion qui entretient en nous

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\*.To show how completely St. Thomas distinguishes between the two meanings of "religion, as a virtue, and as a state," we refer the reader to Quæst. cxxxvi. of the 2a. 2ae. where the religious state is fully treated of; and "religio" has its restricted meaning, which never once occurs in the treatise analysed in our text.

la piété, et avec la piété la charité, par laquelle nous aimons Dieu pour Dieu, nous nous aimons nous-mêmes à cause de Dieu, et nous aimons nos semblables comme nous-mêmes, toujours à cause de Dieu."—(p. 228.)

From the dogmatic teaching of a country which alone has no word for a monk or nun but a "religious" (for *moine* and *nonne*, especially the second, may be well reputed obsolete,) let us go to the popular teaching of its preachers. We will therefore refer Mr. Trench's young men to Bourdaloue's admirable sermon "On Religion and Uprightness," (*Sur la Religion et la Probité*) for Thursday in the second week of Lent. It is equally based on St. Thomas's definition of religion. Its object is to show "the necessary connection which exists between religion and probity." "I wish," he says, "to give you a perfect idea of both, and show you the mutual dependance of one on the other. *May you on this plan, regulate henceforward, all the conduct of your lives!*" How? good Father, if "religion" does not exist out of an order of monkery, in your Church, and you are addressing courtiers? We could quote every word of this excellent discourse, in confutation of Mr. Trench's unjust assertion, but will content ourselves with only a few lines. "Il faut que la religion, la vraie religion commence *par les devoirs généraux* d'équité, de charité, de reconnaissance, de soumission, et d'obéissance." Are these the duties of the monastic life, or those of men living holily in the world, parents, husbands, children, and neighbours?

Descending still lower to more popular instruction, we would refer to the Abbé Gaume's "Catechisme de Persévérance," intended for the same class of young men as Mr. Trench addresses, those passing from boyhood to manhood. The avowed purpose of the book is to ground such youths solidly in the study of "religion." And let the following passage speak for itself. "Pour vous consoler, ne comptez pas sur les hommes, la Religion seule pourra verser sur vos plaies un baume salutaire; seule elle vous restera fidèle quand tous les autres vous auront abandonés; seule elle adoucira le pain de vos larmes; seule elle remuera de sa main maternelle votre couche douloureuse; seule, enfin, elle soutiendra votre courage à vos derniers moments. Mais si la Religion est pour vous une étrangère, si vous ne comprenez pas sa langue, si vous ne connaissez pas son cœur de mère, que pouvez-vous en attendre?"

(Chap. 1.) To what purpose all this ; addressed to men in trade, in workshops, in husbandry, if by "religion" they only understand the monastic life ?

Perhaps it may be urged, that Mr. Trench did not so much speak of modern times. But where is the transition to be put ? "Religion," and "Religious" we have shown to be applicable now, in their restricted sense, as much as they were formerly ; and yet these quotations demonstrate, that the application does not destroy the wider and commoner meaning of the word. Will Mr. Trench prove that it did any more, at a former period ? The reference, however, to St. Thomas, and we might give similar ones to many old divines, overthrows the whole argument. But further, we would ask him, has he ever read the biographies or chronicles of the middle ages, and not met the expressions "vir religiosus," or "religiosissimus" applied to laymen, such as kings ? When, for instance, the Breviary tells us of the Emperor Henry, that "*religioni amplificandæ studiose incumbens ecclesias magnificentius reparavit*," does our learned Lecturer understand that he extended "religious orders ?" Or when in next Sunday's collect (6th after Pent.) the Church prays, "*præsta in nobis religionis augmentum*," does he believe that she only meant us, now or in past ages, to petition for the propagation of monastic institutions ?

We might certainly close our discussion here, did we not think it right to prove how dangerous it may be, to turn to the unholy purposes of religious misrepresentation such innocent elements as words, how easily this superficial and flippant game of reasoning, against the principles of charity, may be played at by two. Let us imagine therefore a Dissenter who, in lecturing to his young men on words, should introduce some such a passage as the following. "When a departure takes place from gospel teaching, and the worldly ambition of men urges them on to seek and usurp high places, and make Christians no less enlightened by the spirit than they, to sit at their footstool, such a perversion of religious principle will leave its record stamped upon words. Signally does the religion established by law exhibit thus the evidence of its overweening pride, and grasping domination, and its departure from the pure doctrines of Christianity. Probably many of you are aware, that in our times, and in this country, 'a Churchman' or 'ecclesiastic' no longer

signifies a simple member of the Christian Church, or even of that body which pretends to represent it legally in this country, but is one only who has taken orders, as it is called, that is qualified himself for obtaining and enjoying rich benefices, prebends, and dignities; to 'go into the Church,' no longer implies to enter into the communion of Christ's kingdom by baptism, but to become a member of that exclusive body, which keeps to itself all the honours and good things that it has appropriated to itself; in fine, 'to bring up sons for the church,' does not mean to train up all your children in the piety and faith which all members of Christ's Church ought to profess and practise, but means to destine them for a family living, a purchased advowson, or a college fellowship. Thus has the word Church lost all its true meaning, and become a written and spoken record of a corrupt and ambitious priesthood."

How wicked would not such a daring rhapsody be pronounced by all Anglicans. And we should add, how illogical! For although "the Church" is used to describe specifically the clerical state, it has not thereby lost its more comprehensive meaning of pastors and flock united. Then let us argue similarly about "religion." But to finish this long discussion, is Mr. Trench correct in the very signification which he gives to his English words? Not even here is he accurate. "A 'religious' house did not mean, nor does it now mean in the Church of Rome, a Christian household, ordered in the fear of God, but an house, &c." Now we would fairly ask, in ordinary language, "a religious house" means what Mr. Trench asserts? We think not. In English, either within, or without the Church of Rome, "a religious house," means neither more nor less than a monastic establishment. Whatever any one may wish, the fact is so. A person may speak of a "religious family," a "devout or pious household," but a "religious house," in the mouth of protestant or catholic, means a convent or a monastery. If a school is said to be conducted by "religious teachers," the civil authority, privy council, or other proper officials, understand, not pious mistresses having the fear of God, but simply nuns. Further, Mr. Trench is incorrect when he writes: "A 'religion' meant not a service of God." This implies that it does among Anglicans. Is it so? Does "a religion" mean this, and not what is otherwise called "a persuasion, a

denomination, a sect" if you please. Methodism is *a* religion, Congregationalism is *a* religion, Mormonism is *a* religion, Unitarianism is *a* religion, Judaism is *a* religion, in the common language of the country. Let Mr. Trench deny to any of these bodies, and five hundred others, their claim to this title, and he will see how he will fare. Then surely the holy congregations of St. Benedict, St. Dominic, or St. Teresa may have quite as good a right to the title as any of these "communities," as they call themselves, borrowing a monastic term. Nay, may not the argument be *retorted*, by saying; "See what a lamentable state Religion must be reduced to, where 'A religion' signifies no longer *the* service of God, but a sect!"

Enough surely of this miserable labour, this breaking of a fly on a wheel: instead of contenting ourselves with following the prescriptions of one of Mr. Trench's favourites, "Rare Ben Jonson," and crying out to it "thrice hum! and as often buz!" (The Alchymist).

We are bound to compensate for past prolixity by future brevity. We shall, therefore, barely touch upon a few more points in Mr. Trench's books. For instance, in his fourth Lecture on the study of words, he not merely attacks the Catholic translators of the Rhemish Testament, for using words of classical origin, but joins in the groundless imputation, that this was done," as protestants, (and he adds, "and we can scarcely say uncharitably) charged them, that so, if they must give the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, they might yet keep them, as far as might be, 'dark and unprofitable to the ignorant readers'" (p. 138). Now Mr. Trench is obliged to admit, that some of the words so blamed have become good English, as "rational," "tunic," "scandal," "holocaust," and he singles out "azymes," "commensations" and "pasches" as instances of words used by them, which could never have been naturalized. Yet "Pasch" is naturalized at least among Catholics, and is quite as English as "Passover," the origin of which, few think of, for most take it as a mere name, like "Easter."

Mr. Trench returns to the charge more prolixly in his other volume (p. 29); prefacing his observations by an extract from this Review. (June 1853.) On the mere style of the Anglican version we have no desire to quarrel; no doubt it is a classical work. And no doubt our transla-



tors, making their version for Catholics from the Latin, wished to be as literal as possible, and thereby made a Latin English; introducing words not more so, than may be found in Spencer and other early writers. Many of them were probably in current use among Catholics then, as they continue now; such as "longanimity," which Mr. Trench selects, and which is well known to a Catholic child. What we find fault with is, the attributing base, dishonest and wicked motives to men, who gave as good proof of sincerity, virtue, and disinterestedness, as any who laboured at the Anglican version. These enjoyed all the good things of a dominant establishment, which the others exchanged for exile, outlawry, and prospective death, through religious conviction. Such an imputation is neither just nor charitable.

Again, why should the Lecturer, in both explaining, and indulging in, "gossip," go out of his way to bear false witness against his catholic neighbours? For after naming "spiritual affinity" he most recklessly adds, "Out of this faith, the Roman Catholic Church will not allow (unless indeed by dispensations procured for money) those who have stood sponsors to the same child afterwards to contract marriage with one another." (English past and present, p. 187.) The parenthesis, at least its second half, might have been spared, with no sacrifice except that of prejudice to truth.

On another occasion, he reasons most inconsistently from the word "sacrament." It is true that the word is applied by the ancients to marriage and extreme-unction, but so it is to the Incarnation; *ergo* Catholics have no more reason to call this properly a sacrament, than those. Then neither have Anglicans to call the two which they retain. If this reasoning overthrows seven, it is a match for two. Then he goes on to justify the application of the word to these two, attributing its connection with Baptism to the meaning of the word *sacramentum* a soldier's oath to the emperor; and its application to the Eucharist, to its *mysterious* character. Now this new etymological theology we must declare to be subversive of the very nature of "a sacrament," in the sense of the "Church catechism," &c., &c. "Sacrament" is no longer a word expressive of a class of Divine Institutions necessary for salvation, and having certain special privileges, and similar characteristics. It is a word



applied to two functions, offices, or services, in two distinct senses. Baptism is a sacrament, in the sense of "an oath of fidelity;" the Lord's Supper is a sacrament, in the signification of "a mystery." The common title establishes no common bond. Thus does any study turned into a hobby (and none has been ridden harder than etymology,) carry away its bestrider beyond the bounds of orthodoxy, into the quagmires of coveted originalities. At any rate, Mr. Trench ought to have given some ground for his strange surmises.

We have now to show how Mr. Trench's religious prejudices warp his mind in another direction. And he himself has given us the key to this connection. He instructs his future schoolmasters to use the epithet of "national" attached to their schools, not in the broad, generous sense of belonging to the whole nation, but in the narrow restrictiveness of native antipathy—in the spirit of dislike, not in that of love. He proceeds, "I know not whether this is sufficiently considered among us, yet certainly we cannot have Church schools worthy of the name, and least of all in England, unless they are truly national as well." Quite true, a national Church must have national schools, as much as a Catholic Church must have catholic schools. Anglicanism is a purely national system, as much as our army and navy, our parliament, our courts. And therefore its schools must be as national as Woolwich, or Sandhurst, or Eton, or the eating houses of the Inns of Court. "National" is the contradictory of "catholic." So far we agree; but the passage goes on. "It is the anti-national character of the Roman system, though I do not in the least separate this from its anti-scriptural, but rather regard the two as most intimately cohering with one another, which mainly revolts Englishmen." (*The Study of Words*, p. 210.) It is too common a confusion of ideas for us to expect even a Vicar to be exempt from it, that leads people to consider unnatural, and anti-national to be the same. There is a logical distinction, seldom noticed, between contradictories and contraries: and prejudice easily passes from one to the other. Heaven, thank its good Lord, is not a national Church; Church though it be; but we can easily imagine your thorough John Bull grudging its not being so, and considering it decidedly anti-national in consequence. And certainly we should feel confident, that a genuine English believer in

the millennium of Christ's reign on earth with the Saints for a thousand years, if asked what sort of a kingdom he expected it to be, would at once reply: "certainly a constitutional one. It must undoubtedly have a parliament, and be a limited monarchy. The English model is perfection, and of course that kingdom must present it." And we should naturally suppose, that England is to be its head-quarters, in his theory, with plenty of sermons, and no taxes. The Piedmontese may perhaps be admitted to it, not certainly the Romans, or Neapolitans. This Donatism, so essentially Anglican, which would make God's mercies insular, and redemption national, cramps minds otherwise free-born, and fetters dispositions otherwise generous. We see it in the works before us. Having thus assumed nationality to be synonymous with scripturalness, (anti-national, and anti-scriptural being pronounced correlatives,) national antipathy is consecrated as part of religious duty; and the narrow prejudices which work against the Catholic religion, are legitimately extended to the feelings about nations professing it.

Hence, when Mr. Trench is informing his young men, of the debts which English owes to other modern languages, he thus discharges one of them. "To come nearer home—we have a certain number of Italian words; as 'bandit,' 'charlatan,' 'pantaloon,' 'motto,' 'umbrella,' 'stanza,' 'volcano,' 'stiletto,' 'seraglio,' 'sequin,' 'caricature,' 'gazette.'" (English past and present, p. 13.) Certainly his young men would go away with the idea that Italy had contributed but a sorry stock of words to enrich our language. Out of twelve words selected, six have the most unamiable meanings, "bandit, charlatan, pantaloons, stiletto, seraglio, caricature." Put them together, and they form a tolerable picture of the national idea entertained of the Italian character: we must suppose the idea intended to be conveyed not by a chance—but a most artistic—selection. Would it not have been more generous, more true, and more instructive to his young men, for Mr. Trench to have delivered some such words as these?

"To Italy we owe the great bulk of our artistic words. Thus in music, we have partly adopted without changing, partly adapted to our own forms, Italian words. Thus *andante*, *allegro*, *moderato*, *presto*, and other terms indicative of musical measure, are preserved unaltered,

though we say an *andante* movement; the *allegro* which follows it, &c.; having no other words in our own tongue. Such terms also as '*Da capo, volti subito, Tutti,*' are understood by every young musician. Other words we have made good English, as "concert, air, solo, duett, trio, quartett, stave, alt, contralt, tenor, bass, piano-forte, harpsichord, violin, motett, breve, semibreve, cadence, accompaniment," and innumerable other terms. These prove to us that fair Italy has been our mistress in that most charming science of music, which is now taught you in your training-schools, and which forms at once a most refined recreation, and the noblest instrument for praising God, and adding grace to his worship. Italian has thus left an indelible record stamped upon our language, of a great national benefit bestowed.

"Secondly, a similar evidence remains impressed upon our speech, of what Italy has done for the arts of design. Thus we freely say, an '*alto-relievo*, and a *basso-relievo*, and even a *mezzo-relievo*; *chiaro-oscuro*, *mezzo-tinto*;' while we have naturalized '*distemper, fresco, group, perspective,*' and many other terms. This also records for us another great obligation due from us to Italy.

"But you will hardly be prepared for a third class of words due to Italian, one which proves to us that the country in which it is spoken is the origin and mistress of our commercial system. The words '*bank,*' and its derivatives '*banker,*' and '*bankrupt,*' are Italian, as is the whole science of banking. '*Ledger, ditto, balance, credit, account, entry, desk, per contra,*' are words that have come to us from Italy, with the things which they designate.

"And in our common articles of use, the name yet informs us, for how many things we are indebted to that fertile country, '*Jewel (gioiello) mantle, cap, coat, umbrella, fork, bicker,*' (now old), and many others accompanied what they describe from Italy."

"Would not this have been more *handsome*, to say the least, than to lead the future teachers of youth to believe, that Italy had furnished us with a dozen words, of which half describe scoundrels or buffoons?"

There is another mawkish passage about Italian at p. 63 of the Study of words, inferring that the nation must be degraded in moral sense, because it uses the term "*virtuoso*" for one skilled in the fine arts. As if one

should say, "how lowered must the moral tone, and the standard of *virtue*, be in England, where this word has been employed to mean the qualities of plants and drugs. Open any herbalist, and he tells you the "virtues" of his herbs; even Bacon unscrupulously writes about a "*virtuous* bezoar," and one "without *virtue*." Is not this absurd? No less is Mr. Trench's imputation drawn from similar reasoning. "Virtue" is a word of many meanings, as any dictionary will show. In all languages it signifies high moral qualities; in Italian in addition, artistic qualities; in English bestial and botanical. Why does the second degrade the first, any more than the third does? And as to the primary meaning, for one author whom Mr. Trench will produce, who has discoursed ably and holly of christian virtue in English, we will engage to produce ten who have done so better in Italian.

We will now devote our small remaining space to matters generally unconnected with religious differences, and make a few brief notes on the Essay on words.

P. 14. Mr. Trench remarks on the word "frank" that though originally historical, in course of time "a 'frank' man was synonymous not merely with a man of the conquering German race, but was an epithet applied to a person possessed of certain high moral qualities, which for the most part appertained to <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ and were found only in men of that stock." "Slave," <sup>he</sup> ~~he~~ observes, "is a parallel instance, in a contrary direction." We notice this passage, because illustrative of one great defect in Mr. Trench's writings. As a collector of words, and mere verbal critic he is undoubtedly pre-eminent. As a philosopher in language, we find him very deficient. He has little power of bringing words into moral classes, and making them illustrate one another. He does not illustrate the course of thought, its peculiar bent under certain influences, by the general character of the words which describe it.

We have not space to explain our meaning at length; but we will give one or two hints. Why in eastern language, should words that express "religion," mean "a way, a road, a path?" A most ample discussion opens itself before us, much more instructive than the tracing of etymological connections between words. Again, how much is involved in the moral application of words meaning "a fall" to sin, in all Christian language, be it "*casus*," or "*lapsus*?" or any other? So in our present

instance, that the dominant nation, or the class which regulates speech, should have made the designation of its rank likewise express moral pre-eminence, is not the least evidence of its having existed in it, as Mr. Trench deduces. "*Ingenuus*," means well born and "frank;" so does "*honestus*." The existence, therefore, of the double meaning only throws the word into a group or class of similarly constituted ones. It does not give us a historical conclusion, but confirms an important axiom in the philosophy of words.

P. 50. A most incorrect moral conclusion is drawn from the application of the term "innocent" to idiots. "One that does not hurt; so that this word assumes that the first and chief use men make of their intellectual powers will be to hurt, that where they are wise, it will be to do evil. What a witness does human language bear here against human sin!" This is as low, as it is a mistaken, piece of reasoning. An idiot is called, by us at least, "an innocent" in the sense that he is incapable of actual sin, and has never forfeited, consequently, his baptismal "innocence." Hence in Catholic countries, as where *crétins* abound, these unhappy creatures are treated with a kindness and affection almost amounting to reverence. The idiot is not hooted by boys, and baited like a beast, after being made drunk in the morning; every one is gentle with him, on this ground that he is innocent, and as such pleasing to God, and sure of heaven. These old feelings have come down to us as an ancestral tradition from Catholic days, in the word alone.

P. 88. There is a long discussion about the origin of "bigot." It is really too absurd to quote. However suffice it to say that "*bigote*," Spanish for a moustache is the etymology preferred. The Spaniards were bigots, and wore great moustaches; the prosecutors in Fox's Martyrs are dressed like Spaniards with great moustaches, *ergo*, &c. We will not discuss the matter, but throw out the hint that a much more probable etymology may be found in the genuine Italian words, "*bacchettone*, *bacchettoneria*" expressing actor and action, "affectedly religious."

P. 132. A burst of virtuous indignation against "the age" in France, which gave rise to a society of gentlemen who called themselves the "*roués*." A Frenchman might retort upon the age and country which gave birth to the "H— fire club."

P. 163. Charity is defined as that manifestation of love which inspires "the supply of the *bodily* needs of others." This is not, at least, the Catholic understanding of the word. We have works of mercy, spiritual, as well as corporal.

Pp. 192 and 193 are several strange etymologies. "Smith" is derived from to "smite," from his sturdy blows, not from "sshmieden" to forge: "wild" is pronounced to be the participle of "to will;" a "wild horse being a 'willed' or a 'self-willed' horse; and so with man." And so, we suppose with thyme, or strawberries, and other "wild" vegetables. And does wilderness come from being the dwelling places of "self-willed" people, animals, and plants? Surely the German word, which means a savage, or game, (*das Wild*) gives a simpler root. And so p. 208, "field" is more easily derived from "feld," as it was once spelt, than from "felled."

With a good deal more to say, we must close our comments. The praise of diligence, learning, and zeal we gladly give to Mr. Trench. But our duty has been mainly the less pleasing one, of exposing his unfairness, and the sacrifice of the very principles of his art to religious prejudice. We have wished to put our Catholic readers on their guard against his groundless insinuations drawn from language against their religion. We have just learnt that he is raised to a higher position in the Establishment; and we trust that he will be thereby more elevated above the temptations to yield to popular religious impulses.

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We cannot refrain from referring those of our readers who may feel an interest in the subject of this article, for further illustration of it to an admirable lecture recently addressed by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, to the members of the Marylebone Institution, on the kindred topic of "The Influence of Words on Thought and Civilization."\* It is one of the happiest and most completely successful of the many popular lectures delivered by his Eminence. His earliest literary laurels were gathered in

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\* On the Influence of Words on Thought and Civilization. A lecture delivered by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, at the Marylebone Institution, Wednesday, April 22, 1856. London: Richardson and Son.



the field of philology ; nor is there one of his later works that does not evince, in a greater or less degree, how well he still loves, and how sedulously he still continues to cultivate, the favourite science of his youth. But there is not one of them, nevertheless, which exhibits more remarkably than his recent lecture at once the copiousness and variety of his philological learning, and his singular felicity in popularizing a scientific subject.

Not that it in the least resembles those of his former works to which we allude, for example the philological chapter in the *Lectures on the Connexion of Science and Revealed Religion*. The Marylebone lecture is confined, as the title will suggest, to one single view of the fertile subject. It is addressed moreover, exclusively, or almost exclusively, to the English language, and alludes but little, except incidentally, to any other. But, while it is eminently simple and popular in all its parts, and is marked throughout by that absence of display which is the grand characteristic of the author, it has at the same time all the minute precision of a practical scientific essay—the accuracy of rigid science without its formalism, and the unstudied solidity which a perfect, though unobtruded mastery of the subject alone can impart.

The first part of the lecture regards the influence of words on thought ; the second, the still more important subject, their influence upon civilization. The nature and origin of this twofold action are explained by a beautiful illustration drawn from the mysterious provision of nature, by which the soft flush of the molluscs and crustaceous animals is enabled to give its form to the hard unyielding shell in which it is enclosed, or in the human subject, the brain, the most tender of substances, can “impress its manifold convolutions and prominences on the connate case surrounding and enclosing it.” In the same mysterious way, he beautifully suggests, “the evanescent, unpalpable, imponderable ethereal element of thought, is able to mould at its will and communicate its own forms to what we may consider the more natural and external power of speech.” And as in the natural process there is also a backward action, in accordance with which we find that “in those races which have adopted the barbarous practice of compressing the cranium or skull of the infant, this in its turn acts upon the brain, prevents its free action, and communicates to it a form which it only ought to have ruled ;” so



likewise, there is a constant action and reaction between thought and speech ; " the mind primarily forms language and words ; these, in their turn, produce their effect upon the mind, impressing it, and often even diverting it from its right course of thought."

This unacknowledged, and probably unfelt influence of words upon the habits of the mind, and even upon its moral constitution, is illustrated in the course of the lecture by many curious and interesting examples. In some instances the moral and even doctrinal results are shown to be of most serious import. In one—that of the now fashionable word *myth*—it would be difficult to over estimate the importance of the consequences which are traced to its growing popularity in our literature. In others of more ordinary use, the vice consists in substituting for the precise and significant expression of our forefathers, which embodied the full *moral* force of the idea, a more vague and meaningless, or at least a less easily intelligible, equivalent. In others, again, an erroneous and even noxious notion is directly conveyed. But, however various the examples or the aspects under which they are considered, it is impossible not to be struck by the singular appositeness of the illustrations, and by the clearness, beauty, and simplicity with which they are made to bear upon the moral lesson which it is the main purpose of the lecture to inculcate.

In alluding to the well-known saying ; " Give me the making of a people's songs, and I care not who has the making of their laws ;" the Cardinal concludes : " Give me the making of a nation's familiar words, and let who chooses make even its songs !" If the familiar words were to be formed upon the principles of this admirable lecture, we can only say that we should most heartily echo the sentiment.

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## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—“*The Perpetuity of the Church.*”—A Sermon delivered at the opening of the Church of St. Edward the Confessor, at Romford, on Thursday the 8th of May, 1856. By HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN. London: Richardson and Son, 147, Strand; Dublin, and Derby.

A malapert Anglican, hugely overrating the (temporary) advantage of his anomalous establishment, had pointed to our lowly state in England, and denied our identity with the Medieval Church. The controversialist might have answered him, and fitly, by shewing that his cavil, if valid at all, is destructive not of the Roman only, but of every possible church. For if the old Church be not continued in us, its likeness must be sought in vain elsewhere. But our caviller is refuted by the Church's own action in the quiet ways of her ordinary life, just as the atheist is silenced by the calm testimony of “the starry firmament on high.” In the densest strongholds of Anglicanism, another Catholic house of prayer, and yet another is called for to meet the growing wants of converts who have found, and of old families who have never lost the Faith. The last new edifice not only reproduces architecturally the material features of the ancient Church of England, but with the same rites as they, rites in which there is “nothing new, nothing modern;” rites found not elsewhere; it is consecrated by the Cardinal Archbishop of the diocese, who, in this Sermon, demonstrates rather by a picturesque exhibition of self-speaking facts, than by harsh, and too often unwelcome and therefore unheeded, cogencies of logic, the exclusive identity of his Roman Church of to-day, with that of the Middle Age. Nor with that only, but with the Church of the first centuries, the Church of the Amphitheatre, and of the Catacombs. The consecrated altar stones of St. Edward's is hallowed with “the sacred remains of SS. Clement and Cyriaca, who suffered for the faith in the very earliest period of Christianity.” And here the author of “*Fabiola*” is on ground peculiarly his own.

“Can you,” he asks, “have a stronger proof of our claim to perpetuity than this rite, based as it is on the apocalyptic vision

adopted by the Church from apostolic times, and so continued in ours as to shew that we claim alliance with the martyrs of primitive ages? Who else would have received their very dust as we have done? Who would have borne them from their original resting place, carried them across mountain, plain, and sea, watched over them with psalms, as we did on the vigil of their resepulture, borne them in procession upon the shoulders of priests round the church, and then deposited them in a tomb sumptuous as this altar, and sealed down the stone over them, till the day, if it please God, of their glorious resurrection? Yes, rest there, Martyrs of Christ, valiant and holy; cry from beneath this altar for mercy and reconciliation in favour of all who may enter in here. Cry aloud to them, that your presence amongst them connects this little church with the cavern-basilicas of the Catacombs, and unites the religion of both in one perennial life. For when the trumpet-call to resurrection shall awake you again to resume your bodies, to reign in them with Christ, you will have to call upon this altar to yield up its treasures, that its portion of your hallowed remains may be joined to the greater part which Rome yet possesses, and ye may testify that over both the same divine sacrifice was offered, and before both the same doctrine was preached."

II.—*The Golden A, B, C.* Etched from the German by J. F. HOPER. London: Parker. 1856.

This is a very elegant work for the table; new in idea as well as clever in execution. The capital letters are made to assume the most graceful of their gothic forms, and thus serve as ornamented frames for etchings from Scripture subjects. These highly finished miniatures contain sometimes as many as nine or ten figures, forming a spirited picture in less than the breadth of a florin. These "Golden Letters" are the initials of a text, of which the engraving is an illustration, the whole being enclosed in a quaint entablature. The texts which form the subject of the work are well chosen, and the design and ornaments which enrich them are ingeniously and happily combined.

III.—*The Vision of Mary; or, a Dream of Joy.* Poem in Honour of the Immaculate Conception. By R. B. J. Barrister-at-Law, Temple. Richardson and Son, 147, Strand, London. Burns and Lambert: Dolman, &c.

In a conversation between the poets Moore and Scott, it was remarked, in allusion to the poems then being published, "it was well we had the start of them," and Moore, many years since, in a letter to the writer of this

notice, stated that poetry had become "a drug in the market." This feeling has increased to such an extent, that one is apt to look on a man who has the temerity to publish a poem with a feeling somewhat akin to pity, for poetry to be tolerated now-a-day, must be not only very superior, but we had almost said transcendental. And of all poetry, religious poetry is confessedly the most difficult, since it not only requires a high intelligence, but also a pure heart, and a profoundly religious feeling. Catholic religious poetry is unquestionably a great *desideratum*; and but few poets have succeeded in producing anything memorable of this nature, since, as has been well remarked, "in those very elevated regions of fancy, poetry hardly finds an atmosphere substantial enough to sustain her flight."

Feeling the truth of this observation, we naturally asked ourselves, on taking up this new poem, who could wed poetry to such a theme as the Immaculate Conception, and the fact of the author being "A Barrister, Temple," further excited our curiosity. A perusal of the first few pages of the poem led us to believe that its dawning light but harbingered a brilliant day; nor were we disappointed, for higher and higher still, it continues increasing in impassioned grandeur and beauty to its final climax. We have read it over several times, and its lofty and delicate ideality grow upon the reader more and more on repeated re-perusal. Indeed it requires some consideration and study, for in many parts it is very profound and essentially mystical, written in the spirit and supported by the authority of the Scriptures, and of eminent mystical writers. The beauty of the form is apparent to the simplest reader, but the depths of its occult meaning—the soul of the tinting—is not to be apprehended at a glance. This poem evinces in a dress of melodious and flowing rhythm, great originality, variety, facility, and unity; and to these essentials of poetic taste and power, we must add a singular delicacy of treatment which, even in the most ecstatic and rapturous passages, marks with extreme refinement that line which separates the pure from the sensual,—the stainless spirit from the grosser flesh. We find ourselves at a loss to select any particular passage for extract. Byron said of one of the poems of Moore that, in reading it, he "seemed to be in a valley of diamonds where each gem shone more rich and

lustrous than the others ;" and the unity of this poem is so complete, that it is necessary to read the whole in order to form a just estimate of its merits. In attempting to cull an extract, we feel the difficulty which an artist might experience on being compelled to break and separate a limb from some fair statue, which at best would give but a lifeless and inadequate idea of the grace and beauty animating the unbroken form. We advise the reader to peruse this poem in its entirety, and we have no doubt that on doing so, he will find, with the poet of the Immaculate Conception," that, in contemplating "The Vision of Mary," his, truly, will be a "Dream of Joy."

IV.—*The Pictorial Bible and Church History Stories.* Part I., from the Creation to the time of Joseph.—Part II., from the time of Joseph to the building of the Temple of Solomon. The Dépôt, 87, Great Russell Street, Birmingham, and Burns and Lambert, London.

In order to form a fair judgment of the merits of this undertaking, it will be only reasonable to put our readers in possession of the full plan which, when complete, is to form three volumes: I. The Old Testament: II. The Life of Christ: and III. The history of the Church. Or, in separate Parts, as follows:—

1. Pictorial Bible Stories, from the Creation to the Death of Joseph.
2. Pictorial Bible Stories, continuation from the Death of Joseph to the Temple of Solomon.
3. Pictorial Bible Stories, from the Temple of Solomon to the Birth of Jesus Christ.
4. Pictorial Bible Stories, The Life of Jesus Christ; an easy Harmony of the Four Gospels.
5. Pictorial Church History Stories, from the Day of Pentecost to the Conversion of Constantine.
6. Pictorial Church History Stories, from the Conversion of Constantine to the Council of Trent.
7. Pictorial Church History Stories, from the Council of Trent to the Reign of Pope Pius IX.

Mr. Formby, its editor, in our opinion, is quite entitled to remark as he has done, in a letter addressed to a contemporary, the *Weekly Register*, that our existing works of this class stop short, with the time of the Apostles, and that we are left, to pick up by chance, any information that we may require respecting the events that have

marked the progress of the Faith from the days of the Apostles to our own times.

He observes that we call the Blessed Virgin in one of our most familiar and authorized devotions, the *Litany of Loretto, the Queen of Patriarchs, of Prophets, of Apostles, of Martyrs, of Confessors, of Virgins, and of Saints*, but that the knowledge which it is usual with us to suppose is all that is necessary for Catholic education, stops short with the Apostles, and leaves out the Martyrs, the Confessors, the Virgins, and the Saints. We do not see how this fact can be denied.

Mr. Formby is thus in his undertaking, the partisan of the entire court of the Queen of heaven becoming familiar household knowledge, in all Catholic families, in opposition to the existing routine which only allows of a portion. Had contact with Protestantism never blighted our faith, and held our minds in a sort of bondage, it never would have been otherwise than as Mr. Formby's plan proposes, but it is never too late to become wiser, and to try to recover treasures that we have lost.

We cannot then but fully subscribe to the principle on which the undertaking is founded. If patriarchs, prophets, and Apostles, are persons to whose history and examples it is good to introduce the young and old, the reason why it is good to do so, is, because they are a part of the company of Saints that surround the throne of our Saviour and His Mother. Now if to introduce them to one part of the holy company be good, it stands to reason that it must be equally good to introduce them to the remainder, viz., the martyrs, the confessors, the virgins and the saints. All these naturally follow after the Apostles, and there cannot very well be reasons for being acquainted with the one which will not apply with equal force to the other. We cannot, therefore, but hail the undertaking with every possible sympathy and best wishes for its success, on the ground of its compact completeness. A manual of this kind executed with the care and attention which may fairly be expected from its author, may be destined to become a household possession which few Catholic families would like to be without.

The illustrations also, certainly add an element of charm to which both young and old will be very likely to bear a favourable testimony. This is the first attempt that has been made to illustrate a Catholic publication, on any-

thing like the same scale as other current pictorial literature. And considering the comparatively small number of the readers of a purely Catholic Book as contrasted with the buying public that supports the ordinary illustrated publications in general popular literature, the pictorial result is extremely satisfactory. If Catholic families therefore, wish to prove themselves alive to their own best interest, they should deem it a matter of duty not to neglect purchasing these numbers as they appear, even if the purchase involves a sacrifice. If the publication should eventually have to be discontinued through any coldness and indifference on the part of those for whose benefit it has been begun, such discontinuance would afford Messrs. Hugh Stowell, and Mc. Neil, and others of the same school, a handle against us, as proving ourselves to be indifferent to the knowledge of the Scriptures, which we should much regret to see placed in their hands. Considering then, that illustrated publications are attended with so much greater an outlay than any other class of works; we should be glad to see every Catholic family in the kingdom taking this work, who are able to afford to lay out two shillings or half a crown in purchasing some knowledge of their religion every eight or ten months.

V.—*Two Lectures, on the Use and Abuse of the Bible.* By the REV. ANDREW BURNS, Catholic Priest of Middlesborough; in the course of which he replies to some unfair statements made by Joseph Pease, Esq., in a Lecture delivered at Middlesborough, entitled "The Book and its Story." London; Richardson and Son:—Croshaw, York:—Robinson, Stockton.

Our Protestant brethren and opponents, have provided themselves well with *paid* controversialists, who are useful rather for attack than for defence. On our side, it is a time-honoured rule (and the more we keep to it the better for ourselves) to give to mere hirelings the reply they deserve—silence. But in the rare instances where "a most amiable, upright, and sincere man ... a man of character and position, and no doubt well meaning" attacks the Church, then, no doubt, we should be ready to explain what is her real belief. Such a man, we have Mr. Burns' own words for it, is Mr. Pease; and we have to thank him for a good service done us in occasioning the present publication. Its local effect has doubtless been



considerable, and it strikes us as excellently calculated for the meridian of many a town and village besides Middlesborough, where Mr. Pease or some other such well-meaning Protestant shall have been good enough to prepare the soil. How far the diffusion of such information amongst Englishmen may go to take away the excuse of "invincible ignorance," so charitably allowed them by Mr. Burns, is more their affair than ours. Here, in twenty-four pages, they may find matter enough for reflection, were it only on the testimonies for our principles cited from all sorts of unexpected, and out of the way, and yet telling quarters. Thus, from a pamphlet by the late Protestant royal chaplain Perceval, we get a denunciation of certain abuses severer than anything in our April article on "Bible Blasphemy."

"It freezes the blood in the veins of a Christian to think that there exists in the nineteenth century, a society which insolently sporting with the oracles of the All-powerful, dares to present to idolatrous nations as the divine word, the labours of miserable scholars, and shamefully swindles simple and too credulous men who maintain the society with their money."

VI.—*Modern Accomplishments.* By CATHERINE SINCLAIR. London: Simpkin and Co.

This is a sensible, readable story; for a wonder, containing no invectives against Popery; but instead of them some amusing little hints at Protestant Squabbles,—wherein Catholic arguments for authority &c. are retailed with laudable gravity. The title is not particularly appropriate to a book, which treats upon most subjects in theology, morals, and education, and we must say we should consider the story rather too "preachy," but this, as it is Miss Sinclair's especial vocation, we, at any rate, have no business to complain of.

VII.—*A Lecture on Ecclesiastical Architecture.* Delivered by GEORGE GOLDIE, Esq., Architect, at a Meeting of the Young Men's Society, Sheffield. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

Mr. Goldie (in conjunction with Messrs. Weightman and Hadfield) is the architect of the new church and schools of St. Vincent of Paul at Sheffield. The Lecture is a brief but comprehensive account of church building,

from its origin in the adapted Basilica to its perfection in the Pointed Cathedral. Mr. Goldie warmly sympathises in the revival of Christian architecture, and points attention to the fact that its chief awakeners and craftsmen, in our time, as of old, have been Catholics. As it once formed, and will again, we trust, become one of England's glories, those men have rendered a national service of no slight value in what they have done for Gothic architecture. Attached to the lecture are some excellent plans and views. We cannot too strongly recommend it to all Young Men's Societies.

VIII. (1.) *Evangeline ; suivie des voix de la nuit* : traduit de H. W. LONGFELLOW par le CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN. Rolandi, Berners Street, London. 1856.

(2.) *Fables Nouvelles*. Par le CHEVALIER DE CHATELAIN. Second Edition. Whittaker and Co., London. 1856.

The translation of Longfellow's noble poem is really exquisite of its kind. We could scarcely have thought that the French language could have been rendered so pliant, so full of colouring and so poetical, as it appears under the inspiration of M. de Chatelain. His understanding of the original is perfect, and he has faithfully expressed its beauties, in a rhythm which many will prefer to that of the original. The Fables are decidedly clever; they would perhaps be more pleasing if they had not so closely copied the quaintnesses of La Fontaine, whose tender simplicity, and richness, are unattainable by any imitation. The same volume contains a few short poems which are very elegant; the author's talent being more unfettered appears in them to greater advantage.

IX.—*The Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church, or the Seven Pillars of the House of Wisdom*. Illustrated by sixteen original designs, by T. POWELL, Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Birmingham: Dépôt of the Pictorial Bible Stories. London: Burns and Lambert.

Of the little book, its author, Mr. Formby, says in his preface—

"The present little book upon the Seven Sacraments of the Church, is not by any means meant as a book of piety alone. It is rather intended as a book of general popular knowledge. It

has been written with a view to make it interesting to a Christian desiring to open his mind upon questions connected with the reasonableness and benefits of his faith. For it must be very unwise to leave knowledge to the mercy of chance, and to wish to sustain religion in the mind by piety alone. The Spirit of Knowledge is one of the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, which are given for the protection of Christian Life. Nothing, therefore, can well exceed the folly of the Christian, who imagines any part of the armour, which Divine Wisdom offers to him for his defence, to have become a superfluous and useless thing. The Apostle says, '*Put on the whole armour of God.*'"

The book is nicely illustrated with sixteen charming designs by Mr. Powell of the types of the old Testament, which are quite specimens of engraving and printing, and we cannot do otherwise than welcome its appearance as an addition to our religious literature, both novel and seasonable. All those who have acquaintances and friends among the Puseyite portion of the established Church, would render them a service by circulating the little work amongst them. It will serve also as a very attractive prize book for all Catholic Schools, and form a very pleasant variety in the beaten round of religious instruction, which is seldom so perfectly free from liability to fall into somewhat of humdrum monotony, as not to be the better for admitting an element of variety.

X.—(1.) *The Little Office of the Holy Angels.* Published for the use of the pupils of the Sodalties of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1856.

(2.)—*Thanksgiving after Communion.* From "*All for Jesus.*" London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son, 1856.

Mr. Richardson's cheap library makes provision for every requirement of popular devotion. These little works are good additions to it. Their titles explain their object.

XI.—*The Globotype Telegraph*, invented by David McCallum. London: Longman and Co., 1856.

This pamphlet contains an account of a new method for recording the message conveyed by Telegraph, by means of various coloured balls, forming an alphabet; the idea is ingenious and worthy the attention of men of science.

XII.—*Easy Hymns and Sacred Songs for Young Children.* Music and Words Edited by the Rev. H. FORMBY. Burns and Lambert, London.

This collection is quite what it professes to be, meant for young children. A specimen of its contents will be the best notice.

THE CRADLE OF MARY. (Infant's Hymn.)

“ Little children, hail the morn  
That our infant Queen was born ;  
Sweetest flowers her crib adorn ;  
Hail, sweet happy morn.  
Yes, she comes the morning star,  
Prophets hail'd her from afar,  
Heav'n with earth no more at war ;  
Hail, sweet happy morn.

“ In the cradle Mary lies :  
She for my redemption sighs ;  
Tears for me suffuse her eyes ;  
Hail, sweet happy morn.  
By thy sweet nativity,  
By thy spotless infancy,  
Infant Queen, let infants be  
Ever dear to thee.”

The words exist in a little penny book with some respectable wood cuts, and the airs are all very simple and suitable.

XIII.—(1.) *Bank of England Currency, Limited Liability Companies and Free Trade.* By Edmund Philips, Esq., Author of Letters on the Currency, &c. London, Dublin, and Derby, Richardson and Son, 1856.

(2.) *The Present Crisis in Administrative Reform.* By John P. Gassiot, F.R.S. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1856.

We can but glance at the publication of these pamphlets, both of which are well worth the attention of those whose duties lead them to the consideration of these subjects.

XIV.—*Sonnets, chiefly Astronomical, and other Poems.* By the Rev. James A. Stothert, London: Dolman, 1856.

We have had great pleasure in reading these poems, by a writer who probably will soon be much better known. Their title does not recommend them; we shall best give an idea of their beauty by extracts, for which we are sure our readers will thank us.

"SONNET TO THE MORNING STAR." p. 20.

"Star of the morn! O'er yonder purple hill  
Reigning alone, amidst a wintry sky;  
See, one by one, the lamps of midnight die  
Before the rising dawn; thou reignest still,  
Bright herald of diviner lights which fill  
The rosy East; in heaven a lonely eye,  
Until his burning ear approaches nigh,  
Who routs a million phantom-shapes of ill.  
Not even before his face thy radiance pales,  
Clear star of Hope; propitious eye of morn,  
Herald of sunshine to a world forlorn.  
Thy stainless rising all Creation hails;  
Thy light is his; his countenance like thine,  
Thy face the mirror of his rays divine."

We hear with joy that the writer is now a Catholic; he suggests the application of this sonnet to our Blessed Lady, but he does so timidly; there is boldness as well as fervour in the following stanzas, p. 71.

"The Mother compassed by her loving flock,  
Muses alone on changes that will be;  
On coming accident, or on the shock  
Of hostile armies, struggling knee to knee,  
And she far distant; where disease will mock  
All skill; or anguish she will never see;  
On dying agonies, when pain and fear  
Oppress her child, and she will not be near."

---

"O poor affection! See, she fainting turns  
To watch the beating of His mighty Heart  
Which shrined within a million temples, yearns  
In our affection to possess a part;  
For union with each little heart it burns;  
Here is sole comfort, only healing art;  
A warmth among the embers of the past  
Through chance and change, a Presence that will last."

XV.—*Specimens of Greek Anthology.* Translated by Major Robert Guthrie Macgregor.

A collection of extracts from the minor Greek poets, excellently rendered into easy English verse; these fragments are short, varied, and full of poetry,—altogether very choice reading.

- XVI.—*Mediæval Popes, Emperors, Kings, and Crusaders, or Germany, Italy, and Palestine, from A.D. 1125 to A.D. 1268.* By Mrs. William Busk, Author of "Manners and Customs of the Japanese," etc. London: Hookham and Sons, Old Bond-street.

We have just received the third and fourth volumes of this very interesting work, whose merits deserve at our hands more careful consideration than we have at present space to bestow. We desire, therefore, merely to notice their publication, and purpose, in a future number, to make them the subject of a more extended review.

- XVII.—*The Hospital System of London.* London: Davy and Son, 1856.

Whoever wrote this pamphlet, it contains much sound sense and valuable information, of a kind too, which is now very much wanted. The Hospital system of London is compared both as to extent and management, with that of Vienna and Paris, and proved to be greatly inferior to them both; the inadequacy of the existing hospitals to supply the wants of the poor, are in some degree made up by the workhouse infirmaries, but these are justly characterized as so odious and injurious, as to be totally unworthy of a nation which boasts of its humanity. Many sensible suggestions are made as to the propriety of raising a separate rate for the proper cure of the sick poor, (the existing poor's rate being of course relieved in proportion,) and therewith establishing a sufficiency of hospitals, which, being independent of the caprice of "voluntary contributions," might be put upon the footing of combined economy and efficiency. Other practical measures are suggested, which we are convinced would be of great utility. We wish there were any chance of their being carried out.

- XVIII.—*Annals of the Society of the Holy Childhood.* Translated from the French. Price three-pence. Nos. 9 and 10, January, February, March, 1856. (To be continued every other month.) Richardson and Son, London, Dublin, and Derby,

The Work of the Holy Childhood continues its beneficent action in the true spirit of faith and charity for the rescue of Chinese infants, exposed by their pagan parents. The fact has been called in question, but the existence of

such a custom is beyond a doubt. In the January number of the English Annals of the Propagation of the Faith, M. Pingredom, a French Missionary in China, writes, that during the winter of last year he had observed as many as twenty dead infants in a journey of eight or nine miles. The Work is deservedly extending itself in England; and from the sneering testimony of a Protestant traveller and book-maker, Mr. C. R. Weld, we are glad to learn the same as to America. See his "Vacation Tour in the United States and Canada."

XIX.—*The Daily Manual of the Third Order of St. Dominick, in Latin and English.* Arranged and newly translated by James Dominick Aylward, Priest of the Order of St. Dominick, and Prior of the Annunciation, Woodchester. Dublin, James Duffy.

This publication will be very acceptable to the Members of the Third Order of St. Dominick, in this country and in Ireland, and it is exceedingly well translated throughout. Perhaps the style might have been somewhat more ecclesiastical, (we allude to the binding, &c.) but that is a minor matter. The Breviary hymns and the Office of the Immaculate Conception (as being an indulgenced devotion,) have been translated by the Rev. compiler, with almost literal exactness; and the meaning of every part is very fully rendered. There are some slight alterations in the version of the Psalms, and some other Scriptural passages, but they have been made with carefulness and thought, and have not called for any adverse criticism. On the whole, this little work deserves our best recommendation.

XX.—*An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul and of the Catholic Epistles.* By the Rev. JOHN MC, EVILLY. President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam. 2 vols., royal 8vo. London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son. 1856.

A notice of this valuable work which was prepared for the present number of this Journal. is unavoidably withdrawn till our next publication.



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